ÚSTŘEDNÍ NÁRODNÍ VÝBOR HL. M. PRAHY
REFERÁT PRO INFORMACE, OSVĚTU
A TĚL. VÝCHOVU

YOUTH SINGS
МОЛОДЁЖЬ ПОЁТ
LA JEUNESSE CHANTE
LA JUVENTUD CANTA

PUBLISHED BY THE INTERNATIONAL UNION OF STUDENTS

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1949

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Není života bez zpěvu, jako není života bez slunce.

JULIUS FUČÍK

There is no life without song, as there is no life without the sun.

JULIUS FUCHIK

Нет жизни без песни, как нет жизни без солнца.

ЮЛИУС ФУЧИК

No hay vida sin canción, como no hay vida sin sol.

JULIO FUCHIK

Il n'y a pas de vie sans chanson, comme il n'y a pas de vie sans soleil.

JULES FUCIK

PREFACE.

There is no more pleasant or inspiring way in which to express friendship, international solidarity and understanding, the deepest and most joyous feelings of young people, than through song. Folk songs, songs of work, student songs, songs of struggle, expressing the finest and best from the national culture of dozens of countries, will be heard at the World Festival of Youth and Students, for which this Song Book is prepared.

The World Festival of Youth and Students, being held in Budapest from 14th—28th of August, 1949, and organised by the World Federation of Democratic Youth and the International Union of Students, is an outstanding expression of the desires and aspirations of youth all over the world for peace and understanding, the national independence of the peoples, democracy and a better future.

Such a living thing as a song book of democratic youth cannot but have some shortcomings, and we are conscious of those which exist in this compilation. In the interests of any future re-edition which may be made we ask from all countries all possible additional material, especially new songs, for constructive suggestions, accompanied in all possible cases by words and music.

We are confident that this Song Book will help not only the Festival and friendship between the youth of all lands, but will help to ensure that the spirit of the Festival is carried to all corners of the earth.

ПРЕДИСЛОВИЕ

Нет более привлекательного, вдохновляющего способа выражения дружбы, международной солидарности и взаимного понимания, самых глубоких и самых радостных чувств молодежи, чем песни. Народные песни, рабочие песни, студенческие песни, песни борьбы, служащие выражением лучших и благороднейших черт национальных культур десятков стран, будут услышаны на Всемирном фестивале молодежи и студентов, для которого подготовлен этот сборник песен.

Всемирный фестиваль молодежи и студентов в Будапеште, с 14 по 28 августа 1949 г., организован Всемирной федерацией демократической молодежи и Международным союзом студентов, и служит ярким выражением желаний и стремлений молодежи всего мира, борющейся за мир и за взаимное понимание, за национальную независимость народов, за демократию и за лучшее будущее.

Такое живое дело, как Сборник Песен Демократической Молодежи, не может не иметь недостатков, и мы сознаем, что они возможно есть и в этом сборнике. В интересах возможного будущего переиздания, мы обращаемся ко всем странам с просьбой о присылке нам дополнительных материалов и конструктивных предложений, и в особенности новых песен, которые мы просим по мере возможности присылать с нотами и со словами.

Мы верим, что этот сборник не только будет содействовать дружбе молодежи на фестивале, но также и поможет разнести настроение фестиваля во все концы земли.

PREFACIO.

No hay forma más agradable y sensible en la cual expresar la amistad, la solidaridad internacional, la comprensión y las más profundas y alegres emociones de la juventud, que a través de una canción.

Canciones nacionales, canciones del trabajo, canciones estudiantiles, canciones se lucha, expresando lo más sobresaliente de la cultura nacional de numerosos paises, se podrán oir en el Festival Mundial de la Juventud y de los Estudiantes, para el cual se ha editado éste cancionero.

El Festival Mundial de la Juventud y de los Estudiantes tendrá lugar en Budapest del 14 al 18 de agosto de 1949; está organizado por la Federación Mundial de la Juventud Democrática y por la Unión Internacional de Estudiantes, y será una magnífica expresión de los deseos y las aspiraciones de la juventud de todo el mundo por la paz, la comprensión, la independencia nacional de los pueblos, la democracia y un futuro mejor.

Una cosa tan viva como un cancionero de la juventud democrática no debe pecar de deficiencias, pero la presente obra contiene algunas, de las cuales tenemos conciencia.

En interés de una futura reedición, pedimos a todos los paises nos envíen todo el material posible de ser adicionado, especialmente canciones nuevas que tengan un sentido constructivo, acompañadas de su letra y música.

Estamos seguros que este cancionero ayudará no solamente al Festival y a la amistad entre la juventud de todos los paises, sino que ayudará también a asegurar que el espíritu del Festival sea llevado a todos los rincones del mundo.

PREFACE

Il n'est pas de moyen plus agréable ou plus évocateur pour l'exprimer l'amitié, la solidarité et l'entente internationale, les plus profonds et les plus joyeux sentiments des jeunes gens que justement le chant. Les participants au Congrès mondial de la Jeunesse et des Etudiants pourront entendre des chants populaires, des chants des travailleurs, des chants d'étudiants, des chants de combat qui expriment ce qu'il y a de plus beau et de meilleur dans les cultures nationales d'une douzaines de pays. Ce recueil est d'ailleurs préparé à l'intention des participants au Festival.

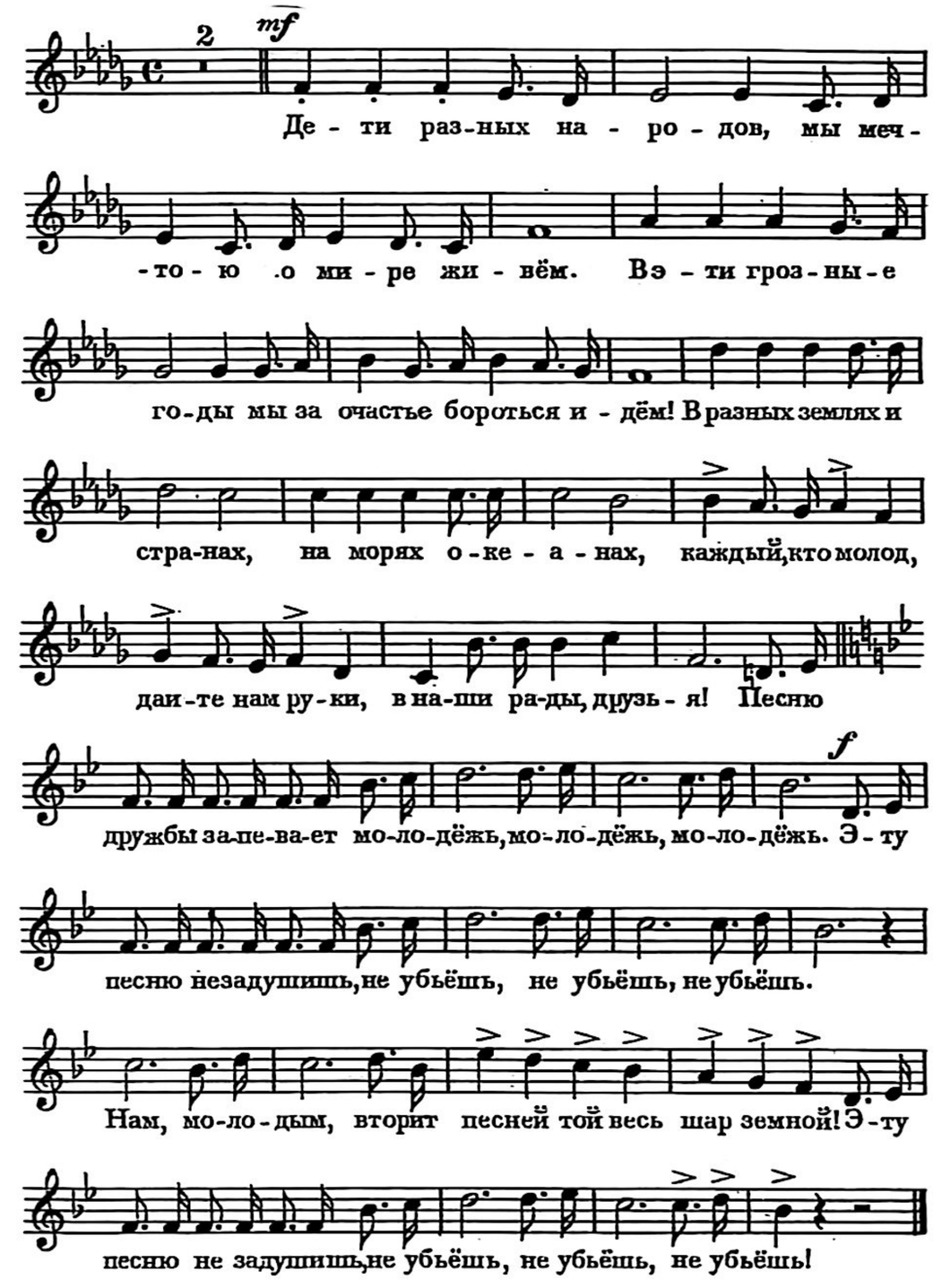
Le Festival Mondial de la Jeunesse et des Etudiants qui se tiendra à Budapest du 14 au 28 août 1949 et qui est organisé par la Fedération Mondiale de la Jeunesse Démocratique et par l'Union Internationale des Etudiants sera la plus importante manifestation des souhaits et des aspirations des jeunes du monde entierpour la paix, l'amitié, l'indépendance nationale des peuples, pour la démocratie et un avenir meilleur.

Une chose aussi vivante que ce Recueil des Chants de la Jeunesse ne peut être sans défauts et nous avons conscience de ce que ce présent recueil n'est pas parfait. Nous vous prions en conséquence de nous faire parvenir tout le matériel omis dans le recueil, les chants nouveaux anisi que toutes vos suggestions, si possible accompagnées des paroles et de la musique.

Nous sommes persuadés que ce recueil de Chants viendra en aide non seulement aux participants au Festival et renforcera l'amitié entre les jeunes du monde entier, mais qu'il contribuera aussi à ce que l'esprit du Festival se répande dans le monde entier et gagne la jeunesse de tous les pays.

БОЕВОЙ МАРШ ДЕМОКРАТИЧЕСКОЙ МОЛОДЕЖИ

Музыка А. Новикова — *Слова Л. Ошанина*



MARCH OF DEMOCRATIC YOUTH

One great vision unites us
Though remote be the lands of our birth.
Foes may threaten and smite us,
Still we live to bring peace to the earth.
Every country and nation,
Stirs with youth's inspiration –
Young folks are singing,
Happiness bringing
Friendship to all the world.

Everywhere the youth is singing freedom's song,
freedom's song, freedom's song,
We rejoice to show the world that we are strong,
we are strong, we are strong.
We are the youth, and the world acclaims our song of truth.
Everywhere the youth is singing freedom's song,
freedom's song, freedom's song.

We remember the battle,
And the heroes who fell on the field,
Sacred blood running crimson,
Our invincible friendship has sealed.
All who cherish the vision,
Make the final decision,
Struggle for justice, peace and goodwill
For peoples throughout the world.

Solemnly our young voices
Take the vow to be true to our cause.
We are proud of our choices,
We are serving humanity's laws.
Still the forces of evil
Lead the world to upheaval.
Down with their lying!
End useless dying,
Live for a happy world.

HIMNO DE LA AMISTAD DE LA JUVENTUD DEMOCRATICA

Son las patrias distintas,
y tenemos la misma ilusión.
En difíciles días
nuestra suerte dichosa nació.
En distintos lugares,
en océanos, mares,
quien sea joven
dénos las manos,
a la unión llegad.

Hoy cantamos la canción de la amistad,
amistad, amistad.
Sus sonidos no se pueden ahogar,
ahogar, ahogar.
Hoy, la canción
todos cantan con la juventud.
Sus sonidos no se pueden ahogar,
ahogar, ahogar.

Y las tumbas sagradas
ni las guerras olvidadas serán:
con la sangre honrada
forjaremos eterna amistad.
Toda gente honrada
oiga nuestra llamada.
Paz y alegría
quiere por siempre
toda la juventud.

MARCHE DE LA JEUNESSE DEMOCRATIQUE

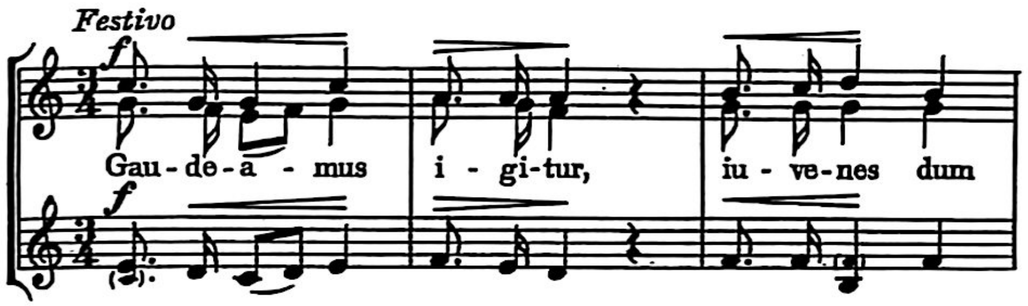
Fréres du vaste monde,
Nous portons même espoir en nos coeurs,
Dans l'orage qui gronde
Nous voulons lutter pour le bonheur:
Par les monts et les plaines,
Par les rives lointaines,
Jeunes du monde,
Marchons ensemble:
Tous dans nos rangs, les Jeunes:

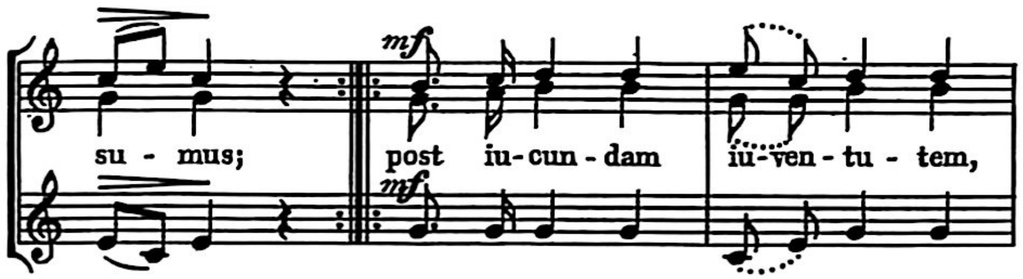
Nous chantons en choeur cet hymne fraternel,
Fraternel, fraternel:
Ce chant de fraternité est immortel:
Immortel, immortel:
Tous, par le monde,
Nous renvient ces ces accords solennels:
Co chanson de fraternité est immortel:
Immortel, immortel.

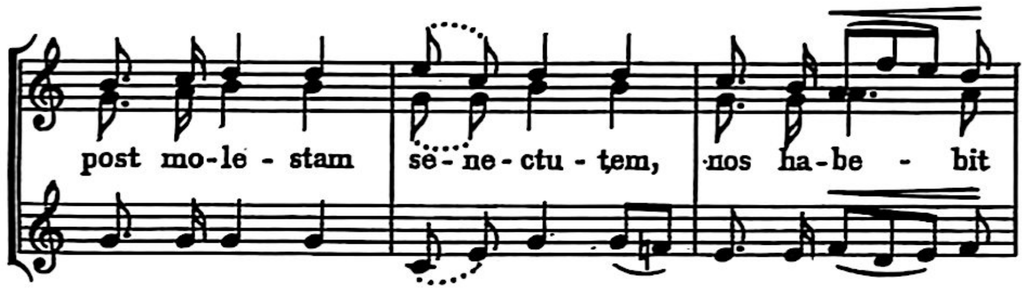
De l'horrible hécatombe
Qui de nous n'a gardé souvenir?
Nos chers morts de leur tombe
Nous conjurent de tous nous unir.
Contre la guerre affreuse,
Pour une paix heureuse,
Jeunes du monde,
Marchons ensemble,
Tous dans nos rangs, les Jeunes!

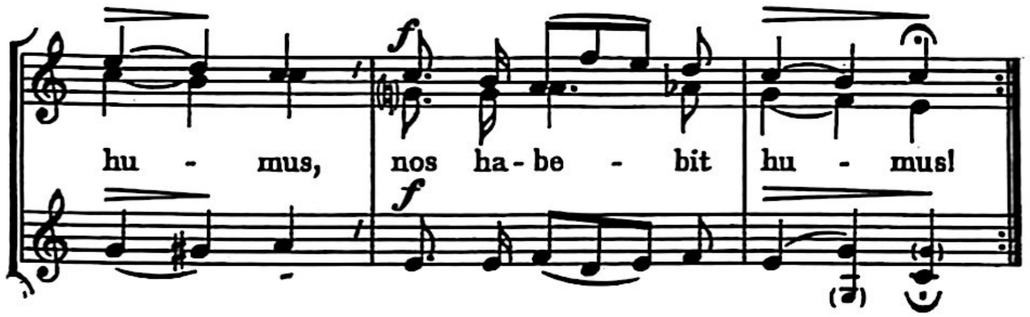
Jeunes á l'âme virile,
Du serment les mots sonnent en nos coeurs:
De nos bras juvéniles,
Nous portons le drapeau du bonheur
Pour que jamais la guerre
Ne ravage la terre,
Jeunes du monde,
Luttons ensemble:
Tous dans nos rangs les Jeunes.

GAUDEAMUS









2. Ubi sunt qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Vadite ad superos,
Transite ad inferos.
Ubi? Iam fuere!

3. Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finietur.
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

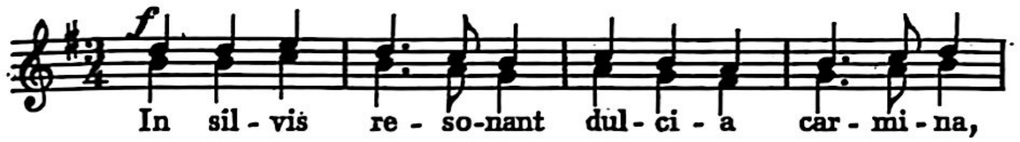
4. Vivat Academia,
Vivant professores;
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quaelibet,
Semper sint in flore!

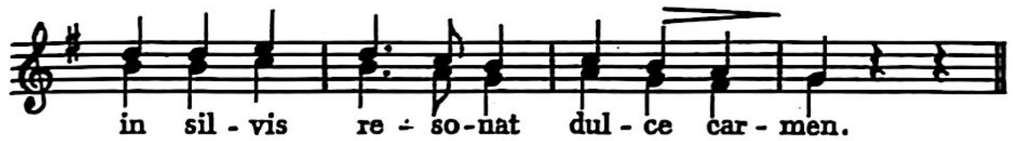
5. Vivant omnes virgines
Faciles formosae;
Vivant et mulieres
Tenerae, amabiles,
Bonae, laboriosae.

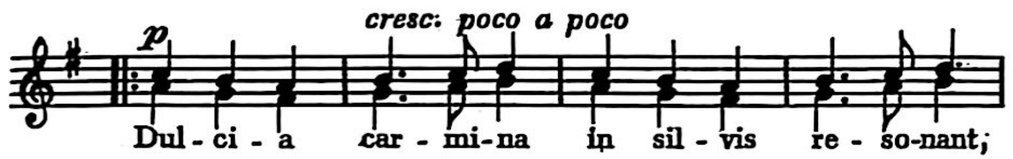
6. Vivat et Respublica
Et qui illam regit;
Vivat nostra civitas,
Maecenatum caritas,
Quae nos hic protegit.

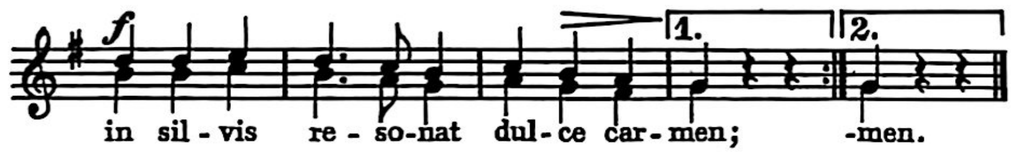
7. Pereat Tristitia,
Pereant osores;
Pereat diabolus
Inimicus subdolus
Atque irrisores!

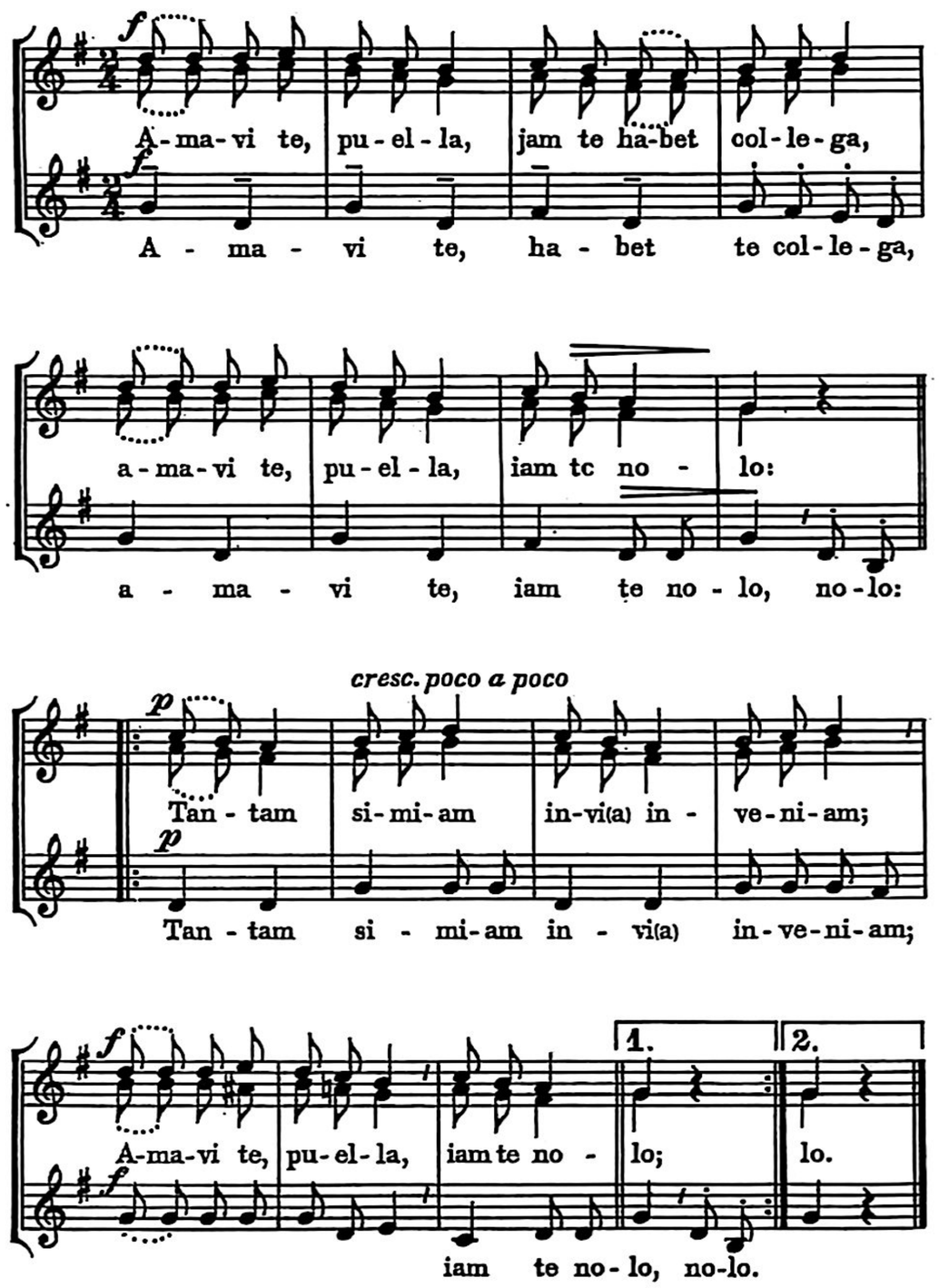
IN SILVIS



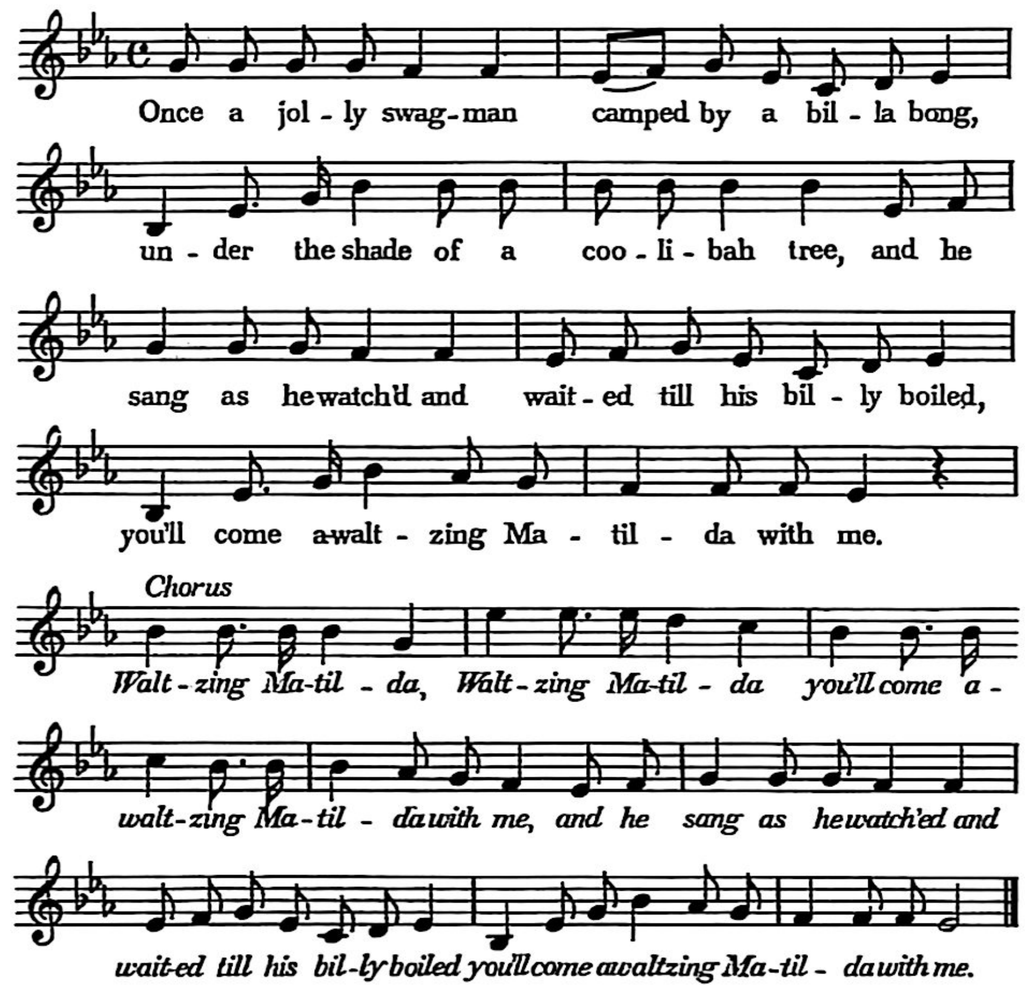








WALZING MATILDA



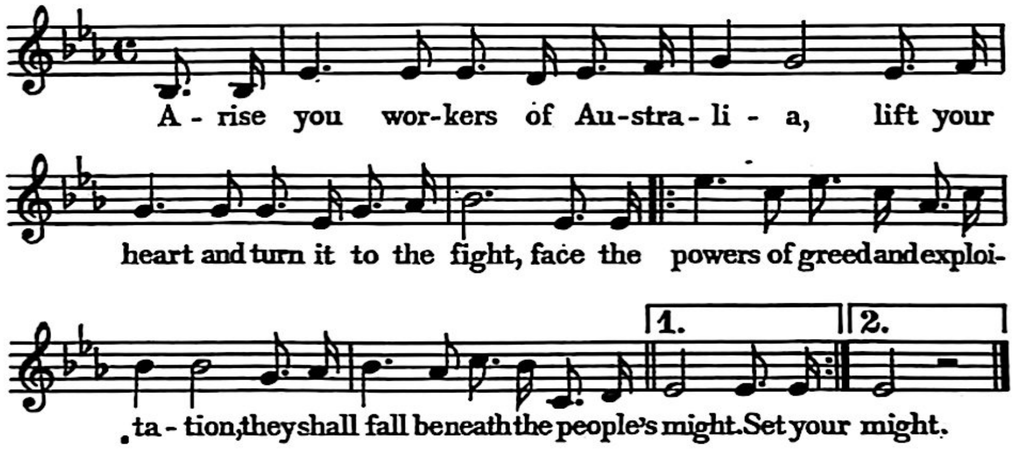
2. Down came a jumbuck to drink at that billabong,
   Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee
   And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker-bag
   You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me

3. Up rode the squatter mounted on his thoroughbred,
   Down came the troopers, one two three,
   Whose' that jolly jumback you' ve got in your tucket-bag,
   You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

4. Up jumped the swagman, sprang into the billabong,
You'll never catch me alive'said he,
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

WORKERS OF AUSTRALIA

Words and music by K. Hansen



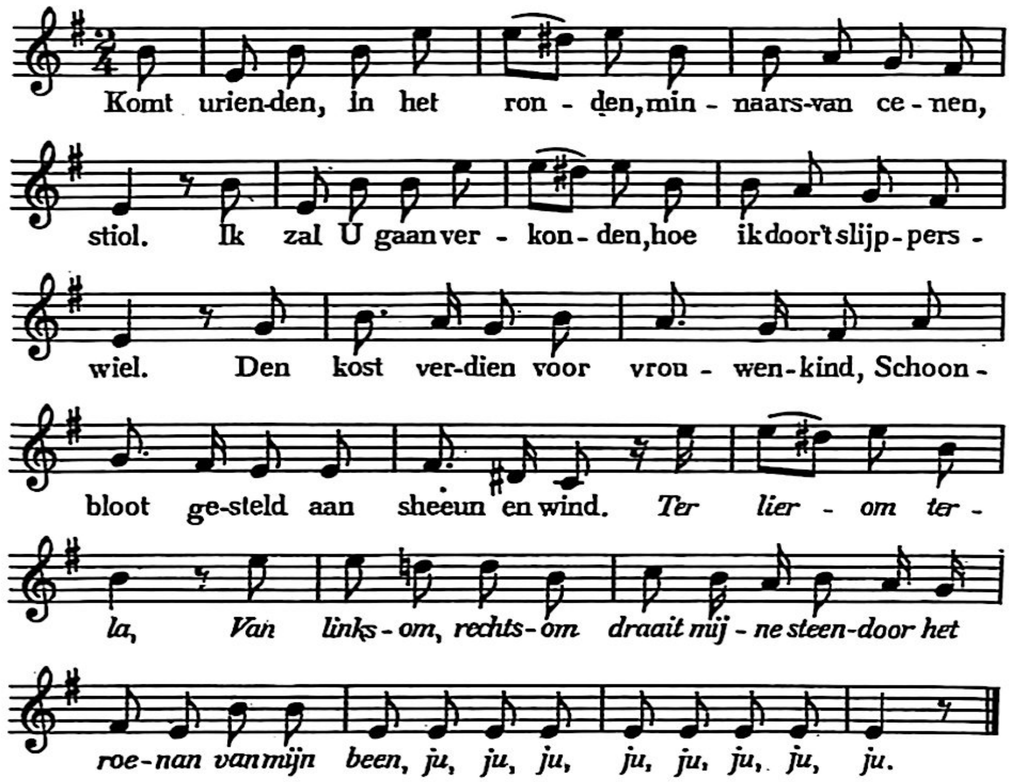
Set your shoulder to your comrade's shoulder,
Swing your step behind the workers' fight,
We shall triumph over all oppression,
We shall conquer in the people's might.

For our wives, our homes, and for our children,
For our right to share this lovely land,
For the commonwealth of all Australians,
Break the power of greed's corrupting hand.

For the peace of this and every nation,
For the end of all inhuman strife,
Smash the tyrant chains that would enslave us,
Lead the way to freedom and new life.

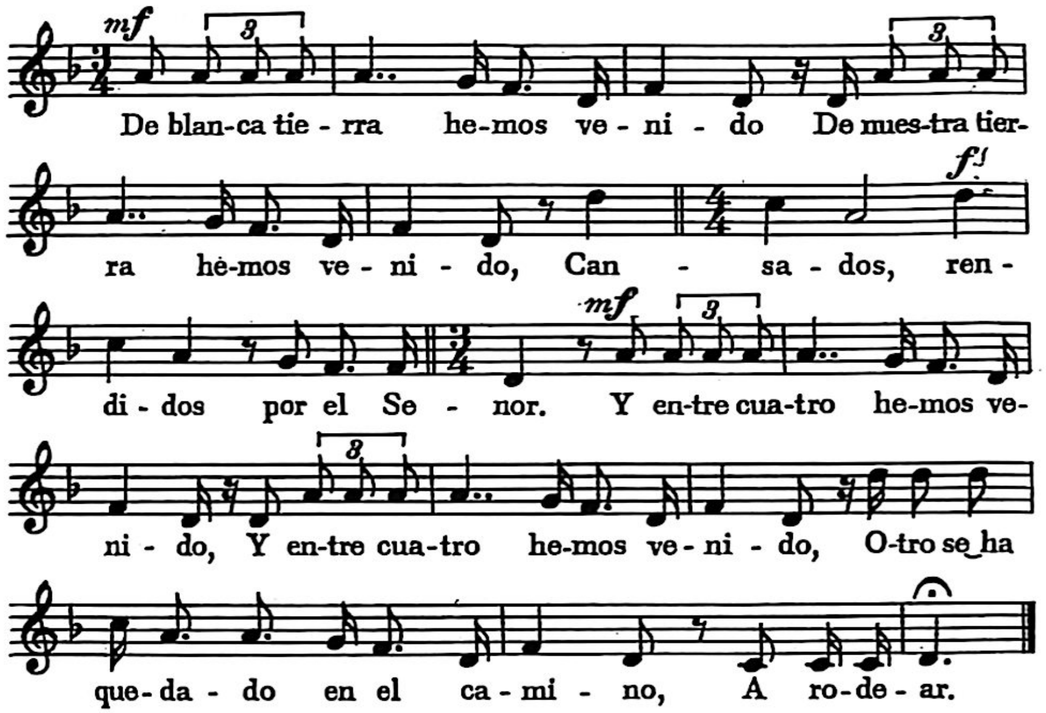
Then arise you workers of Australia,
For the people's day is drawing near,
To a triumph joyful, true and splendid,
We shall rise in vict'ry, never fear!

DE SCHERESLIEP



De smid die moet hard werken,
Gestadig voor het vier,
Hij durft hem niet verstenken,
Met eene kan goed bier.
Met eene kan goed bier.
Terwijl ik ga op mijn gemak
Soms, ook wel eens met le egen zak,

DE BLANCA TIERRA



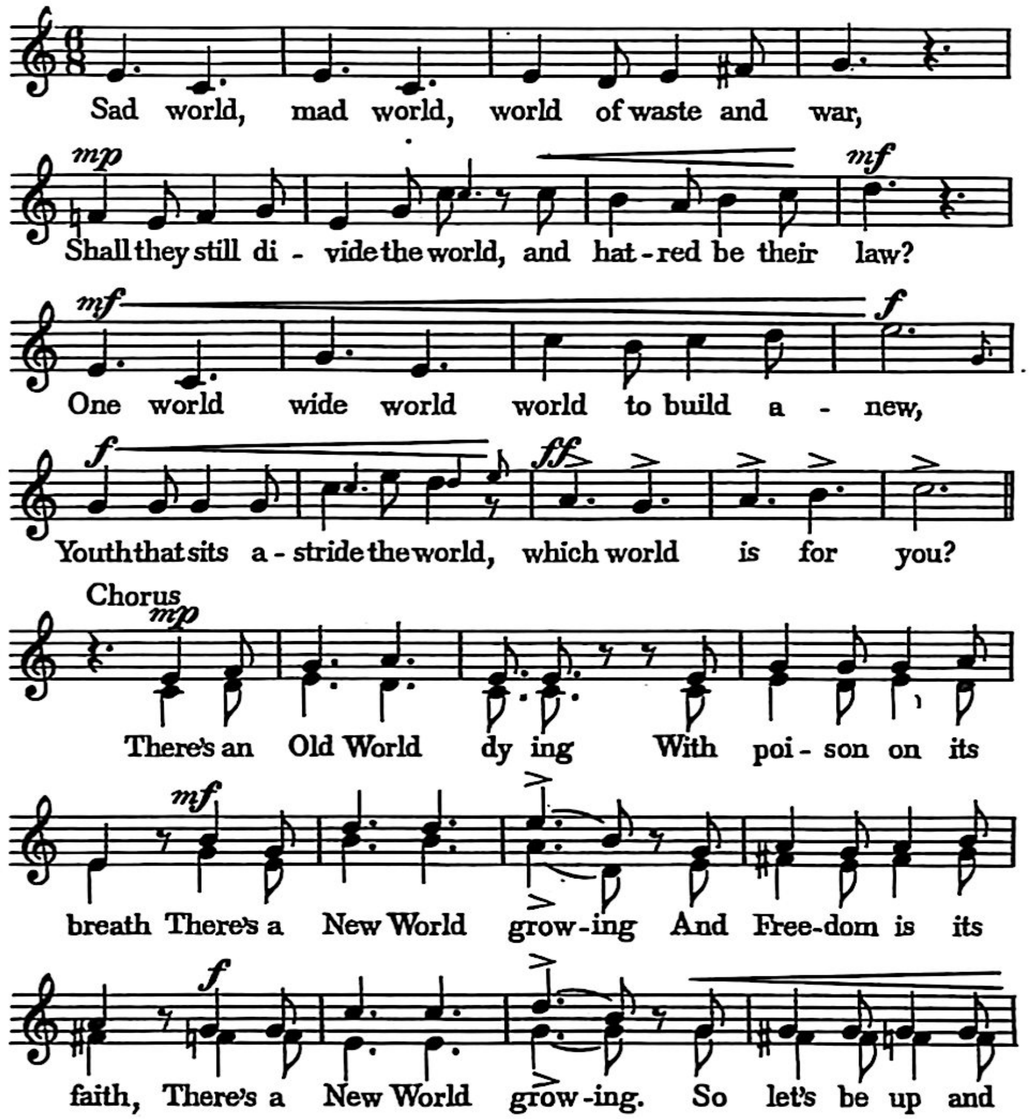
Cuando la perica quiere
Que el perico coma arroz,
Le sancocha la comida
Y se la comen los dos.

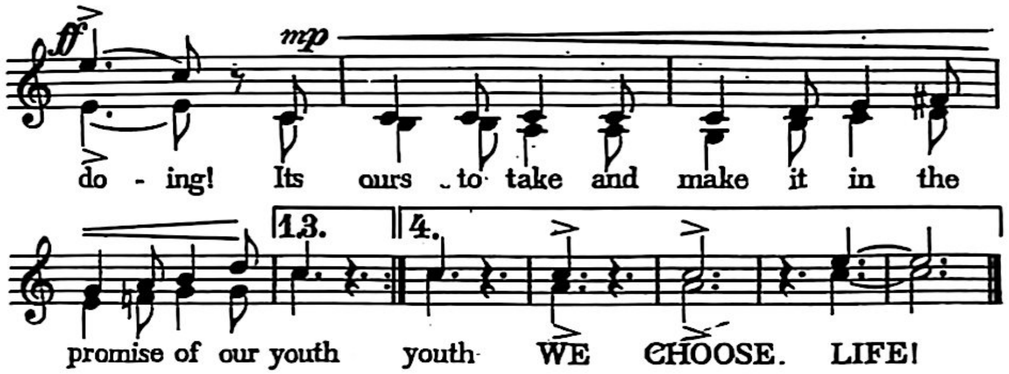
Cuando la perica quiere
Que el perico se enamore,
Se quita las plumas viejas
Y se vista de colores.

A NEW WORLD GROWING

Specially written for the World Youth Festival 1949.

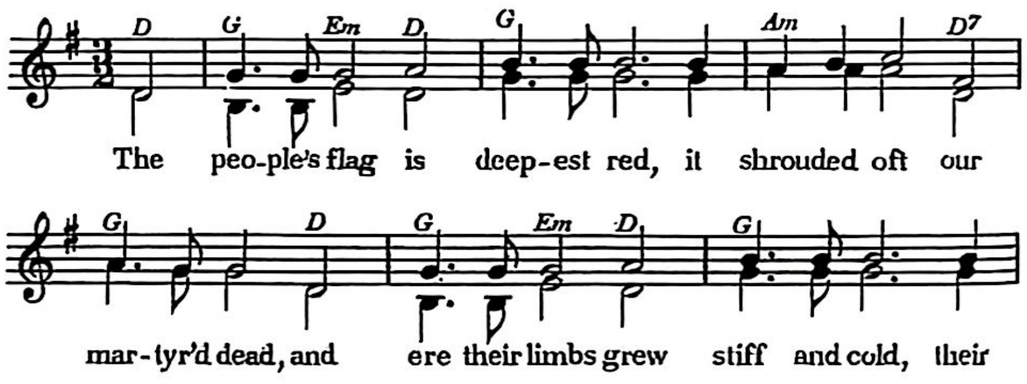
Music by Christian Darnton. *Words by Randall Swingler.*

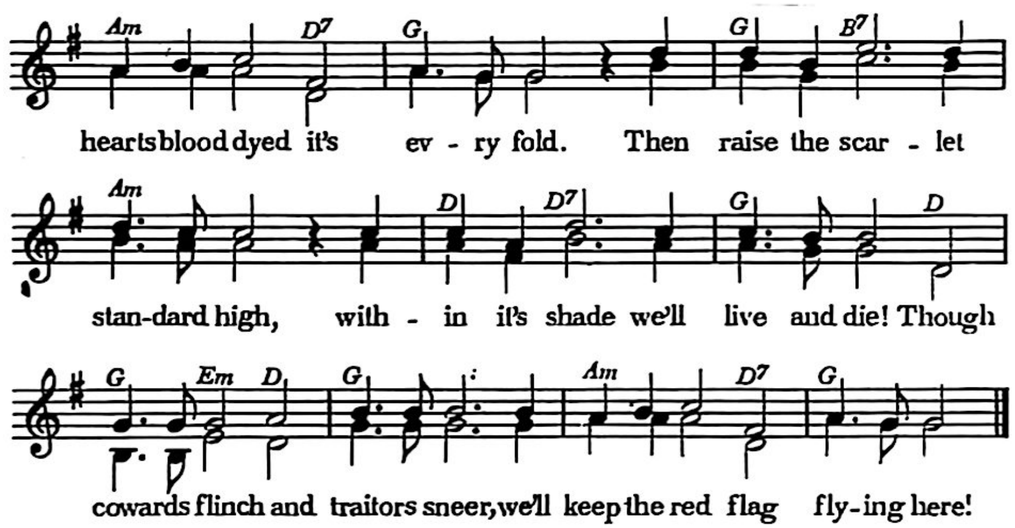




2. Dim World, grim world, world of fear and care,
   Shall they then destroy the world in furies of despair?
   Light world, bright world, world of hope and truth,
   Who would dare to fight the world, united world of Youth?
   Chorus.
3. Old World, sold world, world of lies and greed,
   Who will take and mould the world to the world's reed?
   New World, true world, world where life is sweet,
   That's the world for us to build, the future at our feet.
   Chorus.
4. One World, wide world, world to build anew,
   Youth that sits astride the world, that's the world for you!
   Light world, bright world, world of hope and truth,
   United we shall right the world, create a world for Youth.
   Chorus.

THE RED FLAG





2. It waved above our infant might
   When all ahead seemed dark as night;
   It witnessed many a deed and vow;
   We must not change its colour now.

3. It well recalls the triumphs past;
   It gives the hope of peace at last;
   The banner bright, the symbol plain
   Of human right and human gain.

4. It suits today the weak and base,
   Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place,
   To cringe before the rich man's frown
   And haul the sacred emblem down.

5. With heads uncovered swear we all,
   To bear it onward till we fall;
   Come dungeon dark or gallows grim,
   This song shall be our parting hymn:

THE MARCH OF THE WORKERS

Words by William Morris.

Tune: "John Brown's Body," repeating first eight bars of verse.

What is this, the sound and rumour? What is this that all men hear,
  Like the wind in hollow valleys when the storm is drawing near,
Like the rolling of the ocean in the eventide of fear?
  'Tis the people marching on!
Whither go they and whence came they? What are these of whom ye tell?
  In what country are they dwelling 'twixt the gates of heaven and hell?
Are they mine or thine for money? Will they serve a master well?
  Still the rumour's marching on.

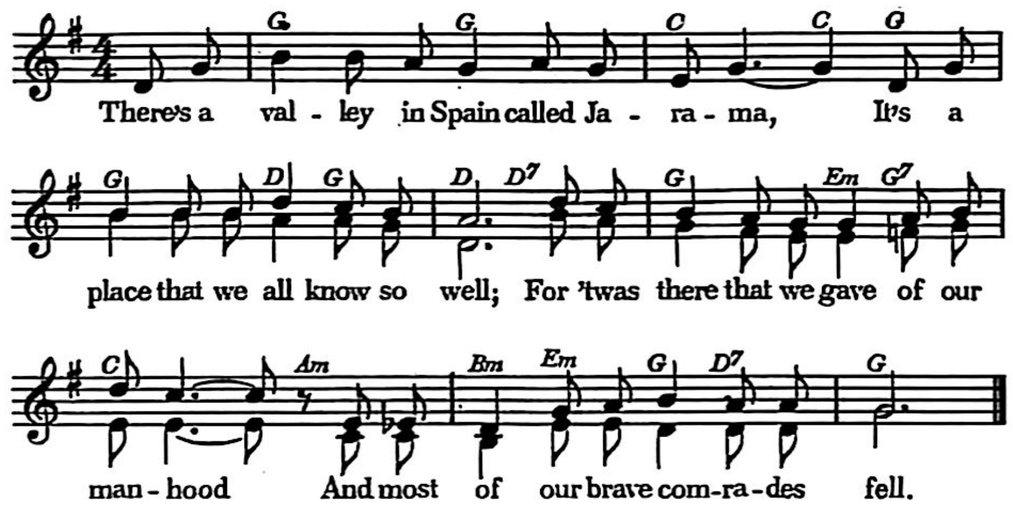
Chorus: Hark the rolling of the thunder!
Lo the sun! and lo, thereunder
Riseth wrath and hope and wonder,
And the host comes marching on.

Forth they come from grief and torment; on they wend toward health and mirth.
All the wide world is their dwelling, every corner of the earth;
Buy them! Sell them for thy service! Try the bargain what 'tis worth!
For the days are marching on.
These are they who build thy houses, weave thy raiment, win thy wheat,
Smoothe the rugged, fill the barren, turn the bitter into sweet,
All for thee, this day and ever. What reward for them is meet?
Till the host comes marching on. *Chorus.*

Many a hundred years passed over have they labored, deaf and blind;
Never tidings reached their sorrow, never hope their toil might find!
Now at last they've heard and hear it, and their cry comes down the wind,
And their feet are marching on.
O ye rich men, hear and tremble! for with words the sound is rife:
"Once for you and death we laboured; changed henceforward is the strife.
We are men and we shall battle for the world of men and life;
And our host is marching on." *Chorus.*

"Is it war, then? Will ye perish as the dry wood in the fire?
Is it peace? Then be ye of us, let your hope be our desire.
Come and live! for life awaketh and the world shall never tire,
And hope is marching on.
"On we march, then, we, the workers, and the rumour that ye hear
Is the blended sound of battle and deliverance drawing near;
For the hope of every creature is the banner that we bear,
And the world is marching on." *Chorus.*

JARAMA

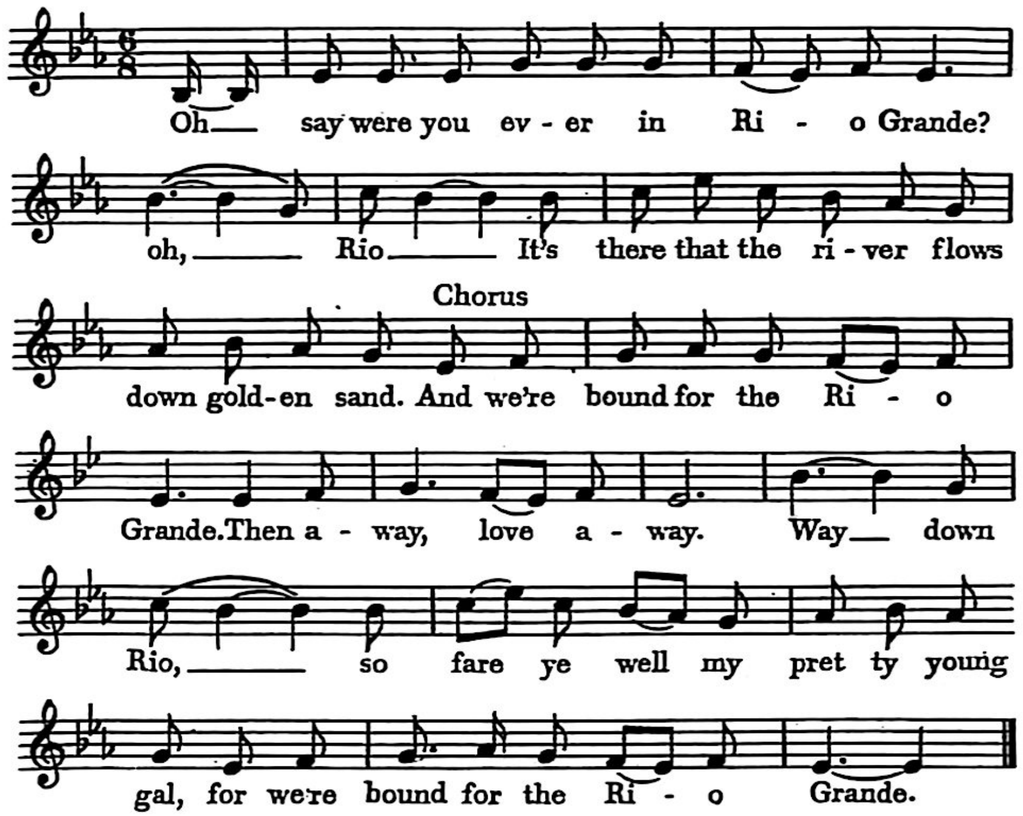


We are proud of our British Battalion
  And the stand for Madrid that they made,
For they fought like true sons of the soil
  As part of the Fifteenth Brigade.

With the rest of the international column
  In the fight for the freedom of Spain,
They swore in the Valley of Jarama
  That fascism never should reign.

We have left that dark valley for ever
  But its memory we ne'er shall forget,
So, before we continue this meeting,
  Let us stand to our glorious dead.

THE RIO GRANDE



And goodbye, fare you well, all you ladies of town,
Oh, Rio
We've left you enough for to buy a silk gown.

Chorus . . .

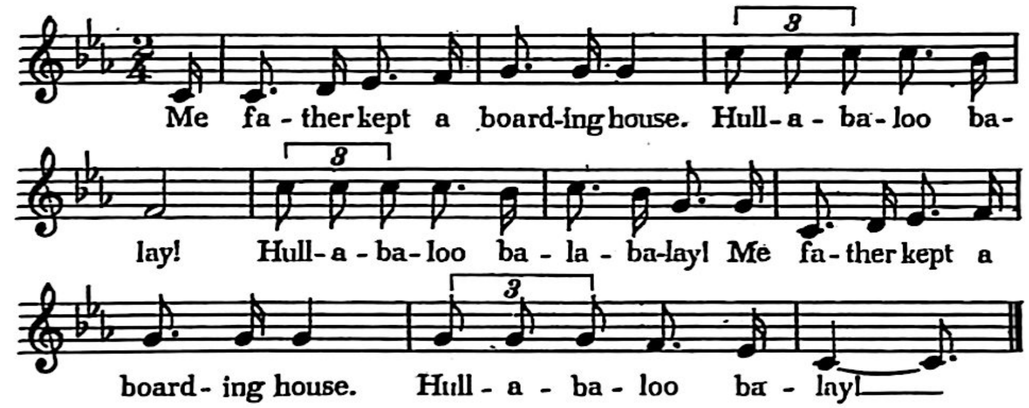
So it's pack up your donkey and get under way,
Oh, Rio.
The girls we are leaving can take our half-pay.

Chorus . . .

Now you Bowery ladies, we'd have you to know,
Oh, Rio.
We're bound to the Southward, O Lord, let us go.

Chorus . . .

HULLABALOO BELAY



The boarding house was on the quay
Hullabaloo belay!
Hullabaloo belah helay!
But the lodgers were nearly all at sea
Hullabaloo belay!

A flash young fellow called Shallow Brown
He ogled my mother all round the town

My father said "Young man me bye,"
To which he quickly made reply:

Next day while dad was in the "Crown"
Me mother ran off with Shallow Brown

Me father slowly pined away
Cause mother came back on the following day

SIDE BY SIDE

There stood a house upon a hill,
Hullabaloo belay! Hullabaloo belah belay!
And in this house eight men did dwell,
Hullabaloo belay!

One stood up and shook his fist,
Said, "I'll grow stronger than the rest"

He first began to cheat and steal,
And then set fire to their field.

They turned their heels and let him be,
So then he upped and murdered three.

It made no difference where he stood,
He left a footprint red with blood.

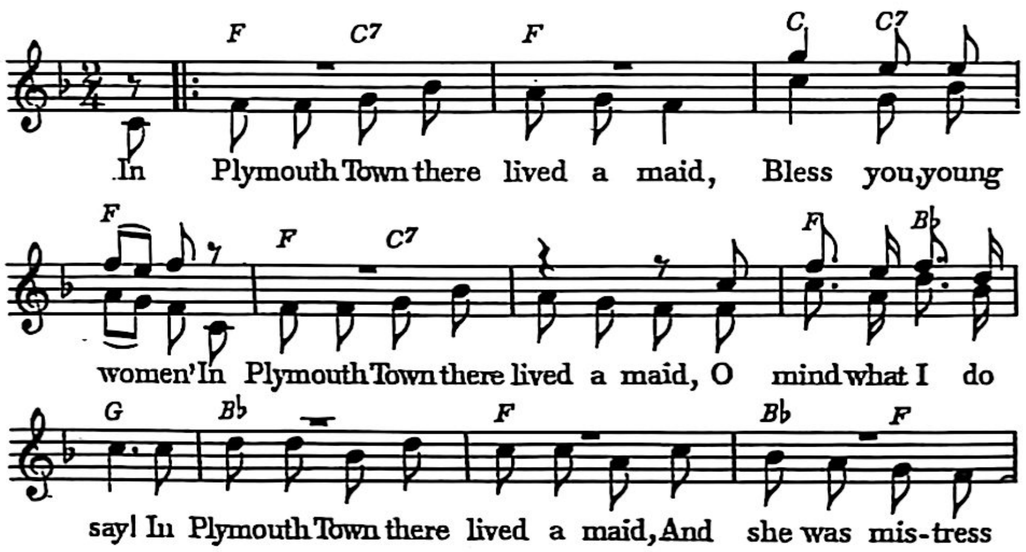
He murdered three and wanted more,
He turned upon the other four.

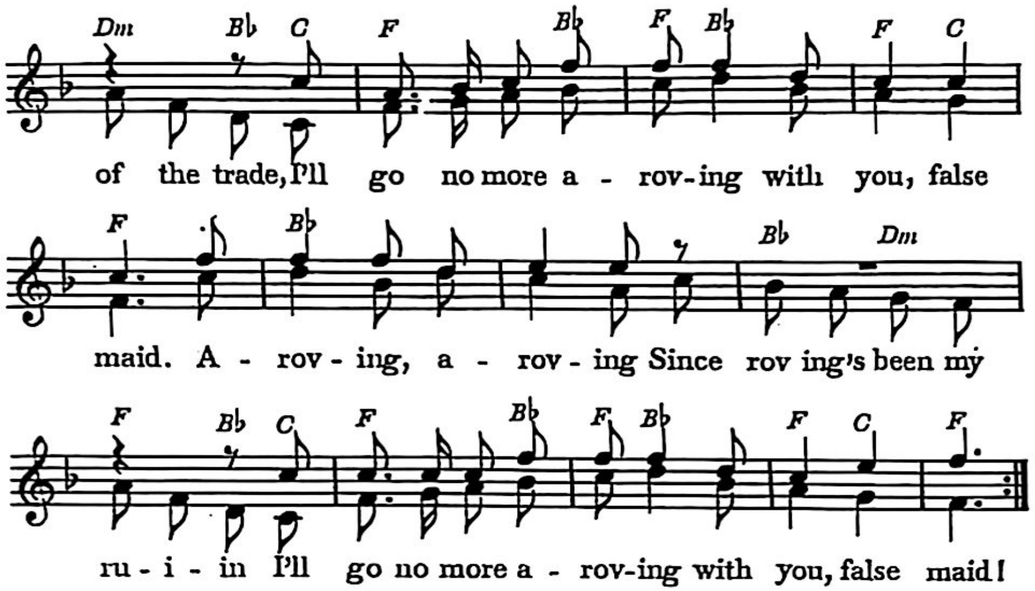
But when this murder foul he tried,
He found them standing side by side.

Side by side they stood that day,
They left his bones to rot away.

This is the ending of my song,
One was weak but four were strong.

A-ROVING



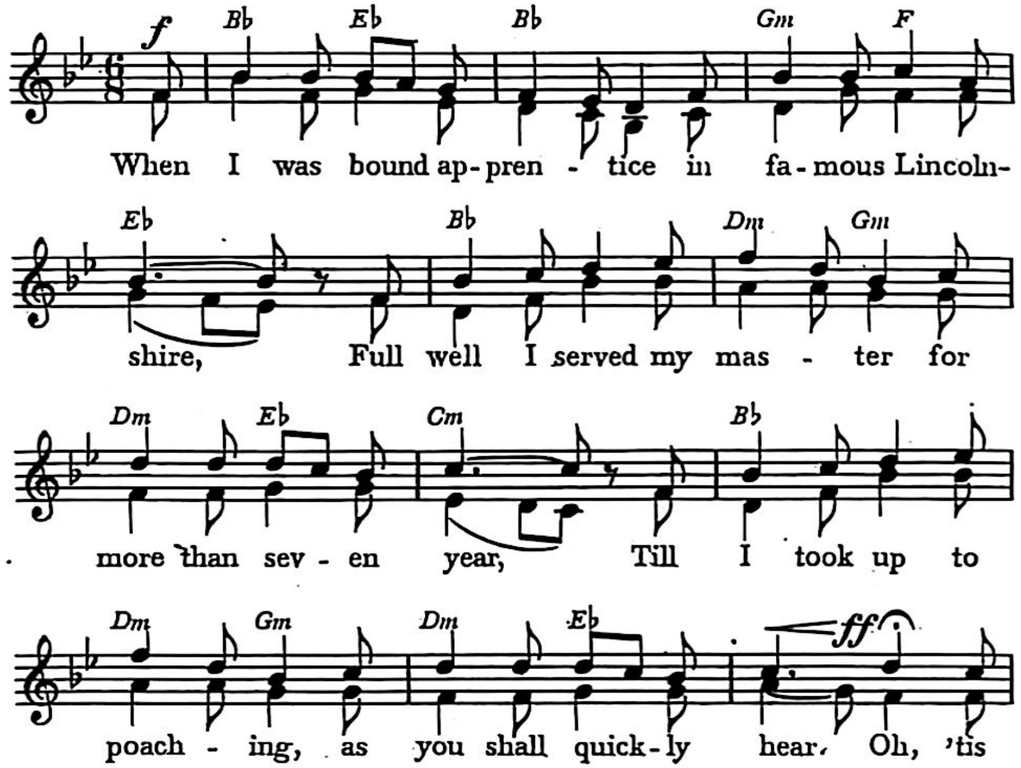


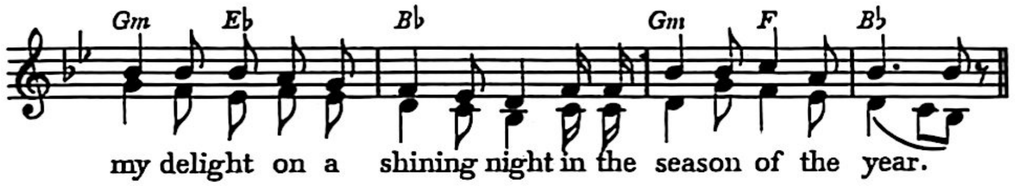
2 I took this fair maid for a walk,
Bless you, young women!
I took this fair maid for a walk,
O mind what I do say!
I took this fair maid for a walk
And we had such a lovely talk,
I'll go no more . . .

3 I took her hand within my own,
Bless you, young women!
I took her hand with in my own,
O mind what I do say!
I took her hand with in my own
And said, "I'm bound for my old home,"
I'll go no more . . .

4 In Plymouth Town there lived a said,
Bless you, young women!
In Plymouth Town there lived a maid,
O mind what I do say!
In Plymouth town there lived a maid,
And she was mistress of the trade.
I'll go no more . . .

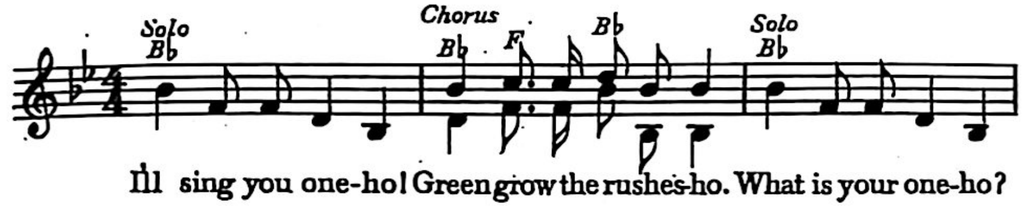
THE LINCOLNSHIRE POACHER

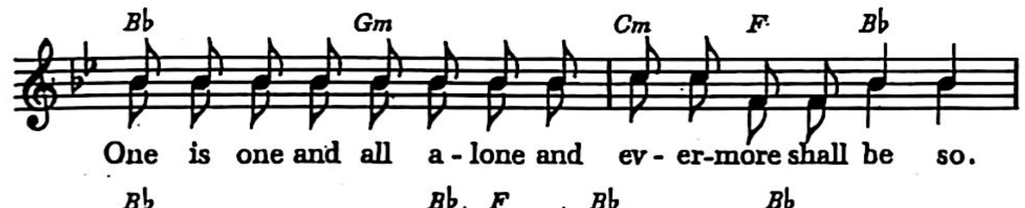


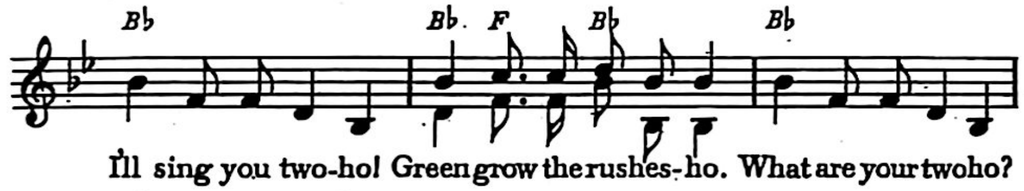


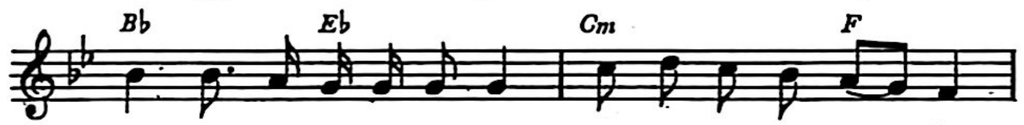
2 As me and my companions were setting of a snare,
'Twas then we spied the gamekeeper, for him we did not care,
For we can wrestle and fight, my boys, and jump out anywhere.
3 As me and my companions were setting four or five,
And taking on 'em up again, we caught a hare alive.
We took a hare alive, my boys, and through the woods did steer.
4 I threw him on my shoulder and then we trudged home.
We took him to a neighbour's house and sold him for a crown.
We sold him for a crown, my boys, but I did not tell you where.
5 Success to ev'ry gentleman that lives in Lincolnshire,
Success to ev'ry poacher that wants to sell a hare.
Bad luck to ev'ry gamekeeper that will not sell his deer.

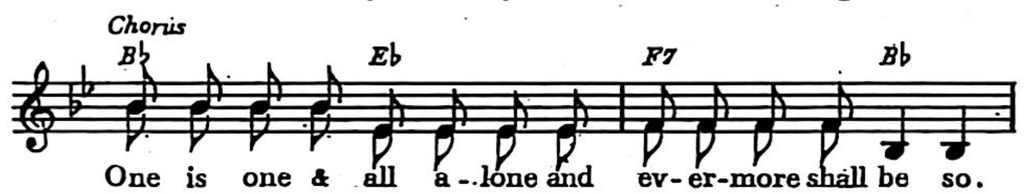
GREEN GROW THE RUSHES

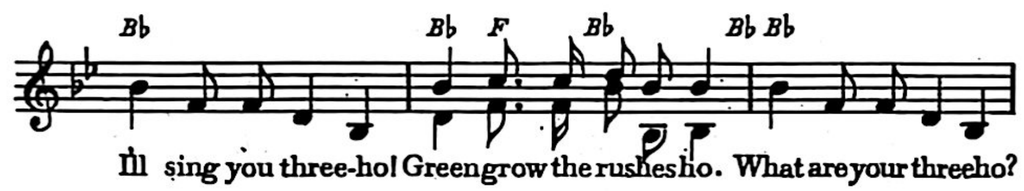


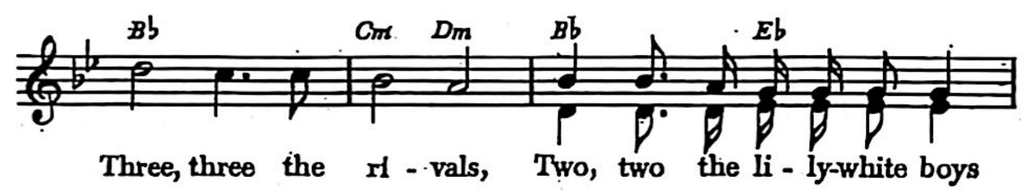


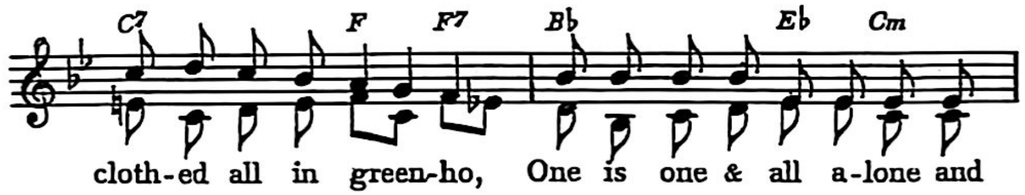


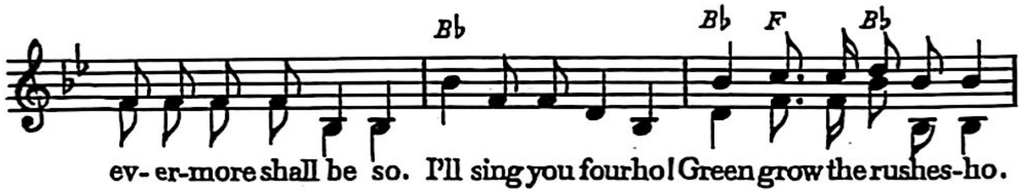


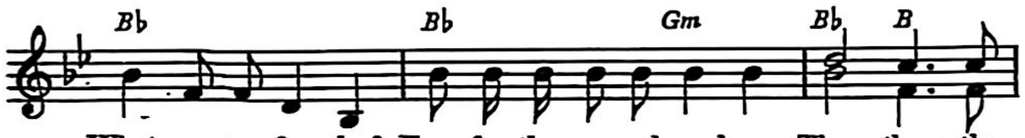


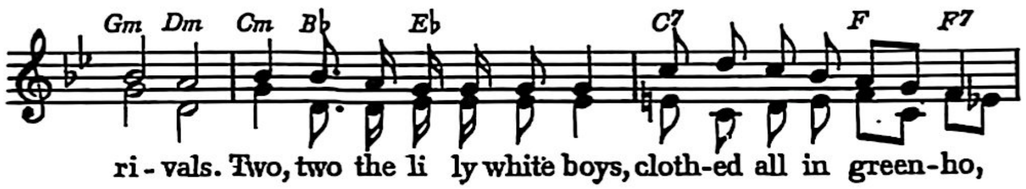


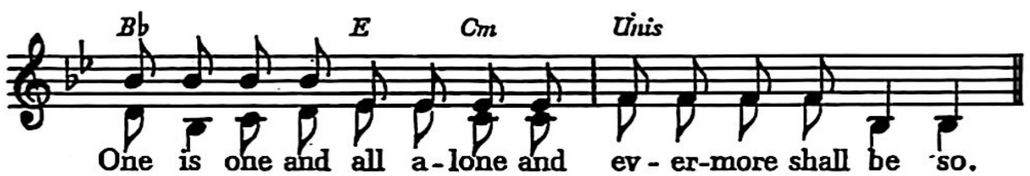


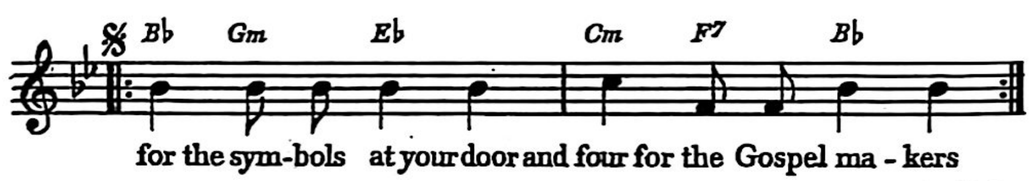




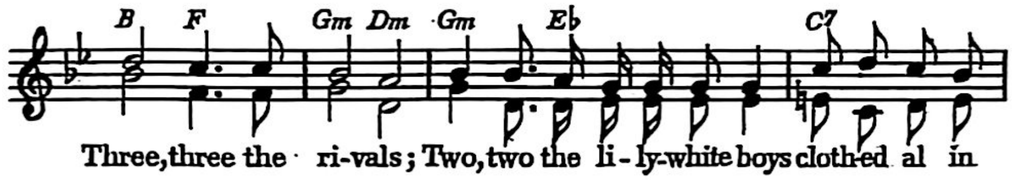


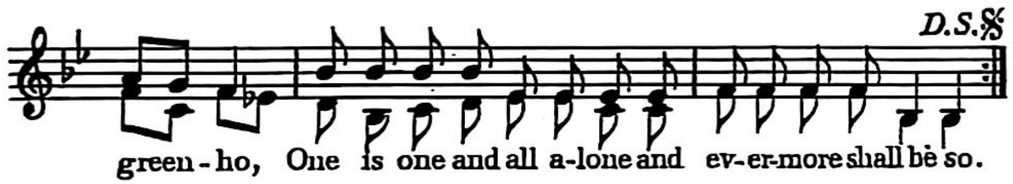






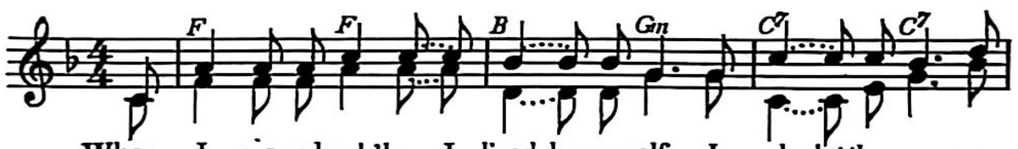
on to 3

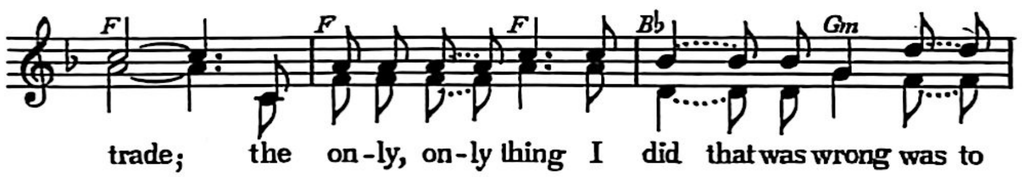


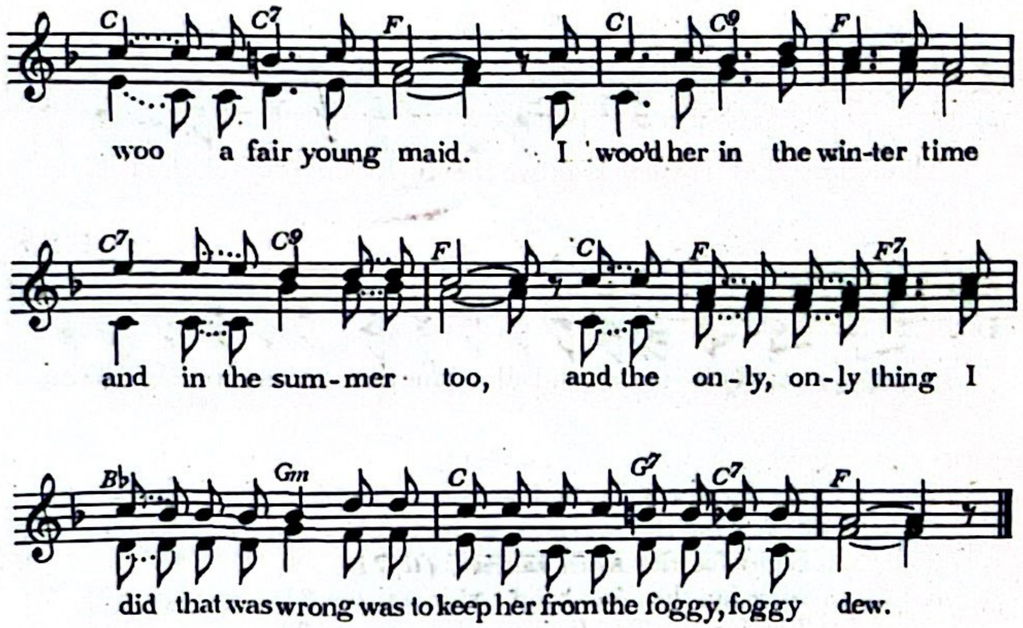


2. Six for the six proud walkers, *(to 5)*
Seven for the seven stars in the sky *(to 6)*
Eight for the April rainers, *(to 7)*
Nine for the nine bright shiners, *(to 8)*
Ten for the Ten Commandments *(to 9)*
Eleven for the eleven went up to Heaven *(to 10)*
Twelve for the Twelve Apostles, *(to 11)*

THE FOGGY, FOGGY DEW



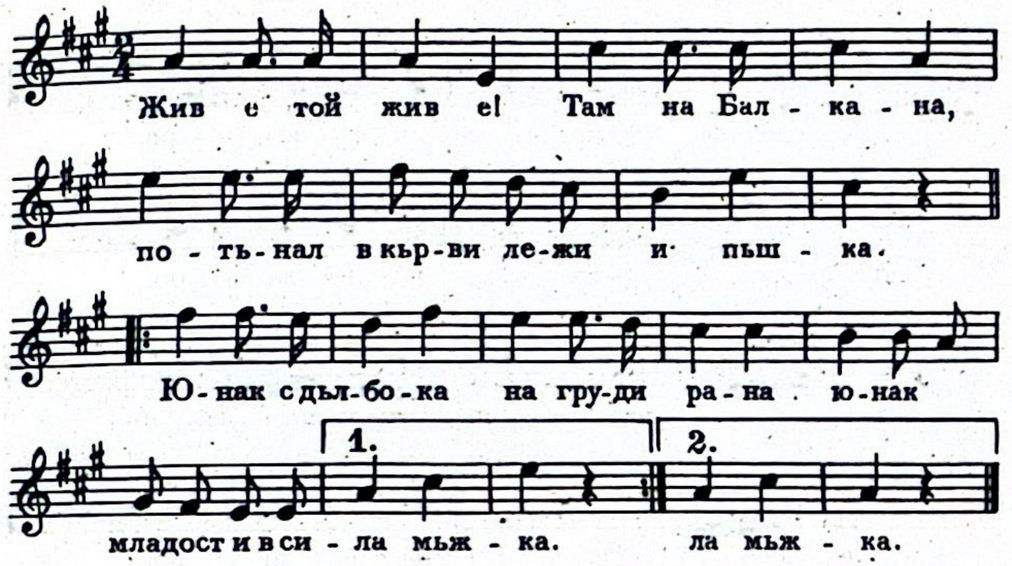




2. One night she came to my bedside
When I lay fast asleep;
She laid her head upon my bed
And then began to weep.
She sighed, she cried, she nearly died;
Ah, me! what could I do?
So all night long I held her in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy, dew.

3. Now I'm a bach'lor I live with my son,
We work at the weaver's trade;
And ev'ry time I look into his eyes
He reminds me of the fair young maid.
He reminds me of the winter time
And of the summer, too,
And the many, many times I held her in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

ЖИВ Е, ТОЙ, ЖИВ Е!



На една страна захвърлил пушка,
на друга сабя на две строшена;
очи тъмнеят глава се люшка
уста проклинат цела вселена!

Той, който падне в бой за свобода,
той не умира, него жалеят
земя и небо, звер и природа,
и певци песни за него пеят!

ЗАКУКАЛА КУКУВИЦА

За-ку-ка - ла ку-ку-ви - ца

на сред-се - ло, на е - зе - ро,

на сред-се - ло, на е - зе - ро,

ла, ла, ла, нь, нь, нь, нь, нь, нь, нь,

де, де, де, де, на е - зе - ро.

БРИГАДИРСКИ МАРШ

Е - ла - те, хи - ля-ди мла - де - жи, на

род - на - та страна на-деж - да, диг- не - те

кир - ки, зна - ме - на да за - шу-мят ка - то го -

ра, ка - то го - ра. За у - дар - ни - ци -

те пре - крас - ни, за слън - че - ви - я тру - дов

праз - ник, за ху - ба - ва - та ни стра - на

у - ра, у - ра, у - ра!

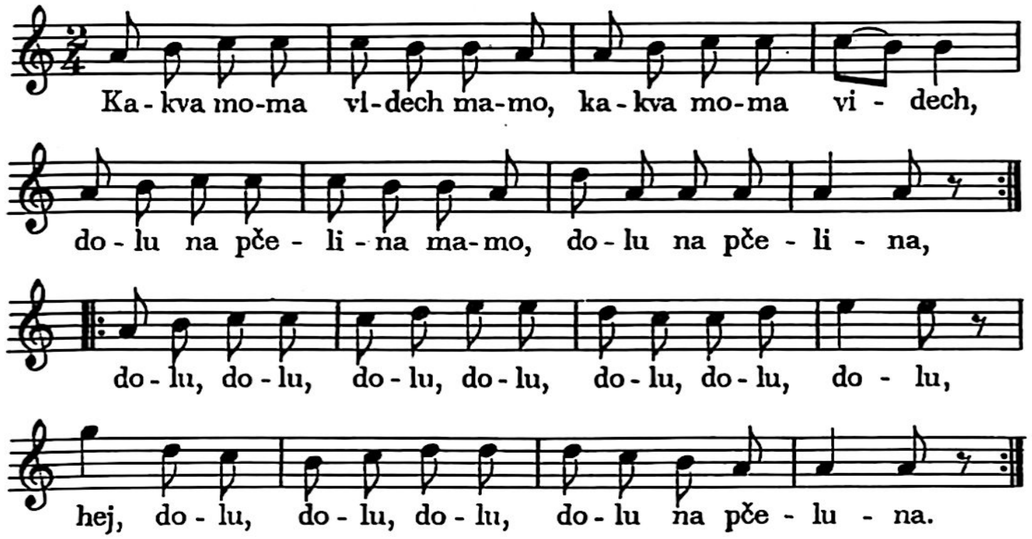
Преливат речните корита,
трептят, зелени, равнините,
дълбоко трактори орат.
Навред ечи: младежки глас:

За кой така шумят горите,
за кой синеят планините,
и тия бистри езера?
За нас, за нас, за нас!

Да идем — стройни бригадири —
по фабрики и язовири,
по скели, рудници — с любов
и да дадем: велик обет:

За героичната родина,
за младоста ни несломима,
за вожда Георги Димитров —
Напред! Напред! Напред!

KAKVA MOMA VIDECH MAMO!



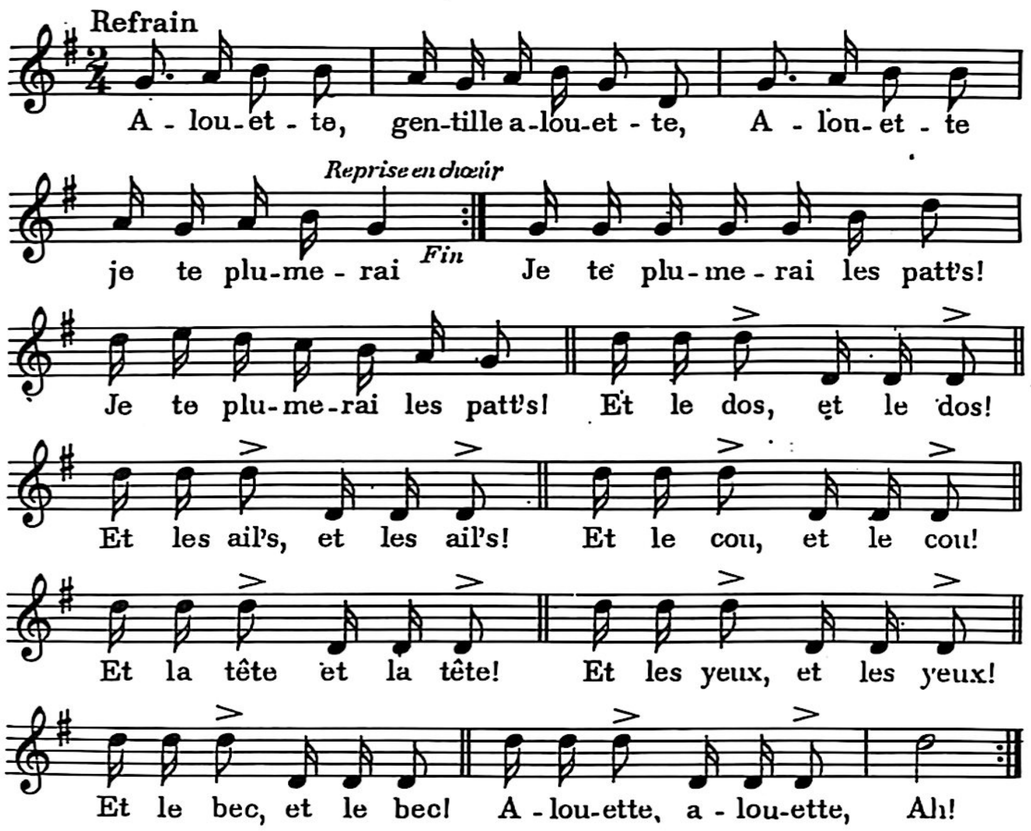
Černi oči ima mamo (2×)
kato dve čereški mamo (2×)
Dolu dolu .....

Bjalo lice ima mamo (2×)
kato bel trandafil mamo (2×)
Dolu dolu .....

Rusa kosa ima mamo (2×)
kato tanka svila mamo (2×)
Dolu dolu .....

Idi ja poiskaj mamo (2×)
Dano mi ja dadat mamo (2×)
Dolu dolu .....

L'ALOUETTE



1 **Je te plumerai le bec, *(bis)***
Alouette, alouette, ah!

2 **Je te plumerai les yeux, *(bis)***
Et le bec *(bis)* alouette *(bis)* ah!

3 **Je te plumerai la tête *(bis)***
Et les yeux *(bis)* et le bec *(bis)* alouette *(bis)* ah!

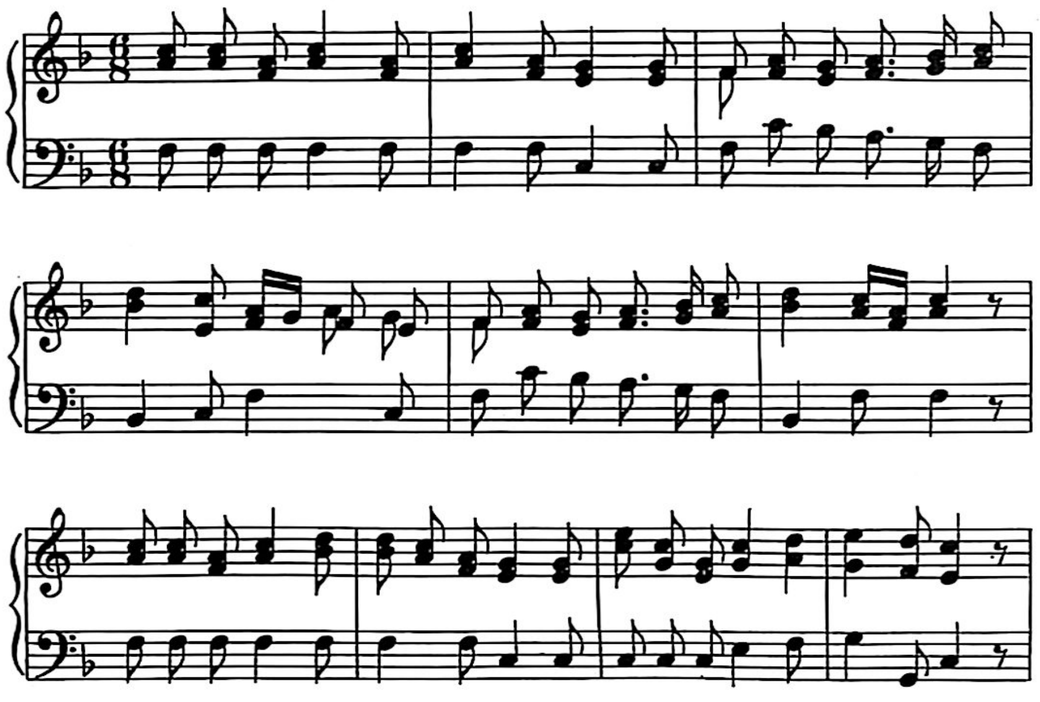
4 Je te plumerai le cou *(bis)*
Et la têt' *(bis)* et les yeux *(bis)* et le bec *(bis)* alouette *(bis)* ah!

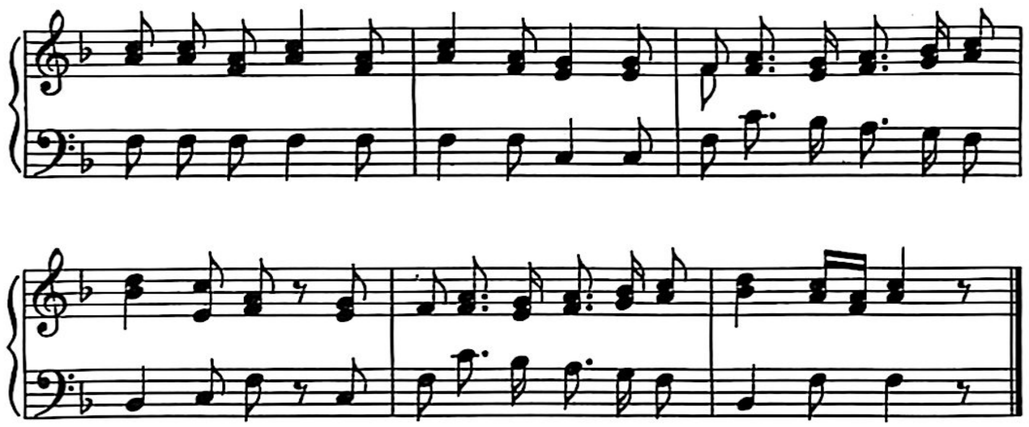
5 Je te plumerai les ail's *(bis)*
Et le cou *(bis)* et la têt' *(bis)* et les yeux *(bis)* et le bec *(bis)*
alouette *(bis)* ah!

6 Je te plumerai le dos *(bis)*
Et les ail's *(bis)* et le cou *(bis)* et la têt *(bis)* et les yeux *(bis)*
et le bec *(bis)* alouette *(bis)* ah!

7 Je te plumerai les patt's *(bis)*
Et le dos *(bis)* et les ail's *(bis)* et le cou *(bis)* et la têt' *(bis)*
et les yeux *(bis)* et le bec *(bis)* alouette *(bis)* ah!

THE CANADIAN BOAT SONG





Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the waves on the shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue waves to curl,
There is not a breath the blue waves to curl.
But when the wind blows off the shore.
Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.

Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

EN ROULANT MA BOULE ROULANT

Allegro

En rou-lant ma bou-le rou-lant, En rou-lant ma bou - le.

En rou-lant ma bou-le rou-lant, En rou-lant ma bou - le.

Der-rièr' chez nous, ya-t-un é-tang. En roulant ma bou - le. Der-

rièr'chez nous, ya-t-un é-tang En rou-lant ma bou - le. Trois

beaux canards s'en vont baignant, Rou-li, roulant, ma bou-le roulant,

En rou-lant ma bou-le rou-lant, En rou-lant ma bou - le.

VIVE LA CANADIENNE!

Vi - ve la Ca - na - di - enne! Vo - le, mon cœur,

vo - - le! Vi - ve la Ca - na - di - enne et

ses jo - lis yeux doux, et ses jo - lis yeux

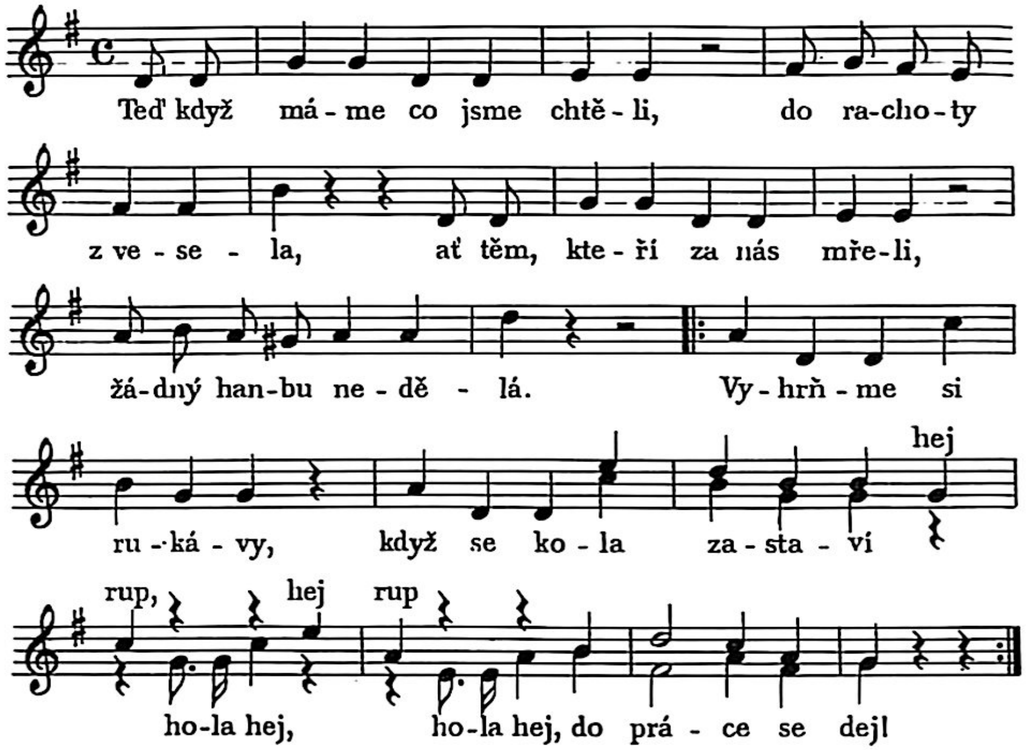
doux, doux, doux, et ses jo - lis yeux doux,

et ses jo-lis yeux doux, doux, doux, et ses jo - lis yeux doux.

2 Nous la menons aux noces,
Vole, mon coeur, vole!
Nous la menons aux noces
Dans tous ses beaux atours,
Dans tous ses beaux atours, atours, atours,
Dans tous ses beaux atours.

3 La, nous jasons sans gene,
Vole, mon coeur, vole!
La, nous jasons sans gene;
Nous nous amusons tous,
Nous nous amusons tous, tous, tous,
Nous nous amusons tous.

BUDUJEME

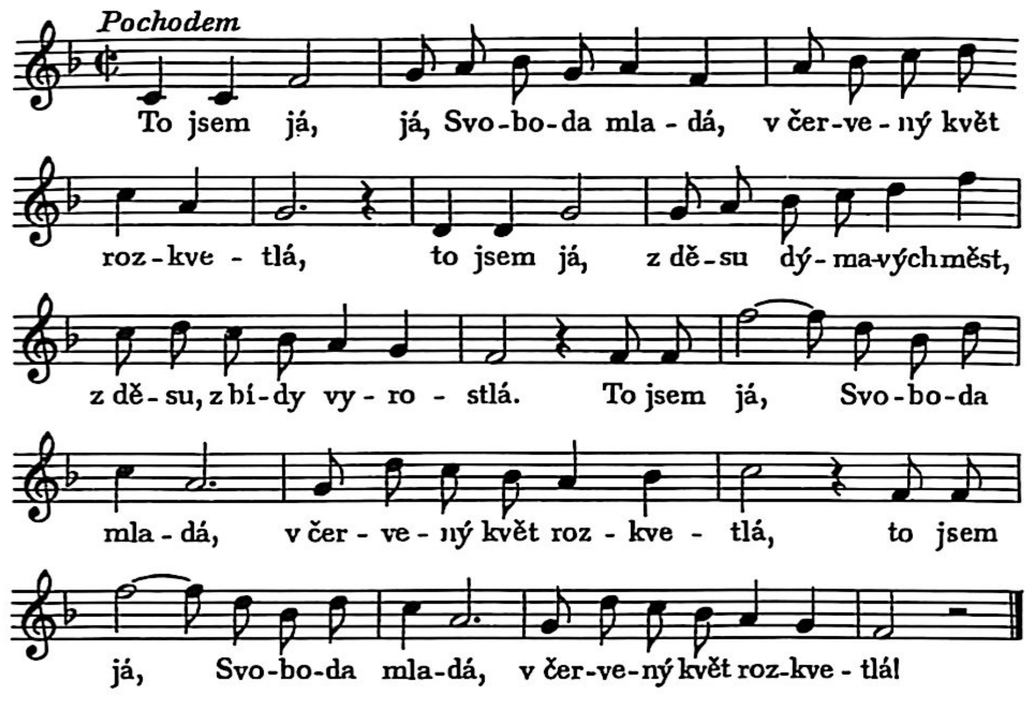


Makat není otročina,
která spadla na tebe,
dnes, soudruzi, to je jiná,
dnes děláme pro sebe.

Hubu utře, kdo se válí,
republika práce je,
tomu čest kdo nezahálí,
ten je její naděje.

Vyhrňme si rukávy,
když se kola zastaví.
Hola hej, hola hej,
do práce se dej!

SVOBODA



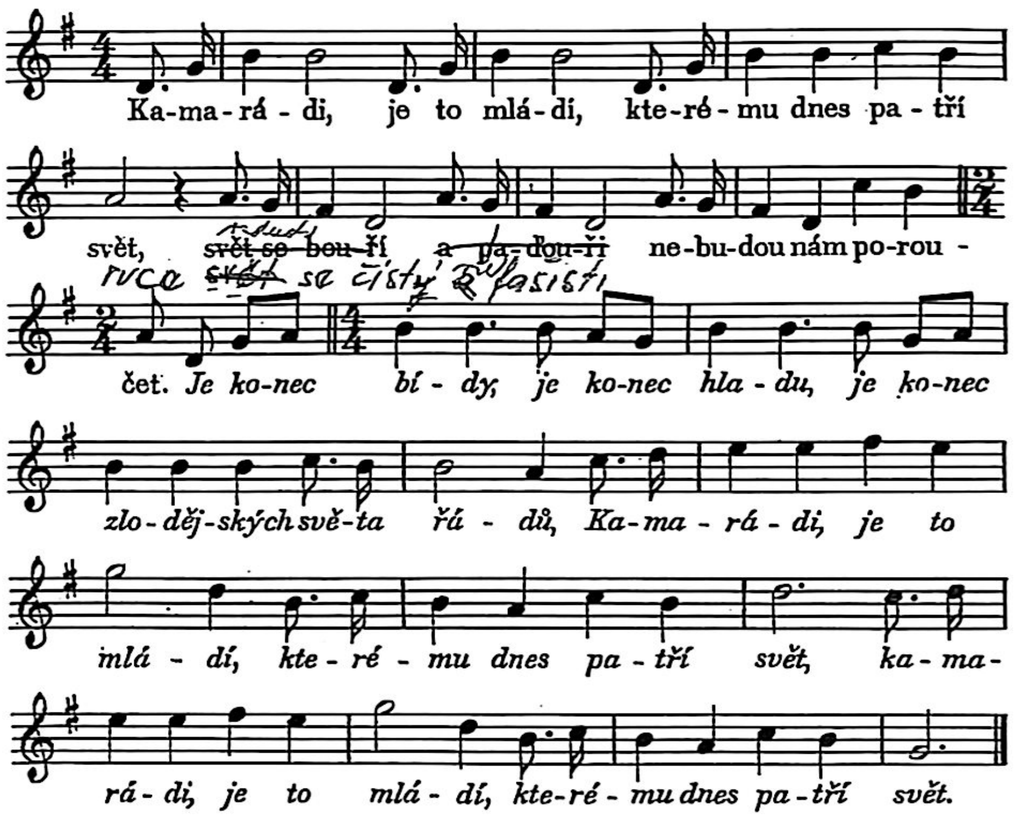
Továren jsem vířivá píseň,
továren, v nichž budu tkát
za dnů, jež nevědí co tíseň,
vaše štěstí i váš.

Refrein...

Žlutá pláň jsem zvlněných klasů,
hospodáři nade mnou,
v praskot zrání pod zemí hlasů,
slyšte píseň taje.

Refrein...

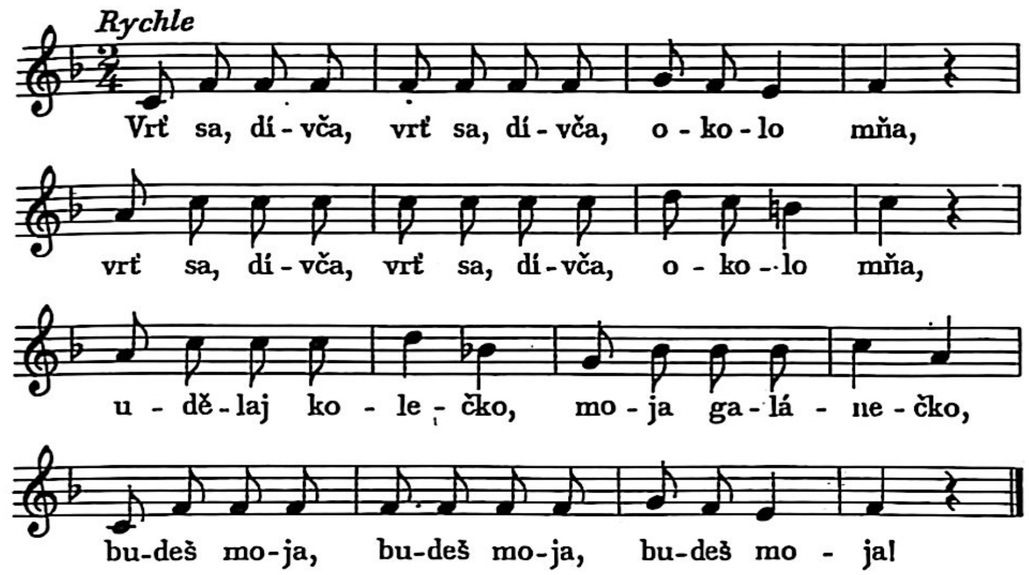
KAMARÁDI



Kamarádi, cíl se blíží,
třeba přidat do kroku.
Odhodit vše, co nás tíží,
v naší cestě k pokroku.

Kamarádi, snad již zítra
vyjde hvězda zářivá,
Kupředu za nová jitra,
za srpy a kladiva.

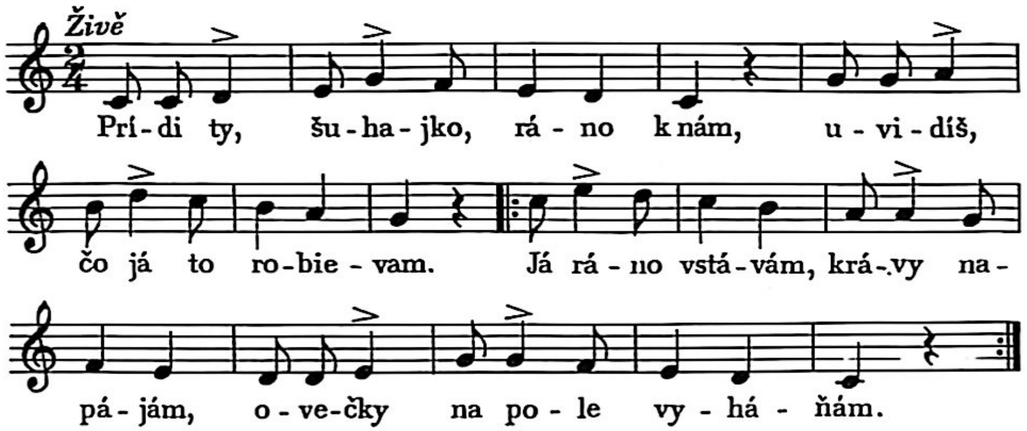
VRŤ SA, DÍVČA!



Dyby ne ťa, moja milá, dyby ne ťa,
dyby ne ťa, moja milá, dyby ne ťa,
byli by mňa chytili do Hradišťa odvedli,
za rekruta, za rekruta, za rekruta.

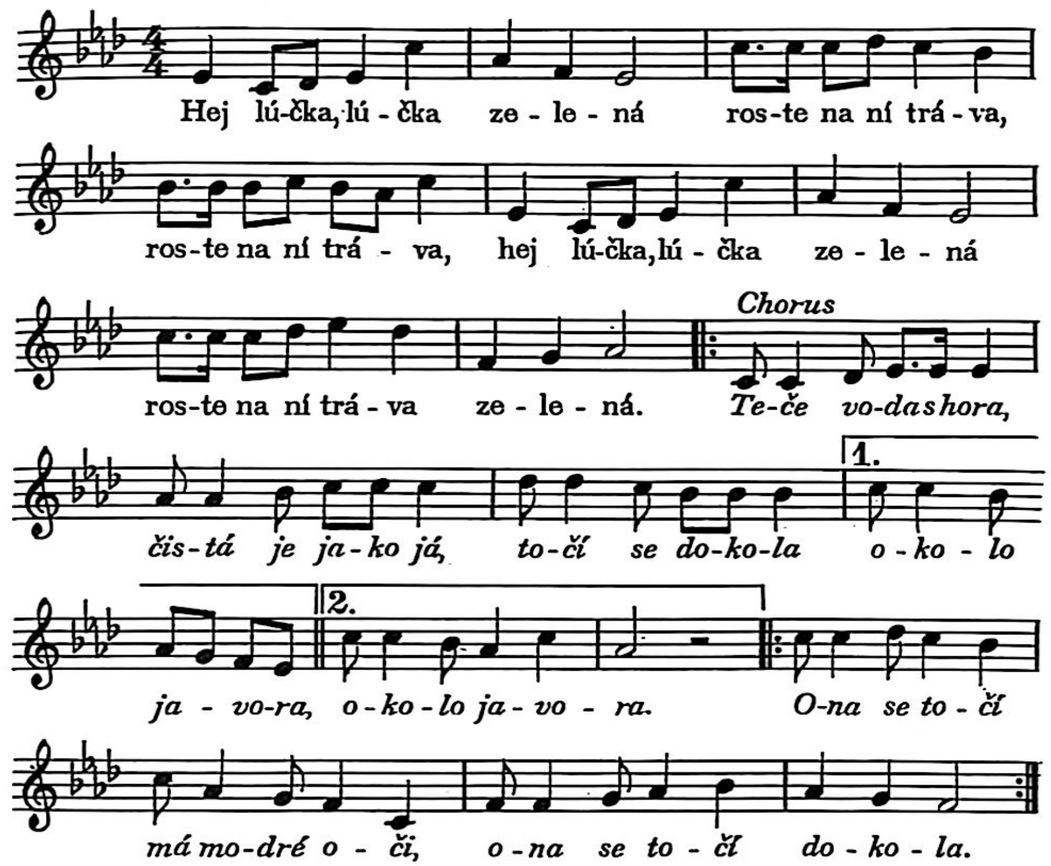
Ale že si, moja milá, milosrdná,
ale že si moja milá, milosrdná,
tys koníčka sedlala a za mnú si přijela
až do Brna, až do Brna, až do Brna.

PRÍDI TY, ŠUHAJKO!



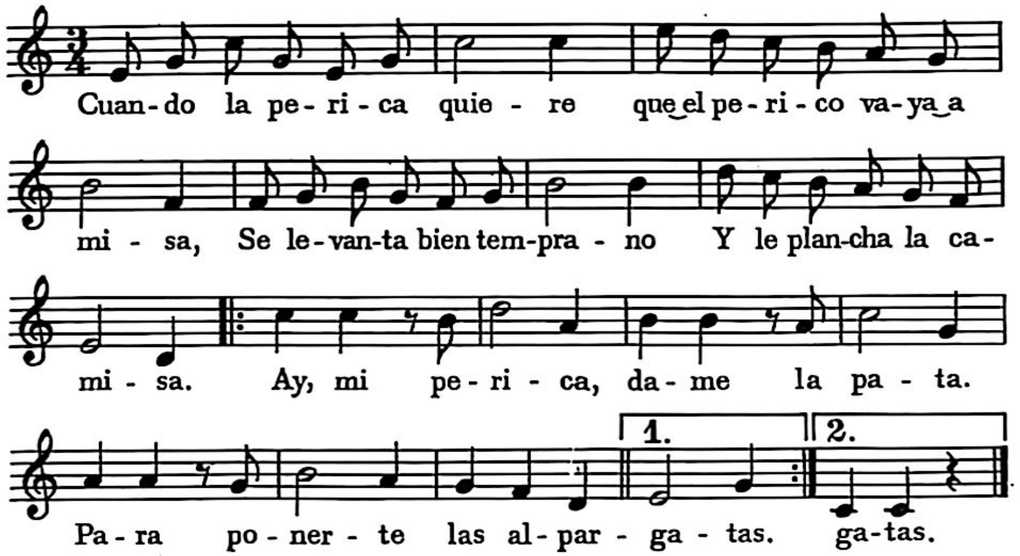
A keď si tu prácu vykonám,
potom si vesele zazpievam.
A pri tom zpeve, ako pri práci
za vše len na tebe myslievam.

HEJ, LÚČKA, LÚČKA



Žaly tam trávu dvě paní,
Obě žalostně plakaly.

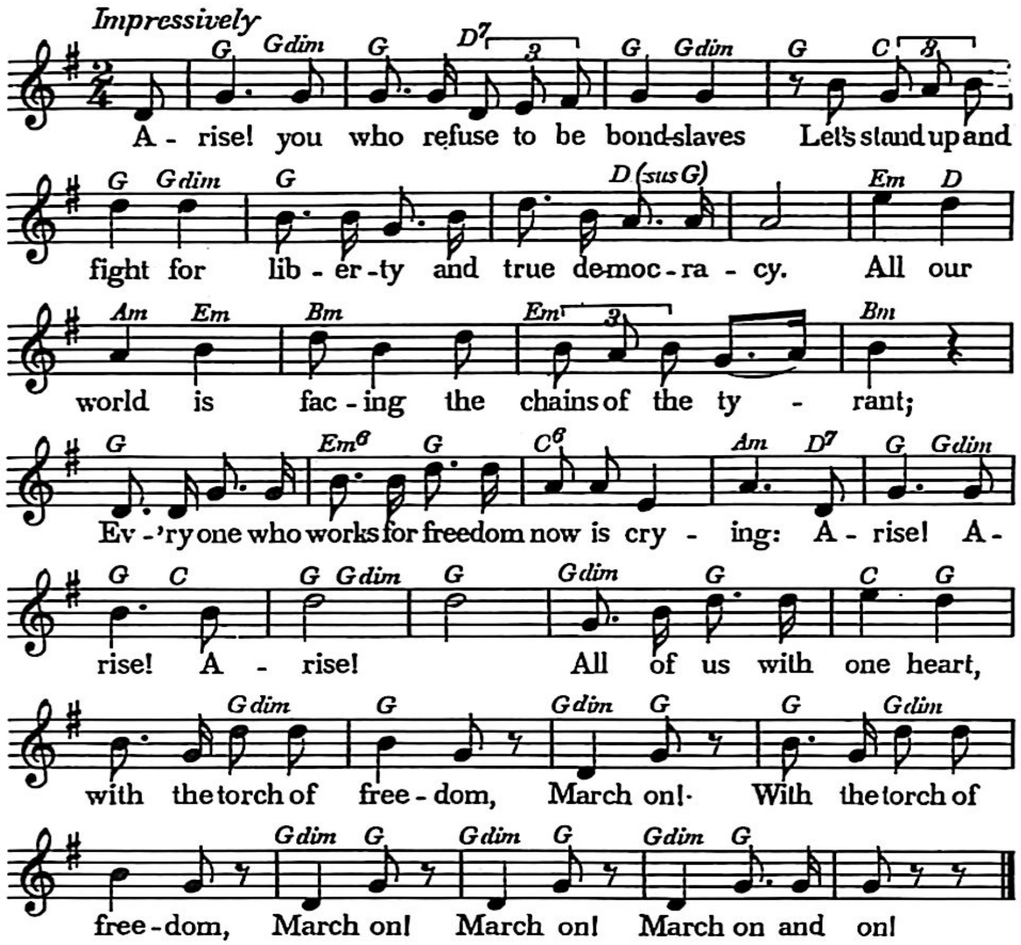
PERICA



Cuando la perica quiere
Que el perico coma arroz,
Le salcocha la comida
Y se la comen los dos.

Cuando la perica quiere
Que el perico se enamore,
Se quita las plumas viejas
Y se viste de colores.

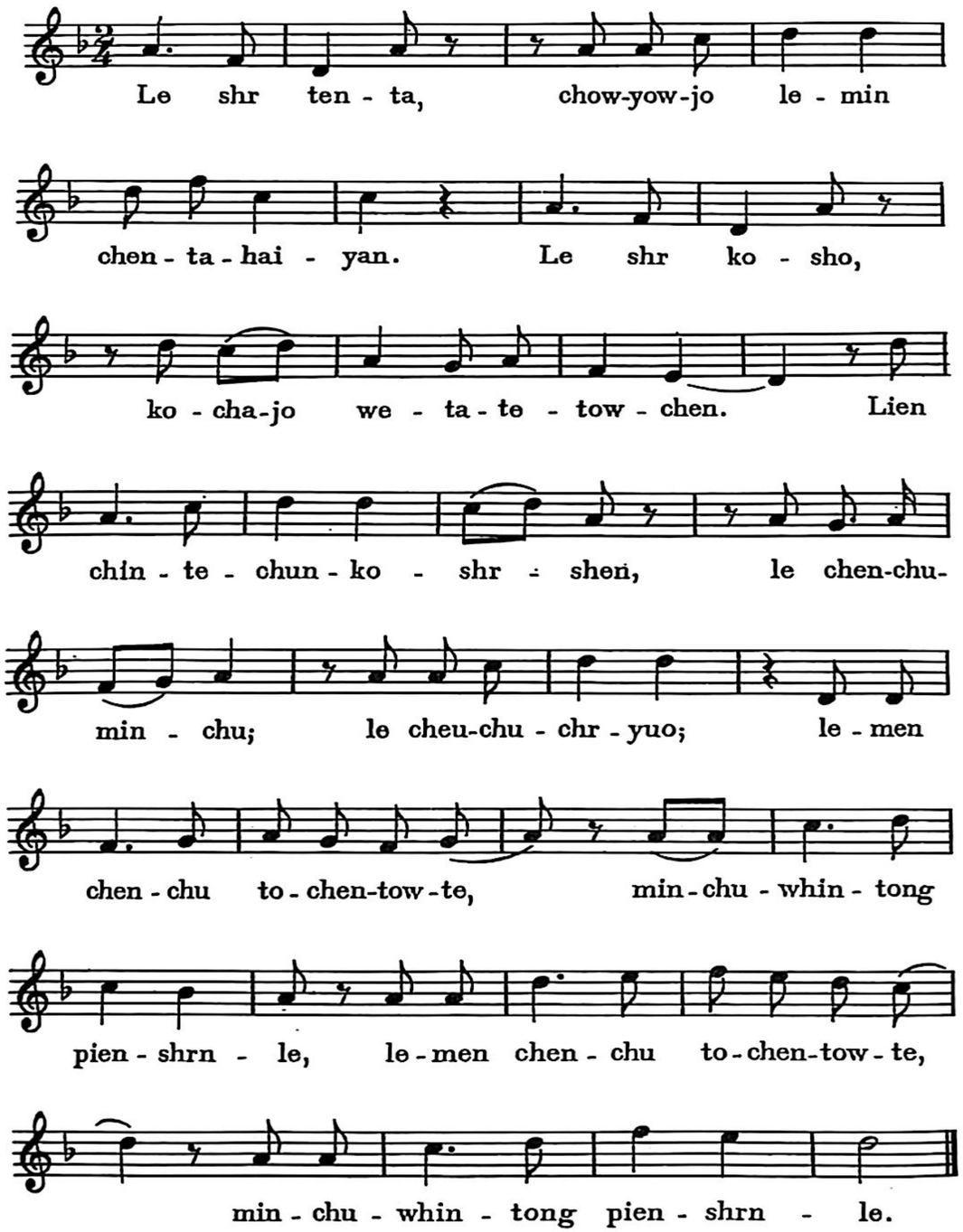
CHEE LAI



義勇軍進行曲

起來,不願做奴隸的人們
把我們的血肉築成我們新的長城
中華民族到了最危險的時候
每個人被迫着發出最後的吼聲
起來,起來,起來,
我們萬衆一心
冒着敵人的砲火
前進,前進,前進,進

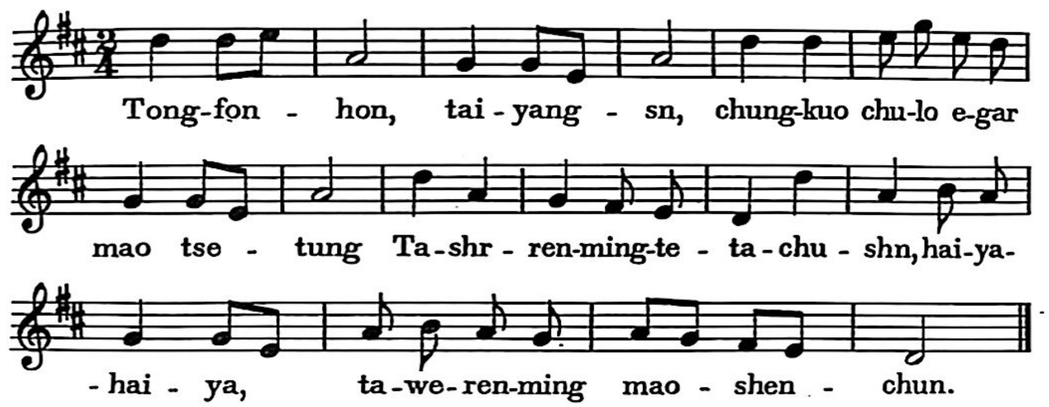
LE SHR TENTA



你是燈塔

你是燈塔
照耀着黎明前的海洋
你是歌手
歌唱着偉大的鬥爭
年青的中國学生
你爭取民主
你爭取自由
你們坚决奮鬥到底
民主運動使勝利
你們坚决奮鬥到底
民主運動使勝利

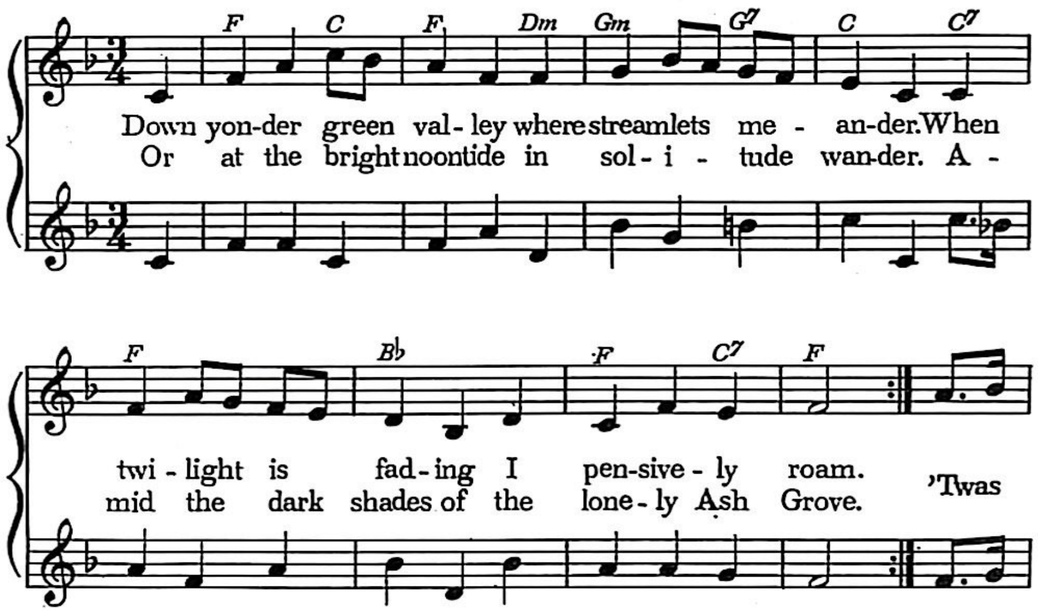
TONG - FON - HON

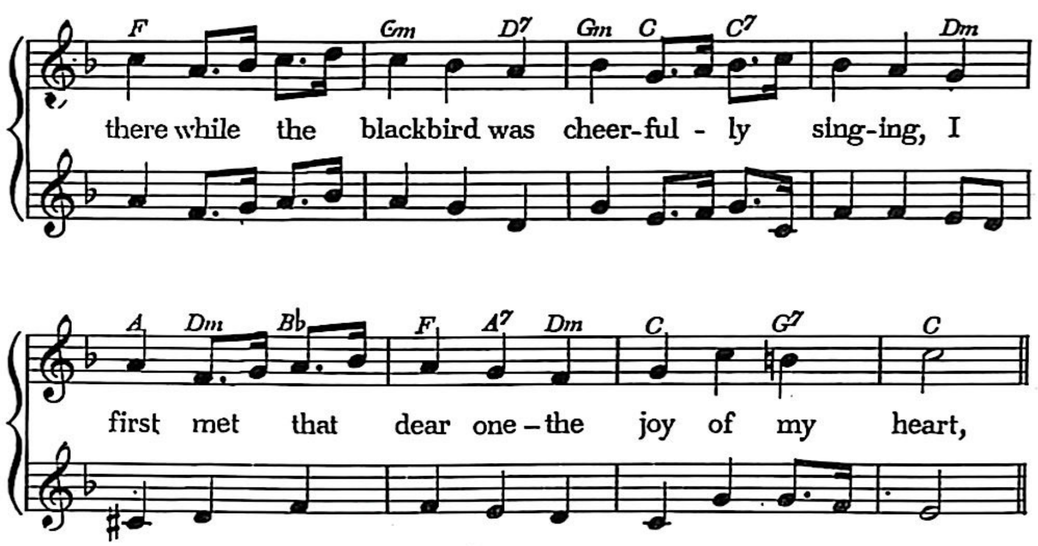


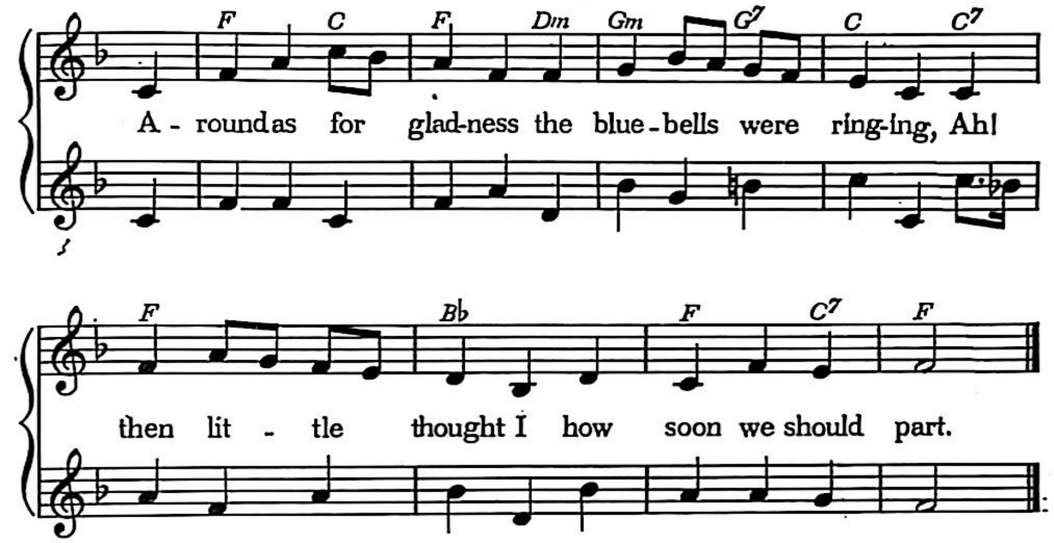
東方紅

東方紅
太陽升
中國出了一個毛澤東
他是人民的大救星，呼呀嘿
他為我們謀生存

THE ASH GROVE







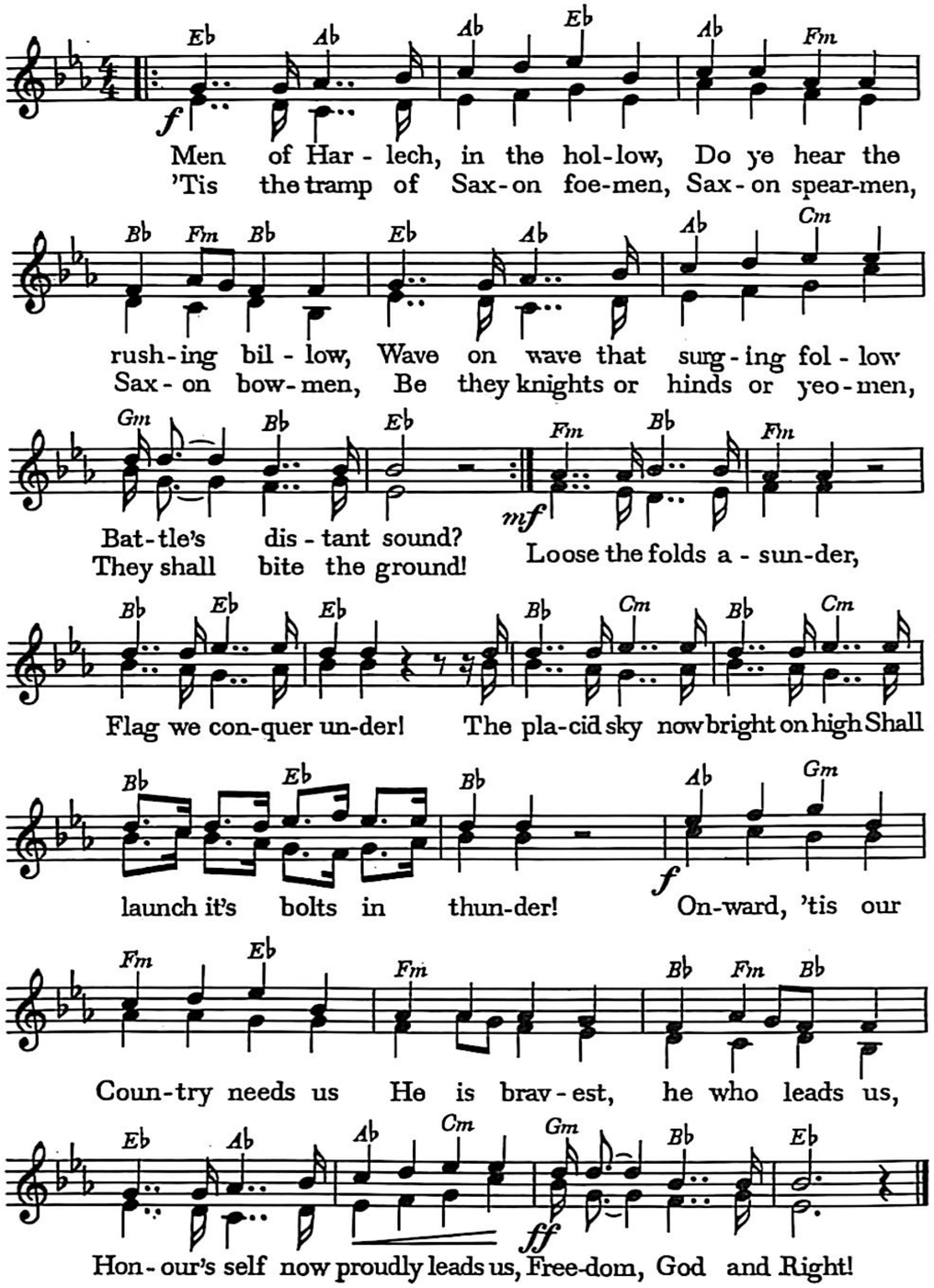
Still glows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain,
Still warbles the blackbird its note from the tree;
Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain,
But what are the beauties of nature to me?

With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden,
All day I go mourning in search of my love,
Ye echoes! O, tell me, where is the sweet maiden?
"She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the Ash Grove."

LLWYN ON

Yn Mhalas Llwyn On gynt, fe drigai pendefig,
Ef e oedd ysgweiar ac arglwydd y wlad;
Ac iddo un eneth a anwyd yn unig,
A hi 'nol yr hanes oedd aeres ei thad.
Aeth Cariad i'w gweled, yn lân a phur lencyn,
Ond codai'r ysqweiar yn afar ac erch,
I saethu'r bachgenyn, ond gwŷrodd ei linyn,
Ai ergyd yn wyrgam i fynwes ei ferch.

MEN OF HARLECH



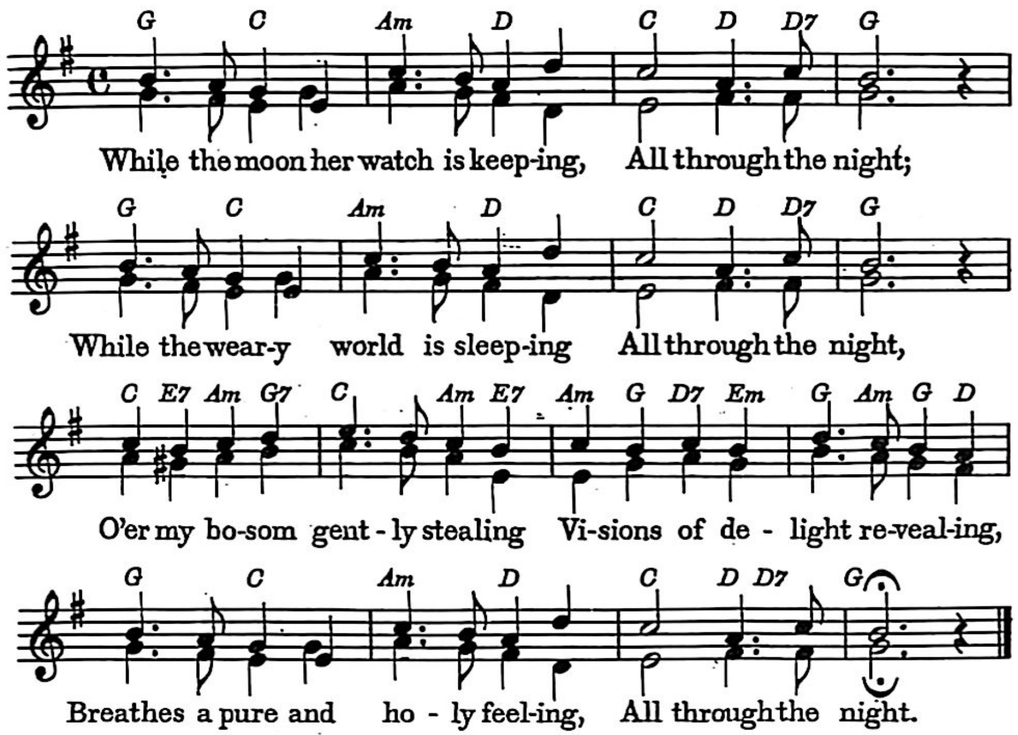
2 Rocky steeps and passes narrow
Flash with spear and flight of arrow;
Who would think of death or sorrow?
Death is glory now.
Strands of life are riven,
Blow for blow is given!
In deadly lock or battle shock,
And mercy shrieks to heaven!
Men of Harlech, young or hoary,
Would you win a name in story,
Strike for life, for home, for glory,
Freedom, God and Right!

3 Hurl the reeling horsemen over,
Let the earth dead foemen cover;
Fate of friend or wife or lover
Trembles on a blow.
Strands of life etc. . . .

RHYFELGYRCH GWYR HARLECH

Wele goelcerth wen yn fflamio,
A thafodau tân yn bloeddio,
Ar i'r dewrion ddod i daro,
Unwaith eto'n un:
Gan fanllefau tywysogion,
Llais gelynion, trwst arfogion,
A charlamiad y marchogion,
Craig ar graig a gryn!
Arfon byth ni orfydd,
Cenir yn dragywydd;
Cymru fydd fel Cymru fu,
Yn glodus ym mysg gwledydd.
Yng ngwyn oleuni'r goelcerth acw.
Tros wefusau Cymro'n marw,
Annibyniaeth sydd yn galw,
Am ei dewraf dyn.

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT



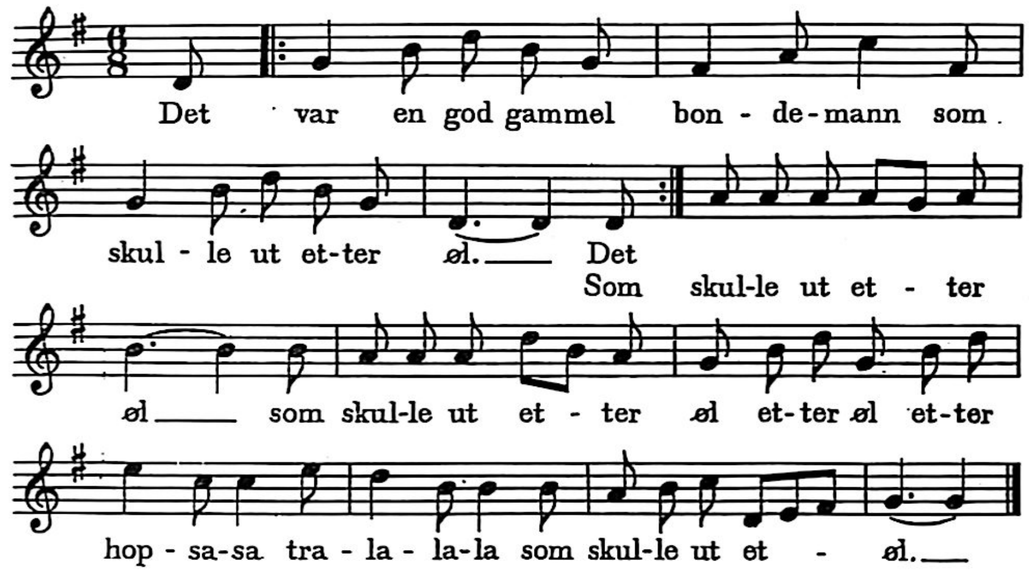
Love, to thee my thoughts are turning,
All through the night,
And for thee my heart is yearning,
All through the night.
Though sad fate our lives may sever,
Parting will not last for ever,
There's a hope that leaves me never,
All through the night.

AR HYD Y NOS

Holl amrantau'r sêr ddywedant,
Ar hyd y nos,
"Dyma'r fford i fro gogoniant,"
Ar hyd y nos.

Goleu arall yw tywyllwch,
I arddangos gwir brydferthwch, —
Teulu'r nefoedd mewn tawelwch, —
Ar hyd y nos.

DET VAR EN GOD GAMMEL BONDEMANN

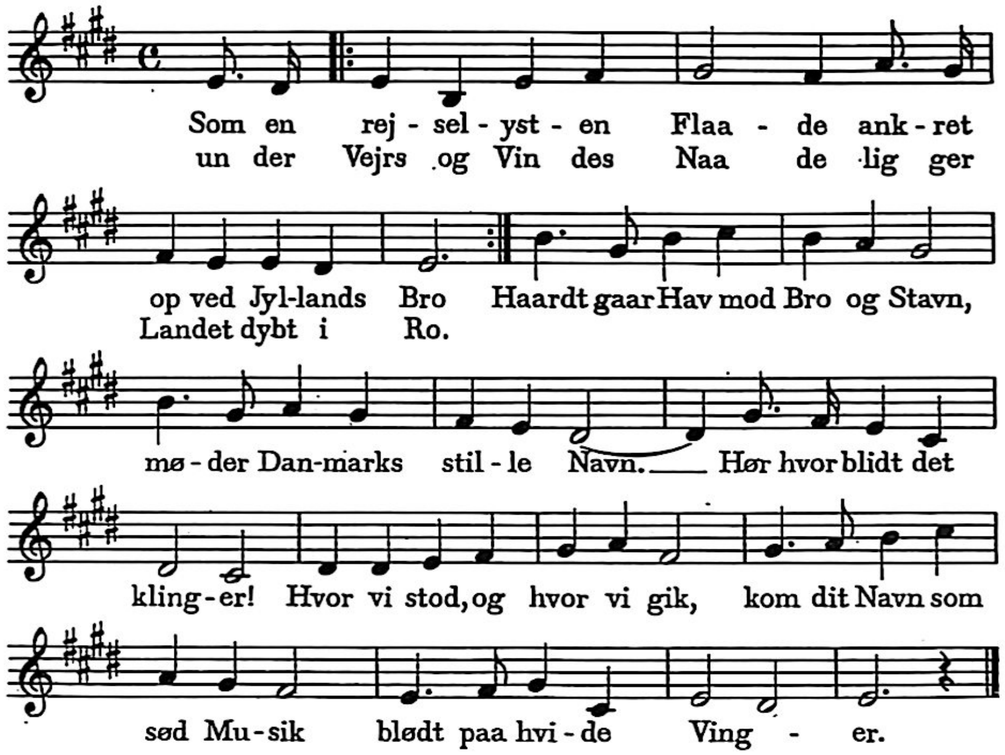


|:Til kona kom der en ung student,
mens mannen var ute etter øl.:|
munn

|:Han kysset henne pa rosen-
og klapper henne pa kinn,:|
mens mannen var ute etter øl.

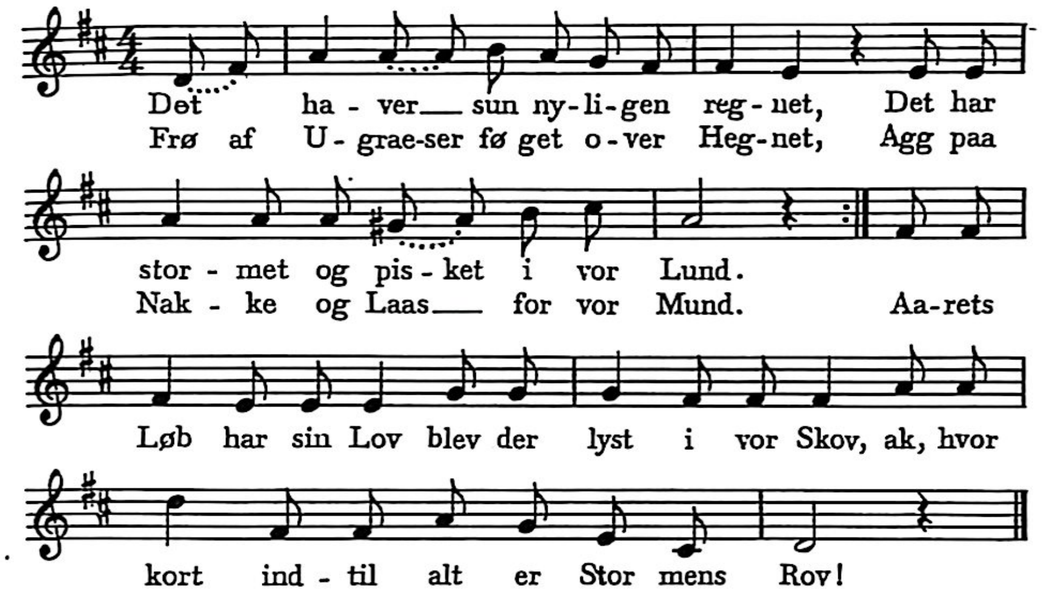
|:Men mannen stod bak en dør og sa
hvordan det hele gikk til.:|
De trodde han var ute etter øl.

SEM EN REJSELYSTEN FLAADE



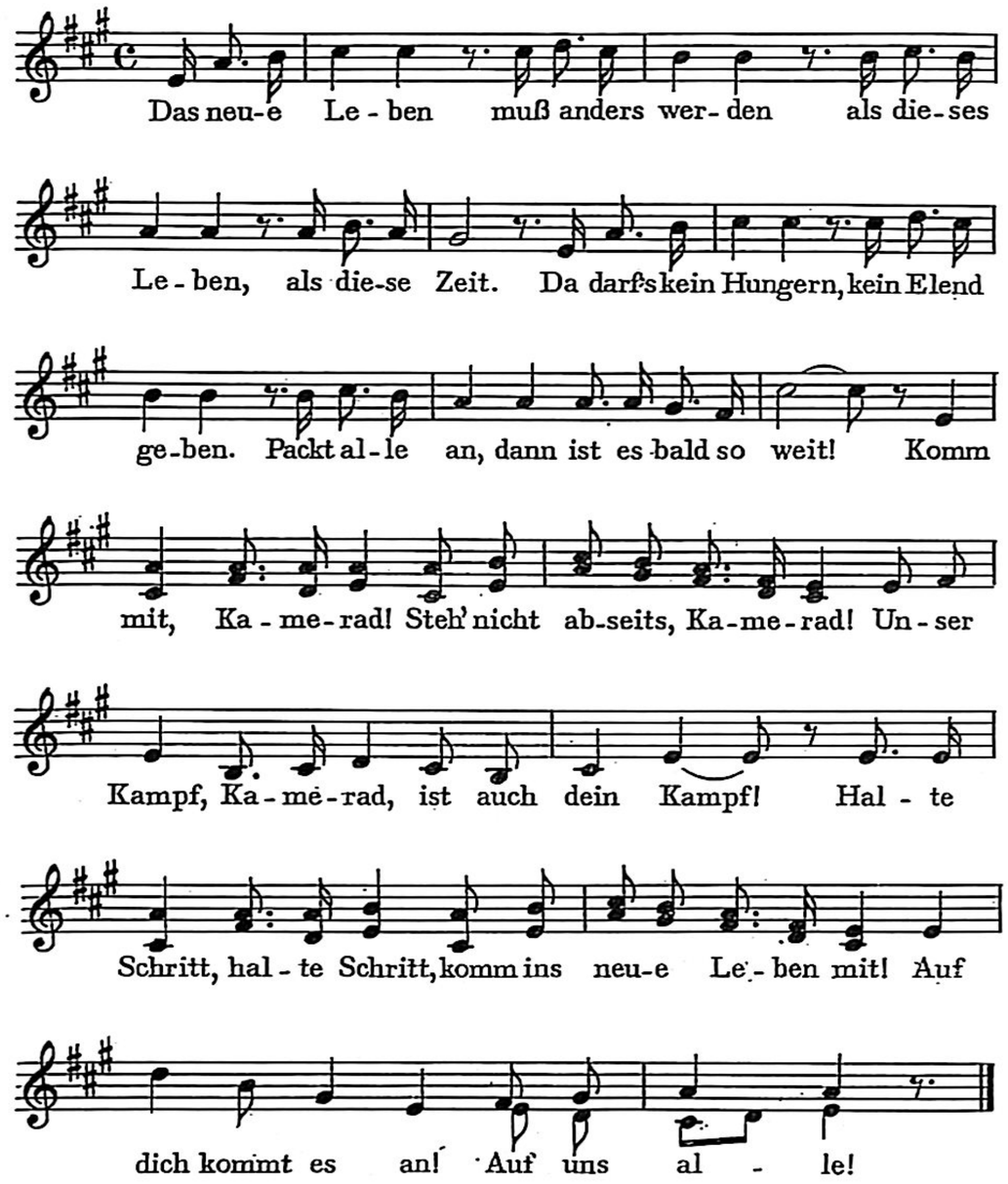
Havombruset yngler Landet.
Tusind Øer gik af Havn,
lod sig baere bort af Vandet
for at baere Danmarks Navn.
Muntert frem til Livets Dyst
gennem Mulm og Straalelyst.
Hil jer vore Skibe!
Flaget blaffer rødt og hvidt.
Her er Danmark. dit og mit
med sin Kølvandsstribe.

DET HAVER SAN NYLIGEN REGNET



Det har regnet, – men Regnet gav Grøde;
det har stormet, – men Stormen gjorde staerk.
Som de troede, at Skoven alt øde,
saa de Vaarkraftens spirende Vaerk.
For de gamle, som faldt,
er der ny overalt;
de vil møde, hver Gang der bliver kaldt.

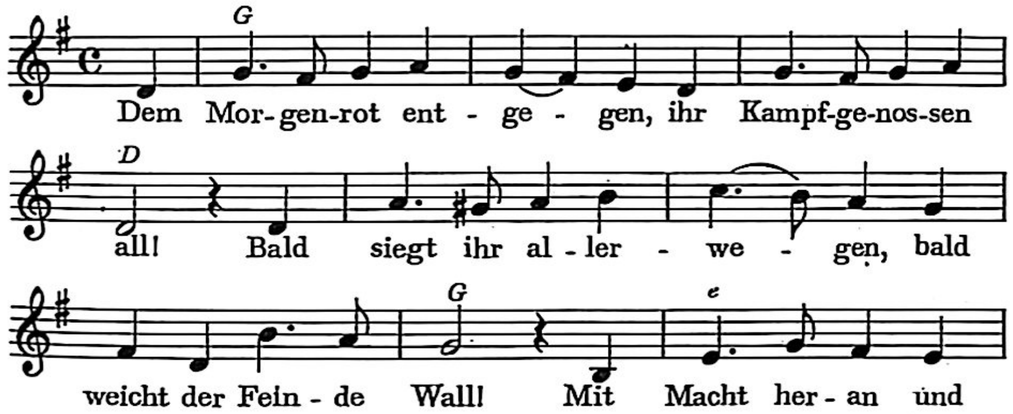
DAS NEUE LEBEN

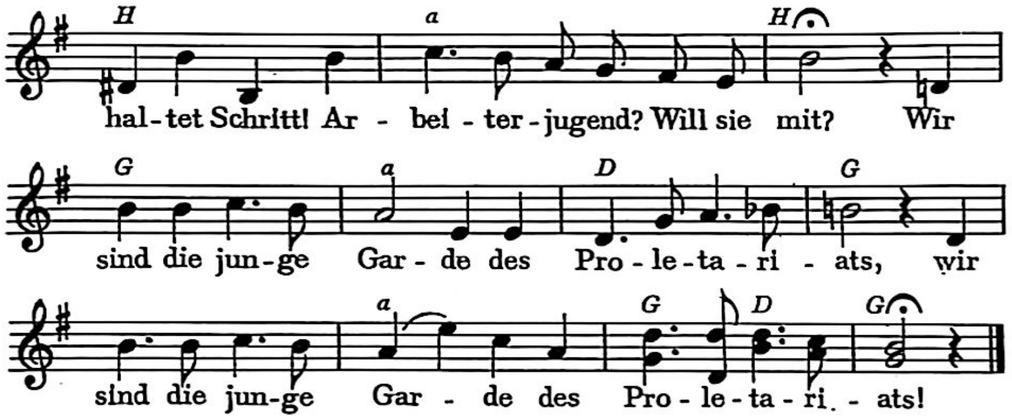


2. Seht, wie die Einheit von Millionen
des Lebens Dunkel auf immer bannt.
Wenn wir uns alle die Hände geben,
kommt neues Leben auch in unser Land.
Komm mit' Kamerad!
Steh' nicht abseits, Kamerad!
Unser Kampf, Kamerad, ist auch dein Kampf!
Halte Schritt, halte Schritt!
Komm' ins neue Leben mit!
Auf dich kommt es an! Auf uns alle!

3. Das neue Leben muß anders werden
als dieses Leben, als diese Zeit.
Da darf's kein Hungern, kein Elend geben.
Packt alle an, dann ist es bald soweit!
Komm mit, Kamerad!
Steh' nicht abseits, Kamerad!
Unser Kampf, Kamerad, ist auch dein Kampf!
Halte Schritt, halte Schritt!
Komm' ins neue Leben mit!
Auf dich kommt es an! Auf uns alle!

DEM MORGENROT ENTGEGEN



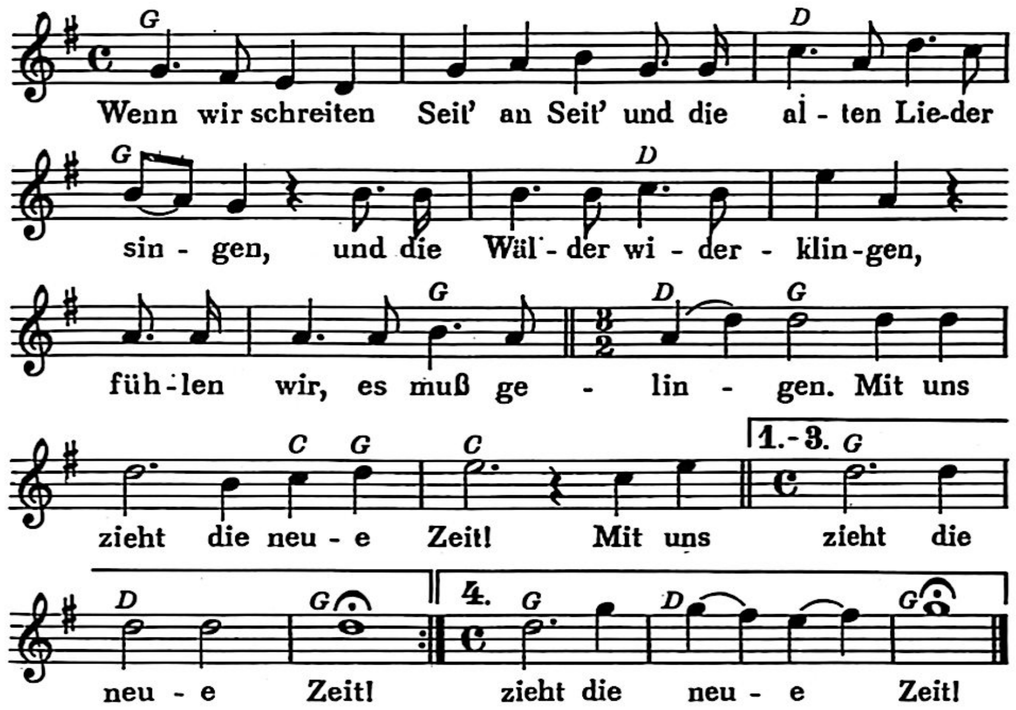


Wir haben selbst erfahren
der Arbeit Frongewalt
in düstren Kinderjahren
und wurden früh schon alt.
Sie hat an unserm Fuß geklirrt,
die Kette, die nur schwerer wird.
|: Wir sind die junge Garde des Proletariats. :|

Die Arbeit kann uns lehren
und lehrte uns die Kraft,
den Reichtum zu vermehren,
der unsre Armut schafft.
Nun wird die Kraft von uns erkannt,
die starke Waffe unsrer Hand!
|: Wir sind die junge Garde des Proletariats. :|

Wir reichen euch die Hände,
Genossen, all, zum Bund.
Des Kampfes sei kein Ende,
eh' nicht im weiten Rund
der Arbeit freies Volk gesiegt
und jeder Feind am Boden liegt.
|: Vorwärts, du junge Garde des Proletariats. :|

WENN WIR SCHREITEN

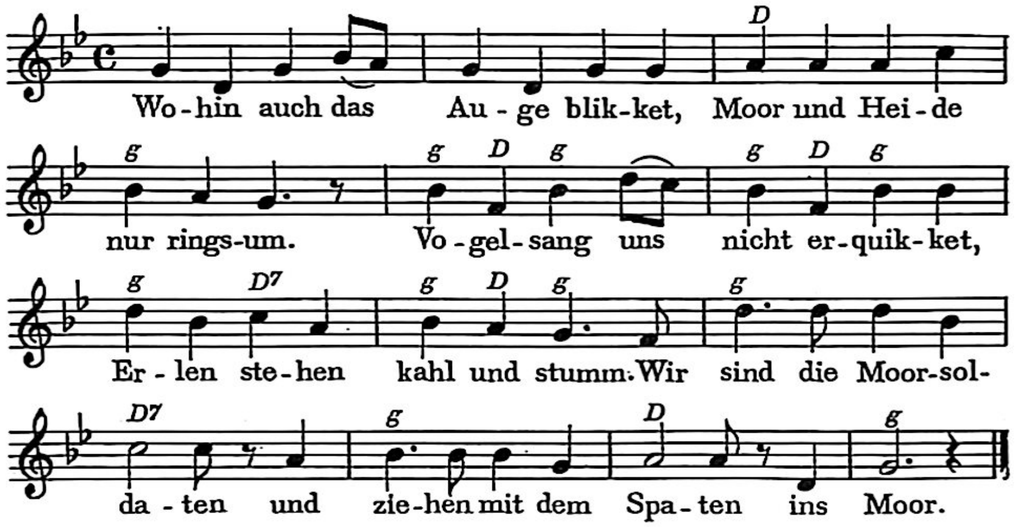


Einer Woche Hammerschlag,
einer Woche Häuserquadern
zittern noch in unsren Adern.
Aber keiner wagt zu hadern:
|: Herrlich lacht der Sonnentag. :|

Birkengrün und Saatengrün:
Wie mit bittender Gebärde,
hält die alte Mutter Erde,
daß der Mensch ihr eigen werde,
|: ihm die vollen Hände hin. :|

Wenn wir schreiten Seit' an Seit'
und die alten Lieder singen,
und die Wälder widerklingen,
fühlen wir, es muß gelingen:
|: Mit uns zieht die neue Zeit! :|

DIE MOORSOLDATEN



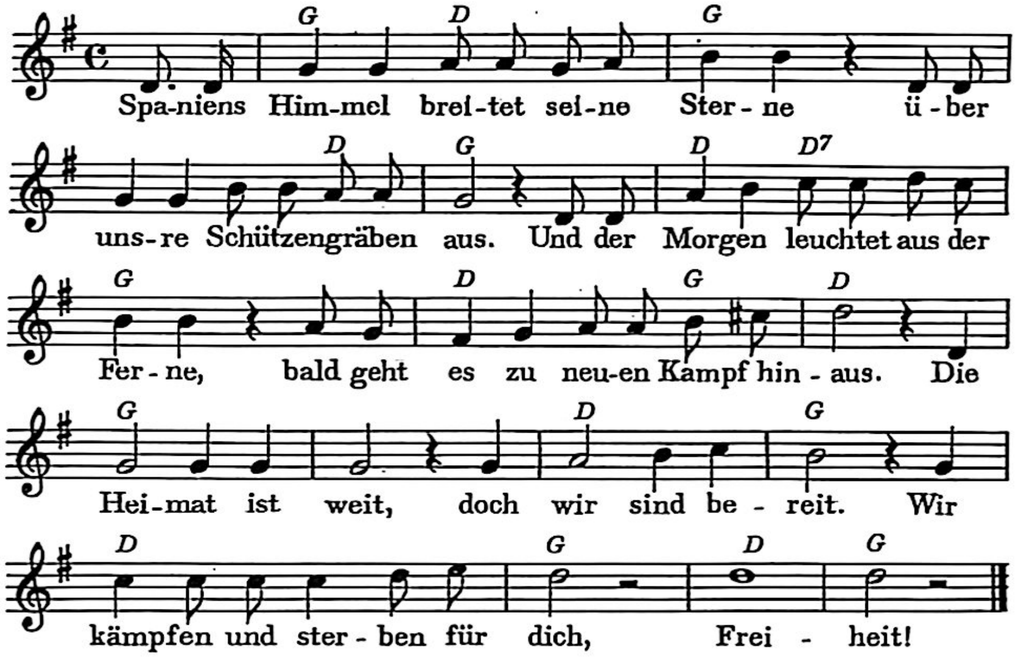
Hier in dieser öden Heide
ist das Lager aufgebaut,
wo wir ferne jeder Freude
hinter Stacheldrahtverhau.
Wir sind die Moorsoldaten usw.

Morgens ziehen die Kolonnen
in das Moor zur Arbeit hin.
Graben bei dem Brand der Sonnen,
doch zur Heimat steht ihr Sinn.
Wir sind die Moorsoldaten usw.

Heimwärts, heimwärts jeder sehnet
nach den Eltern, Weib und Kind.
Manche Brust ein Seufzer dehnet,
weil wir hier gefangen sind.
Wir sind die Moorsoldaten usw.

Doch für uns gibt es kein Klagen.
Ewig kann's nicht Winter sein.
Einmal werden froh wir sagen:
Heimat, du bist wieder mein!
Dann ziehn wir Moorsoldaten
nicht mehr mit dem Spaten ins Moor.

DIE THÄLMANN-KOLONNE



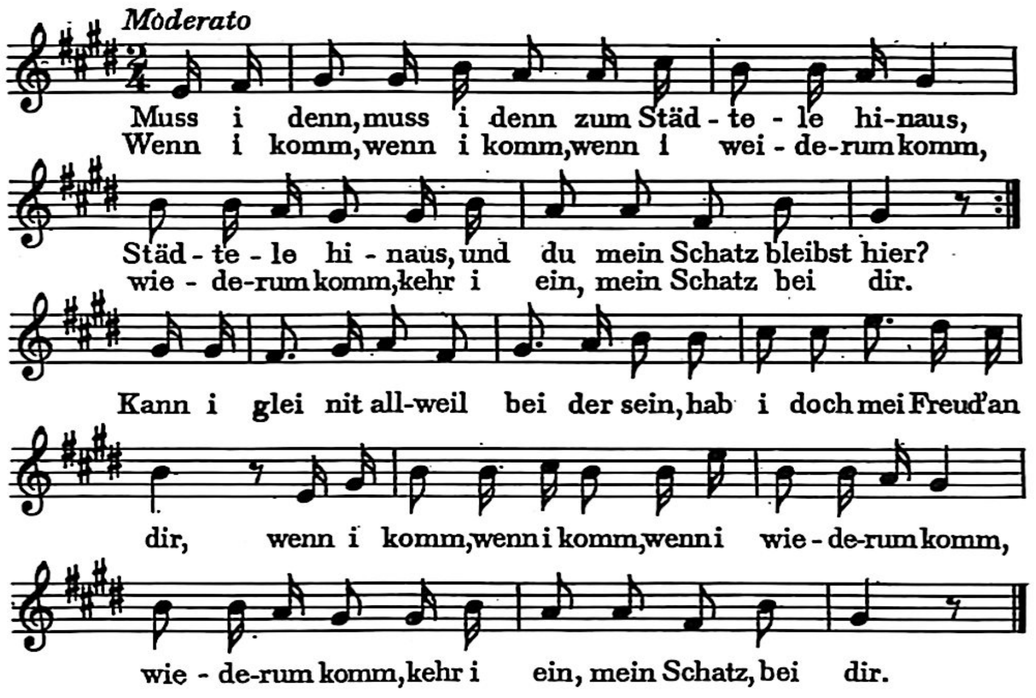
Dem Faschisten werden wir nicht weichen,
schickt er auch die Kugeln hageldicht.
Mit uns stehn Kameraden ohnegleichen
und ein Rückwärts gibt es für uns nicht.
Die Heimat ist weit,
doch wir sind bereit.
Wir kämpfen und siegen für dich: Freiheit!

THE THAELMANN COLUMN

Spanish heavens spread their brilliant starlight
High above our trenches in the plain;
From the distance morning comes to greet us,
Calling us to battle once again.
Far off is our land,
Yet ready we stand.
We're fighting and winning for you, Freiheit!

We'll not yield a foot to Franco's fascists,
Even though the bullets fall like sleet.
With us stand those peerless men, our comrades,
And for us there can be no retreat.

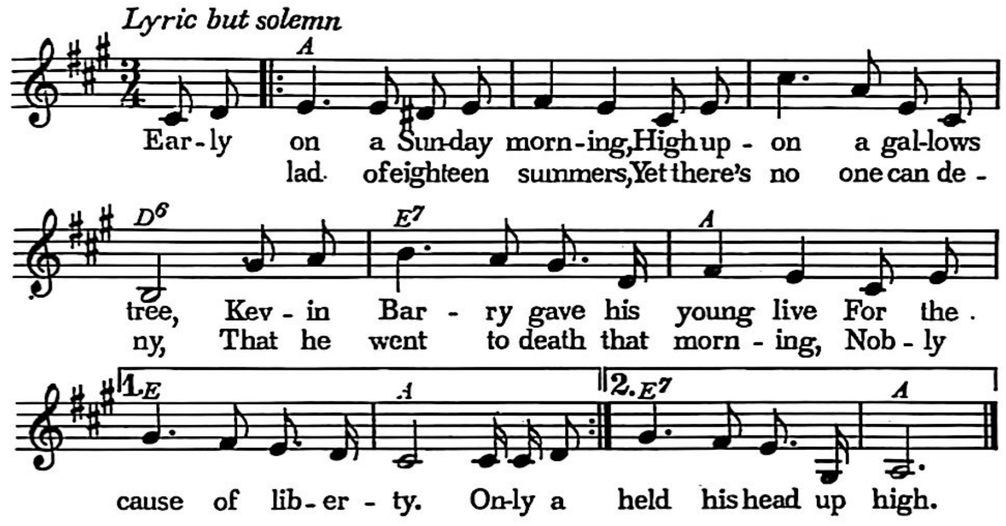
MUSS I DENN



2. Wie du weinst, wie du weinst, das i wandern muss,
wie wenn d'Lieb, jetzt vär' vorbei;
sind au drauss, sind au drauss der Mädele viel,
Mädele viel, lieber Schatz, i bleib dir treu.
Denk, du net, wenn i ein'andere seh',
no sei mein Lieb vorbei; sind au drauss u. s. w.

3. Übers Jahr, übers Jahr, wenn me Träubele schneidt,
stell' hier mi wied'rum ein;
bin i dann, bin i dann dein Schätzele noch,
so soll die Hochzeit sein.
Übers Jahr, da ist meine Zeit vorbei,
da g'hör i mein und dein; bin i dann u. s. w.

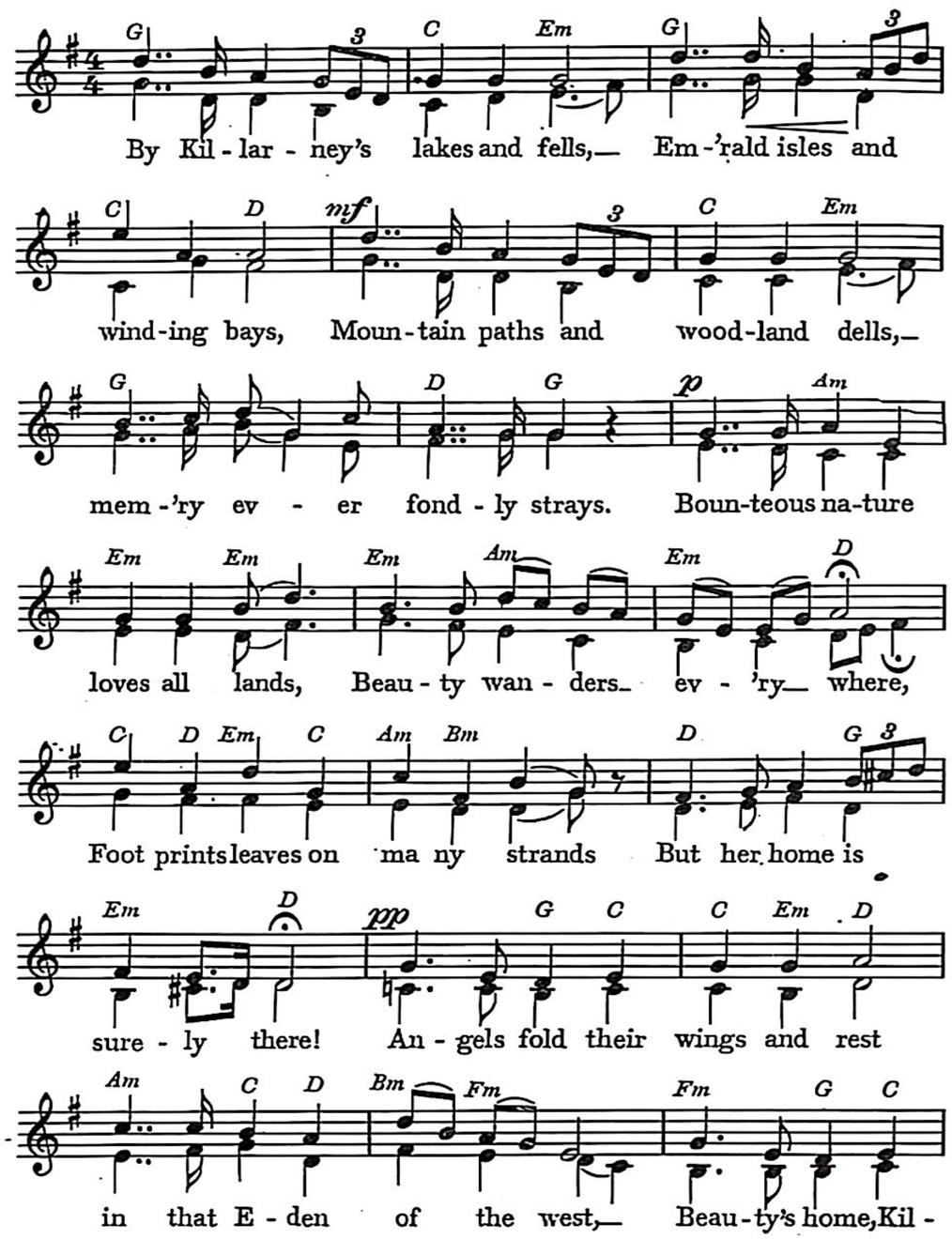
KEVIN BARRY

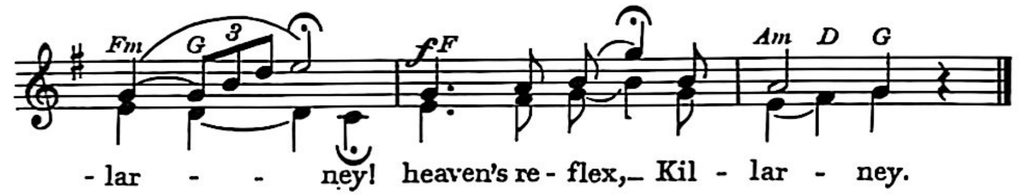


"Shoot me like an Irish soldier,
Do not hang me like a dog;
For I fought for Ireland's freedom
On that dark September morn —
All around that little bakery,
Where we fought them hand to hand.
Shoot me like an Irish soldier,
For I fought to free Ireland."

Just before he faced the hangman,
In his lonely prison cell,
British soldiers tortured Barry
Just because he would not tell
All the names of his companions
Other things they wished to know;
"Turn informer, and we'll free you,"
Proudly Barry answered, "No!"

KILLARNEY

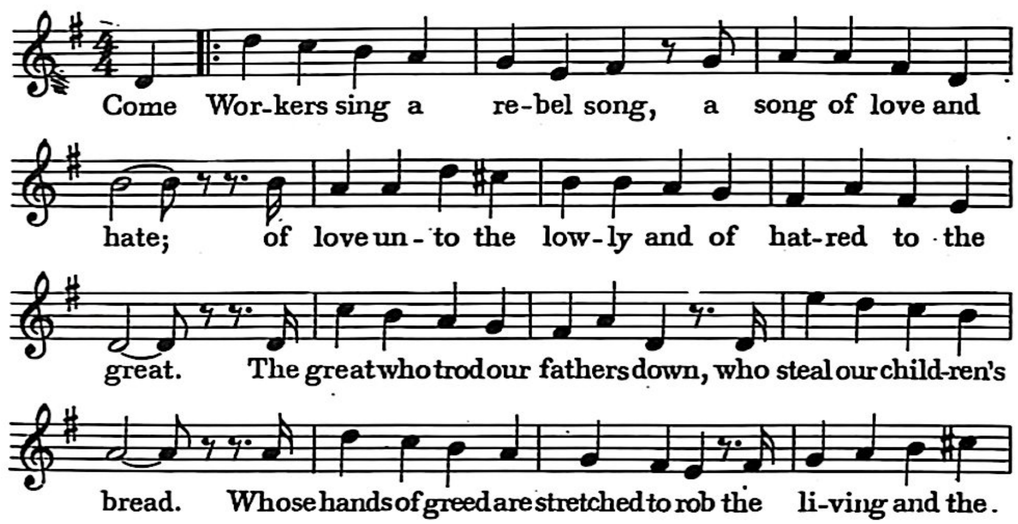


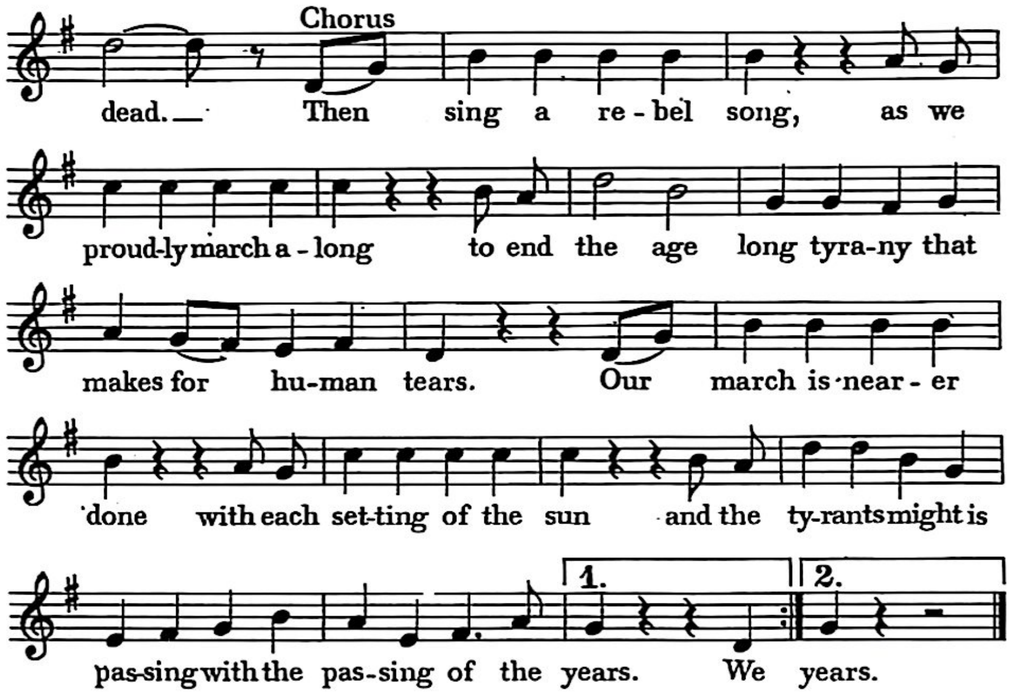


2 No place else can charm the eye
With such bright and varied tints,
Ev'ry rock that you pass by
Verdure broiders or besprints.
Virgin there the green grass grows,
Ev'ry morn springs natal day;
Bright hued berries daff the snows,
Smiling winter's frown away.
Angels often pausing there
Doubt if Eden were more fair,
Beauty's home, Killarney!
Heaven's reflex, Killarney!

3 Music there for echo dwells,
Makes each sound a harmony;
Many voic'd the chorus swells
Till it faints in ecstacy.
With the charmful tints below,
Seems the heaven above to vie;
All rich colours that we know
Tinge the cloud wreaths in that sky.
Wings of angels so bright shine,
Glansing back soft light divine,
Beauty's home, Killarney!
Heaven's reflex, Killarney!

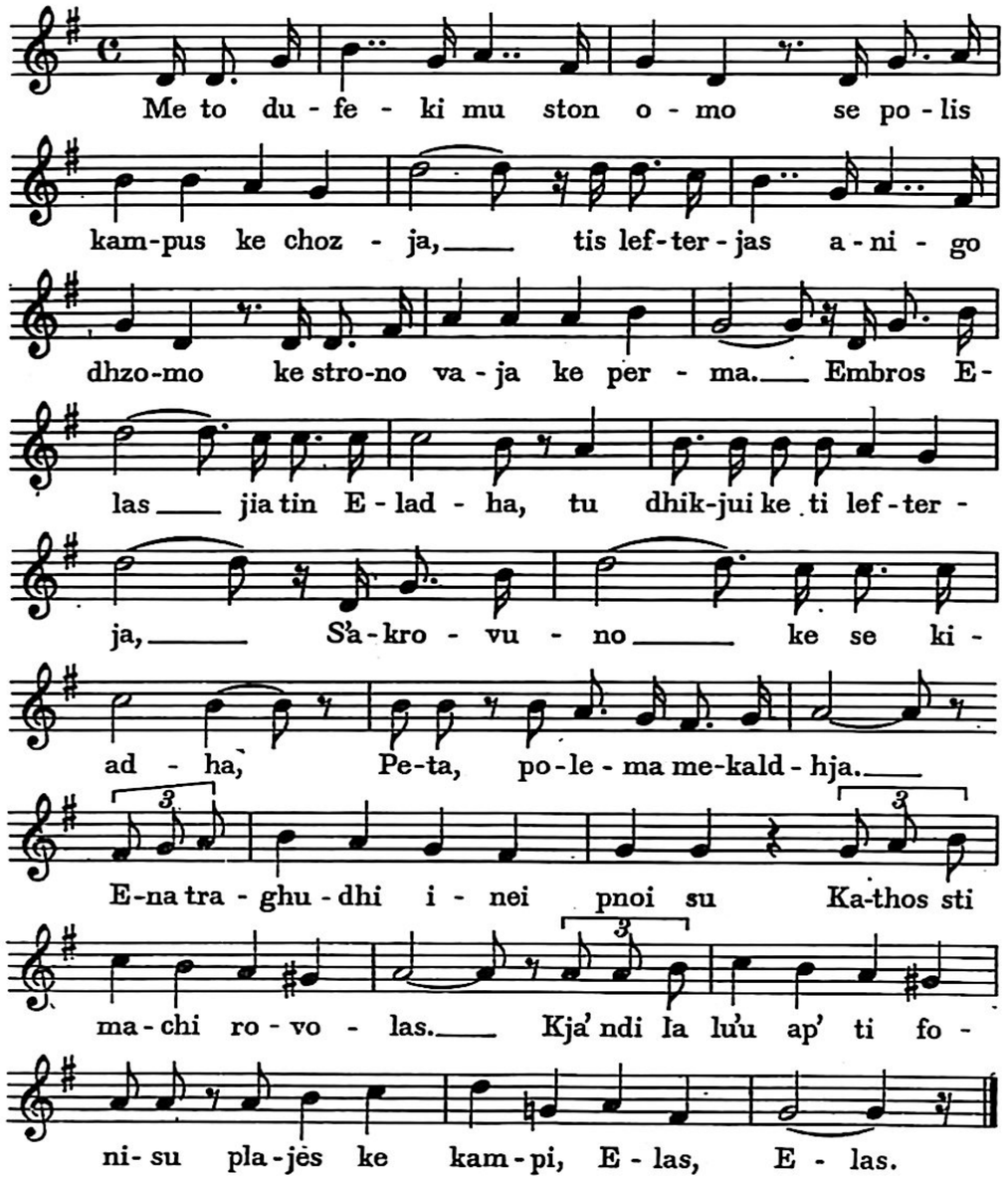
CONNOLLY'S REBELSONG



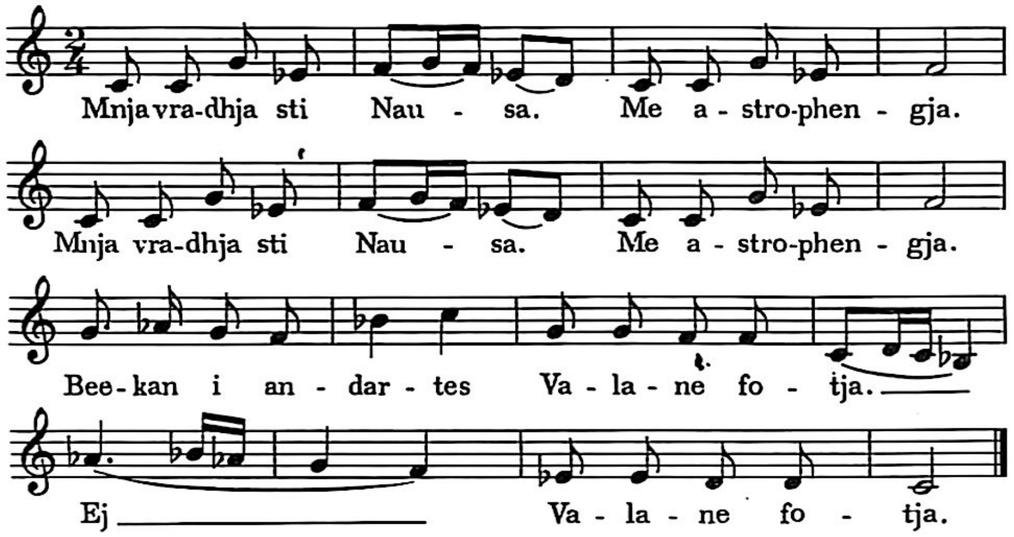


We sing no more of wailing
no more of sighs or tears
but stout our hearts
and strong our hands, and
banished all our fears
our flag is raised above us
that all the world may see
this Labours hope and Labours strength
alone can Labour free. — *Chorus*

HYMNA ELAS



SONG OF NAUSA (Greek Partisan Song)



|: Skotosan pro-dho-tes
Ke to Manesi :|
|: Poo then i-thelen o skilos
Na paradhothee :|

|: Pesane sti makhi
kambosa pedhja :|
|: M'arkhigho ton eera
Ke Karafotja :|

|: Epese sti makhi
Kjenas likhaghos :|
|: Dheemos Nikodhelis
O monakhojos :|

|: Taokhira tis Nausas
Then i-parkhoon pja :|
|: Beekan i andartes
Valane fotja :|

|: Then ta esose kanenas
Ta lisotika skilja :|
|: Poo jirizan ke listevan
Ola ta horja :|

One starlit night in Nausa
The guerrillas went in
And set it on fire.

They killed the traitors
And the Maneses the dog,
Afraid to fight, afraid to
surrender.

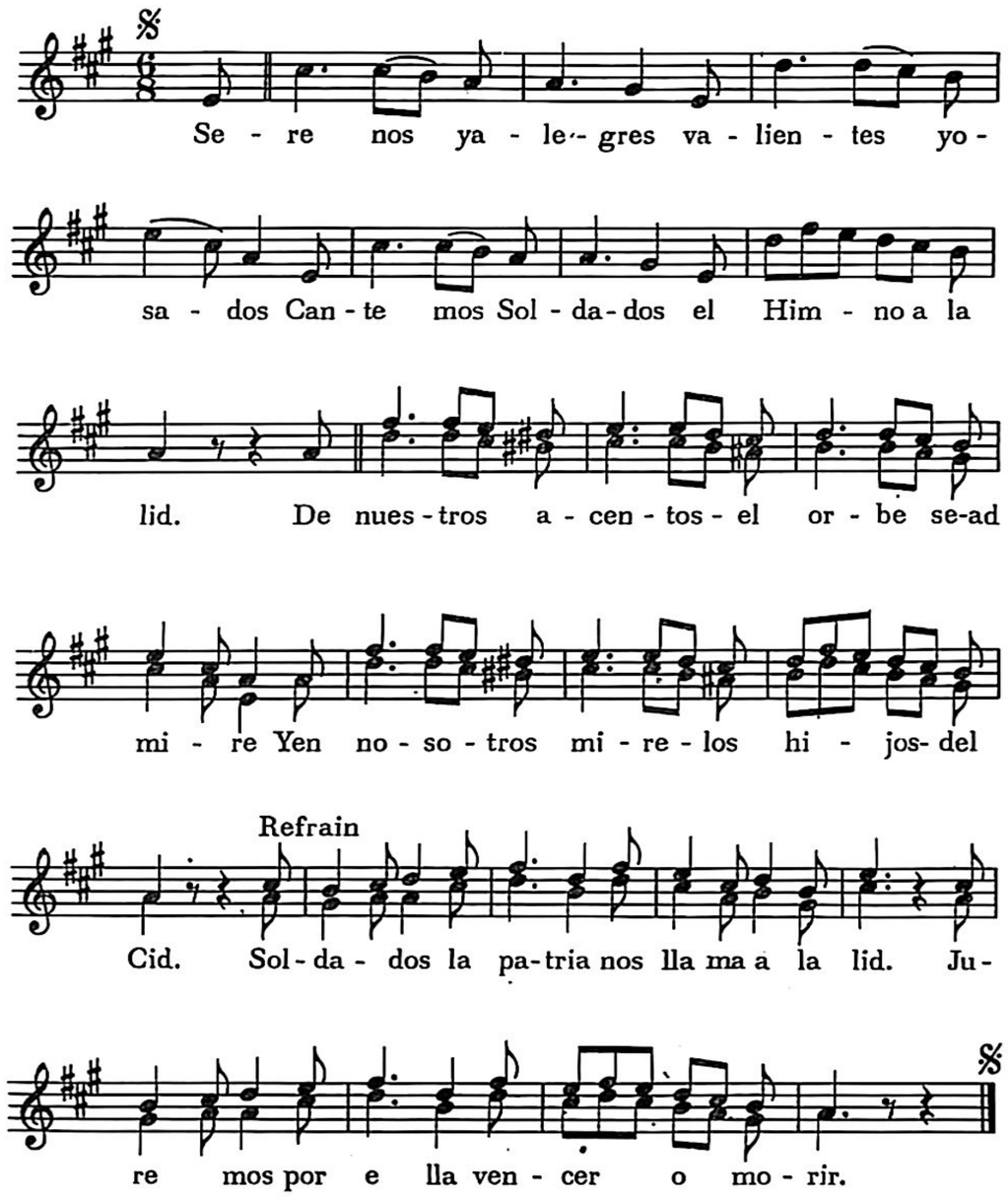
Many lads fell in this batle
Following their leader
Karafotja.

In that battle was killed
the captain
Dheemos Nikodhelis
The only son of his mother.

The fortifications of Nausa
No longer exist.
They have been fired
By the guerrillas.

No one could save
The raving dogs
Who had gone from village to village
Robbing and plundering.

HIMNO DE RIEGO



HIMNO DE RIEGO

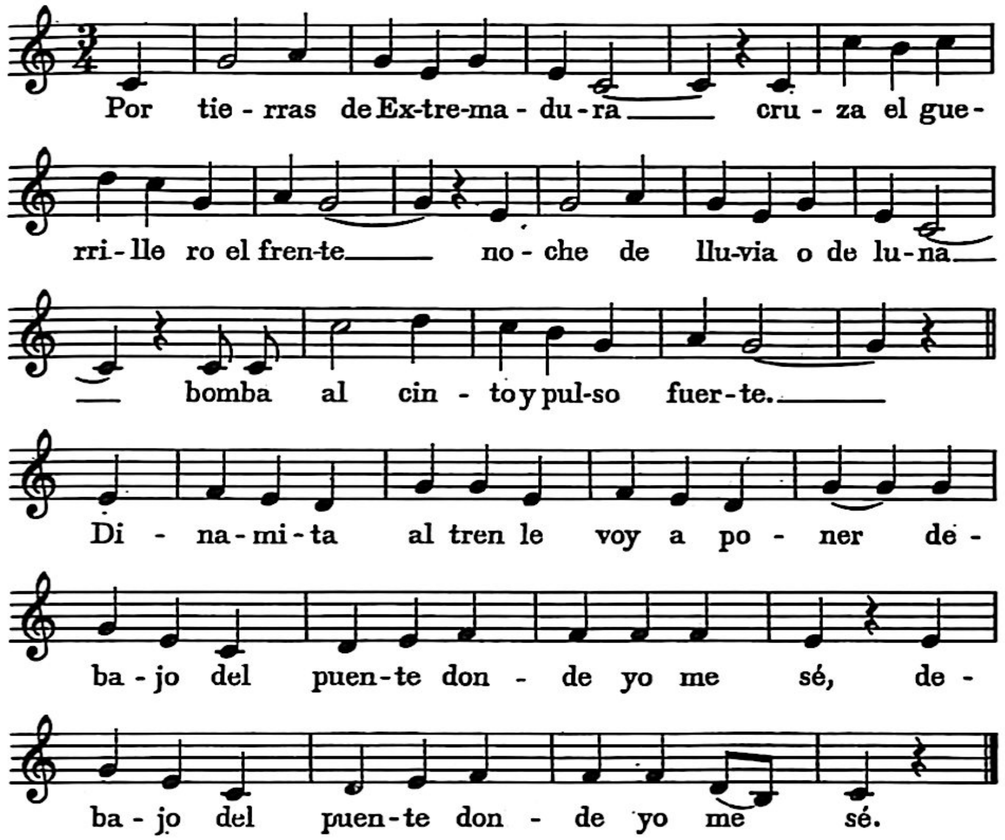
Oh joyous and fearless,
Audacious, invincible,
Come sing with us, comrades,
Our mighty battle song.
For ever remembered,
Adored by the masses,
You brave sons of the workers
And peasants of Spain.

It is for our people
For Spain we must unite.
For victory and freedom
We'll win or die in the fight.

Alive is the glory
Of those who have struggled,
The whole world remembers
Their part in the strife.
Riego, Riego,
We sing of your victory,
For the cause of the people
You laid down your life.

The wind blows and carries
The thunders of cannon;
The shrill sound of trumpets
Is heard from afar;
And Mars, god of battle,
Now marshals our soldiers;
He leads our proud people,
Our comrades to war.

CANCIÓN DE LOS GUERRILLEROS

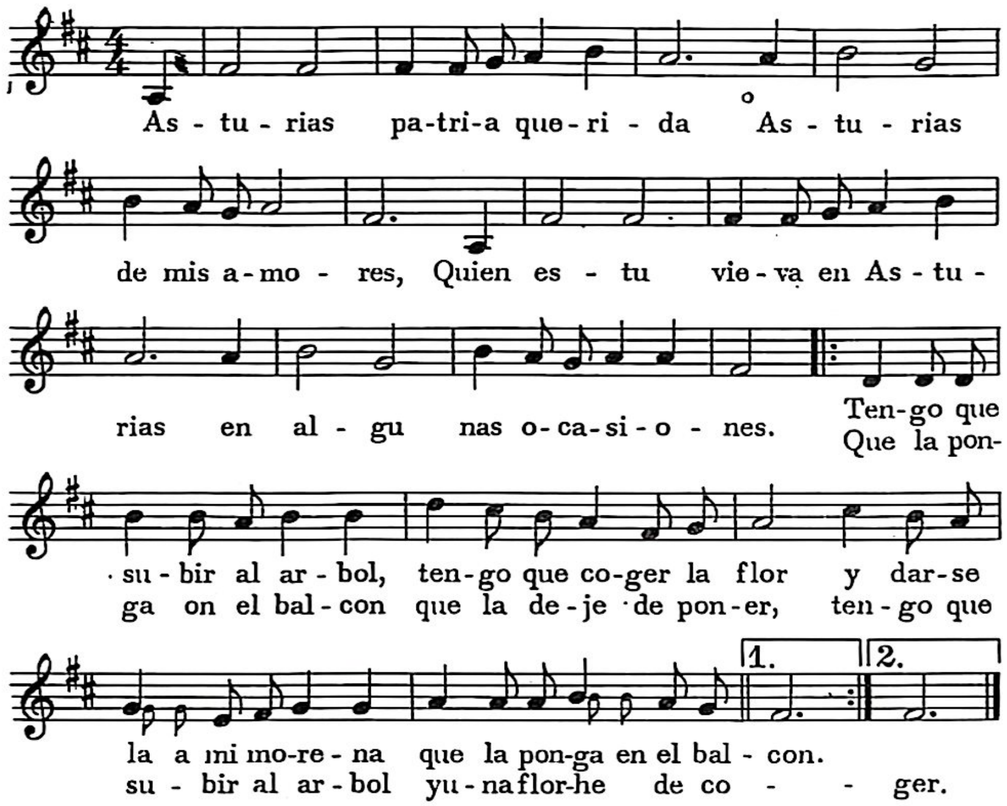


Guerrillero, guerrillero,
vite, vite y no me acuerdo
si fué en la primera linea
o diez leguas más adentro.

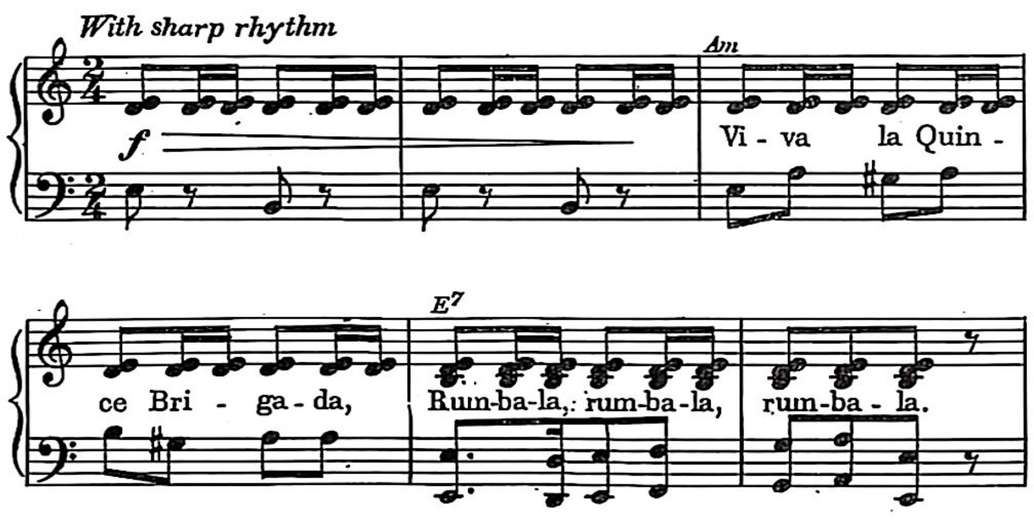
Zambombazo, zambombazo
a la eme un cuartel del Tercio;
se preguntan los fascistas
¿ Traerá petardos el viento?

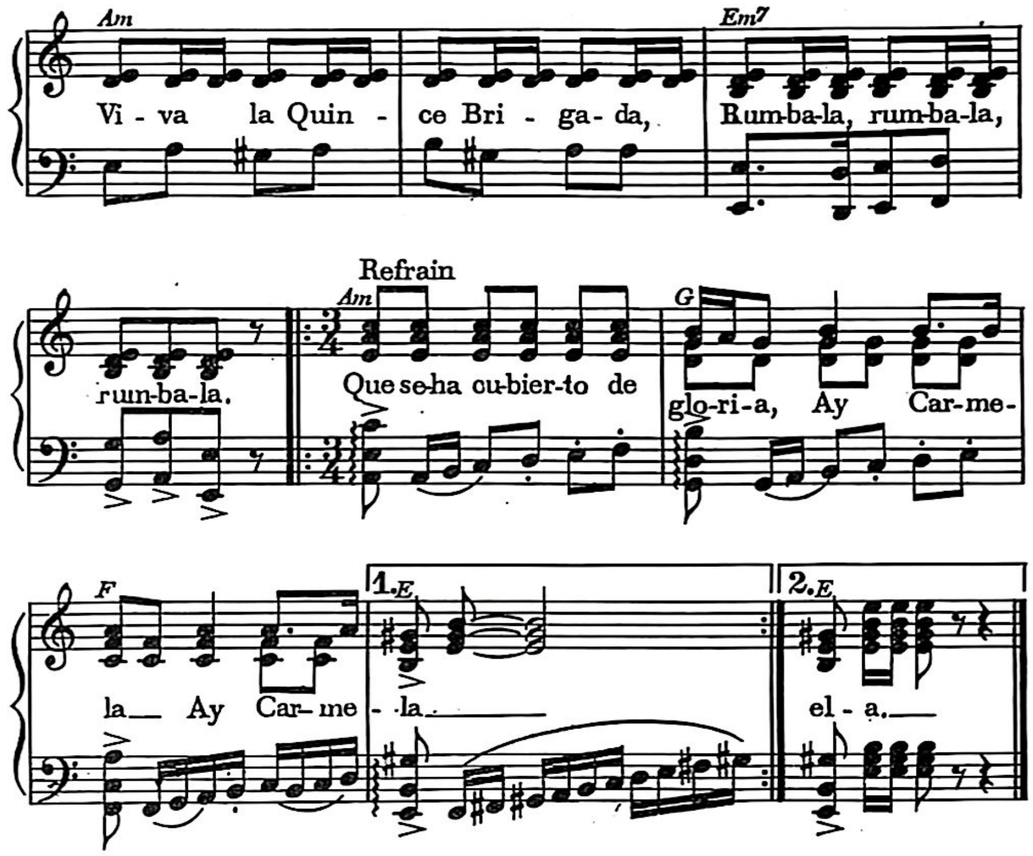
Guerrillero, hijo del pueblo,
Extremadura te llama,
ven por cosecha a los Barros
y por ganado al Guadiana.

ASTURIAS



VIVA LA QUINCE BRIGADA





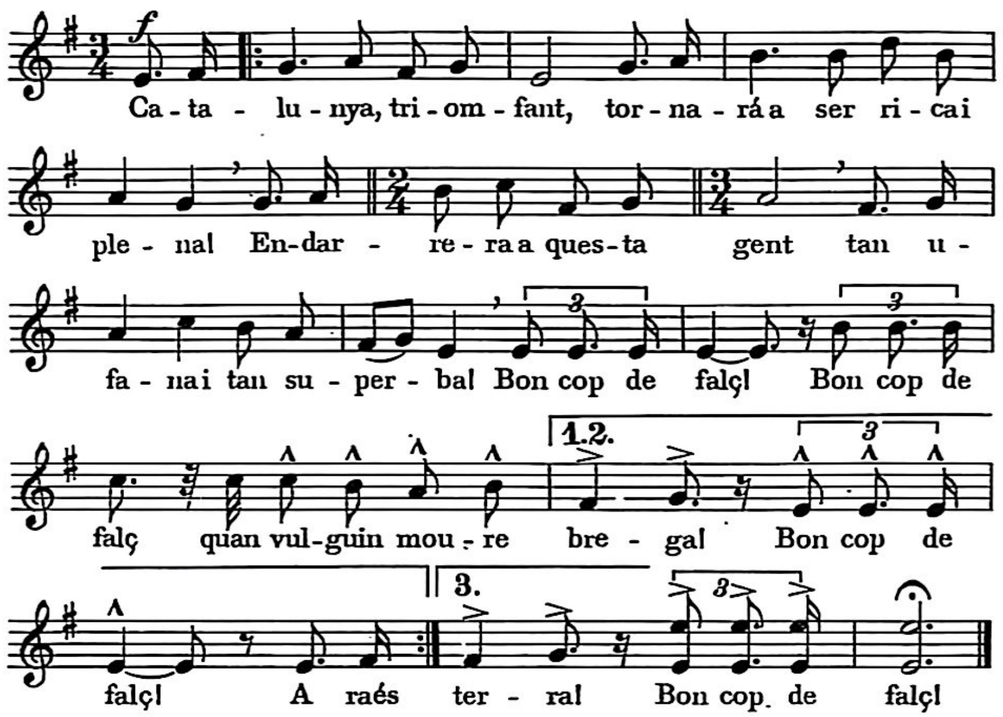
Luchamos contra los Moros... (*etc.*)
Mercenarios y fascistas... (*etc.*)

Solo es nuestro deseo... (*etc.*)
Acabar con el fascismo... (*etc.*)

En el frente del Jarama... (*etc.*)
No tenemos ni aviones
Ni tanques, ni cañones, ay Manuela. (*Repetido*)

Ya salimos de España... (*etc.*)
Por luchar en otros frentes... (*etc.*)

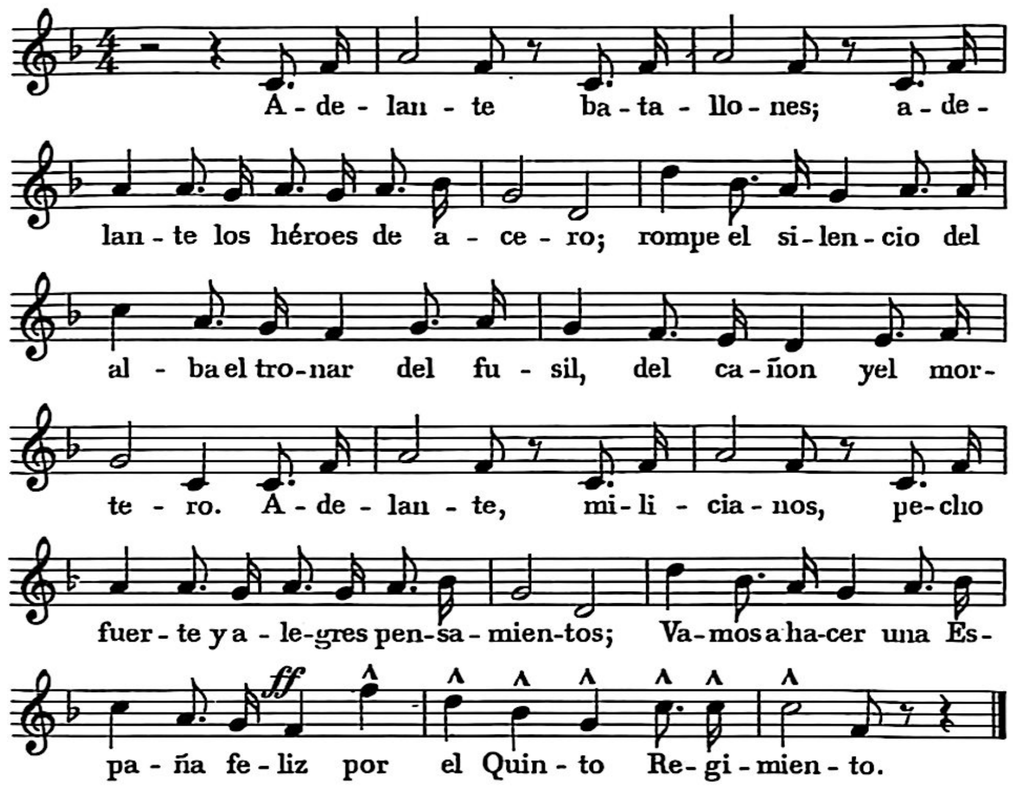
ELS SEGADORS



2· Araés hora, segadors!
Araés hora d'està alerta!
Per quan vingui un altre juny
esmolem ben bé les eines!
Bon cop de falç!
Bon cop de falç si el blat ens volen pendre;
Bon cop de falç!

3. Que tre moli l'enemic
en veient la nostra en senya:
com fem caure espigues d'or,
quan couve seguem cadenes!
Bon cop de falç!
Bon cop de falç defensors de la terra!
Bon cop de falç!

MARCHA DEL 5.- REGIMIENTO

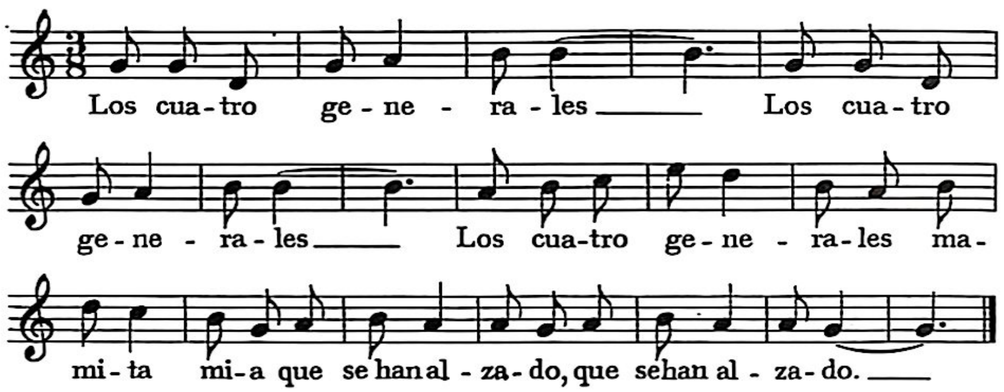


Sangre roja de españoles,
brasa viva del 5.- Regimiento:
Lucha en tus cuandros el viento español
por el pan y la paz de los pueblos.
Nada importa lo que pase;
nuestros nervios van templados al fuego;
ni un paso atrás; adelante, a luchar por el 5.- Regimiento.

Cada ataque una victoria,
cada tiro un perro fascista muerto;
tiembla el fascismo del mundo al mirar
cómo luchan las filas de acero.
Punta al frente, bayonetas,
voces de héroes se esparcen por los vientos.
Dedo al gatillo y la vista afinar por el 5.- Regimiento.

Adelante, camaradas;
campo abierto a los soles y a los vientos,
fuerte pisada y al frente mirar,
donde se unen la tierra y el cielo.
Pueblo en armas, luchadores
al combate con ánimo de hierro
Llena las calles y plazas la voz: Viva el 5.- Regimiento!

LOS CUATRO GENERALES



|: Para la Nochebuena :|
mamita mia
|: serán ahorcados :|

|: Puente de los Franceses :|
mamita mia
|: nadie te pasa:|
|: Porque tus milicianos :|
mamita mia
|: qué bien te guardan :|

|: La casa de Velázquez :|
mamita mia
|: se cae ardiendo :|
|: Con la „quinta columna" :|
mamita mia
|: metida dentro :|

|: Madrid, qué bien resistes :|
mamita mia
|: los bombarderos :|
|: De las bombas se ríen :|
mamita mia
|: los Madrileños :|

Marchaos legionarios,
Marchaos hitlerianos
Marchaos invasores
mamita mia
a vuestra tierra!
|: Porque el proletariado :|
mamita mia
|: ganó la guerra :|.

THE FOUR GENERALS

The four insurgent generals,
The four insurgent generals,
The four insurgent generals,
Mamita mia.
They tried to betray us,
They tried to betray us.

At Christmas, holy evening,
They all will be hanging.

Madrid, you wondrous city,
They wanted to take you.

But your courageous children,
They did not disgrace you.

And all your tears of sorrow,
We shall avenge them.

And all your age-old bondage,
We'll break it asunder.

LA MARSEILLAISE

f

Al-lons en-fants de la Pa - tri - e, le jour de

gloire est ar - ri - ve Con-tre nous de la ty - ra-

ff

ni - e, L'é-ten - dard sanglant est le - vé L'é-ten-

p

dard sanglant est le - vé En-ten-dez vous, dans les cam-

pag-nes Mu - gir - ces fe - ro - ces sol - dats Ils

vien-nent jusque dans nos bras é - gor - ger vos fils, vos com-

ff Refrain

pag-nes. Aux ar - mes, ci-toy ens! For-

mez vos ba-tail - lons, Marchons! mar-chons.

Qu'un sang im - pur A - breu - ve nos sil - lons.

Que veut cette horde d'eclaves,
De traîters, de rois conjurés!
Pour qui ces ignobles entraves
Ces fers dès longtemps préparés? (*bis*)
Francais, pour nous, ah! quel outrage!
Quels transports il doit exciter!
C'est nous qu'on ose méditer
De rendre à l'antiques esclavage!
Aux armes, citoyens . . .

Amour sacré de la Patrie,
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs!
Liberté, liberté chérie,
Combats avec tes défenseurs (*bis*)
Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
Accoure à tes mâles accents!
Que tes ennemis expirants
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire.
Aux armes, citoyens . . .

NOUS CONTINUONS LA FRANCE

Moderato *f* Couplets *mf*

Nous con-ti - nu-ons la

Fran - ce, Bri - sons ses der - niers en - ne-

mis, Pour sa gran - de re - nais - san - - ce Vi-

Fin Refrain

vons et soy-ons u - nis, u - nis. Li - ber - té, Nous

ne vou-lons que Toi, U - nis - sons sous ta loi, L'hu -

ma - ni - té. Li - ber - té, Nous sau-rons te chan-ter Tu

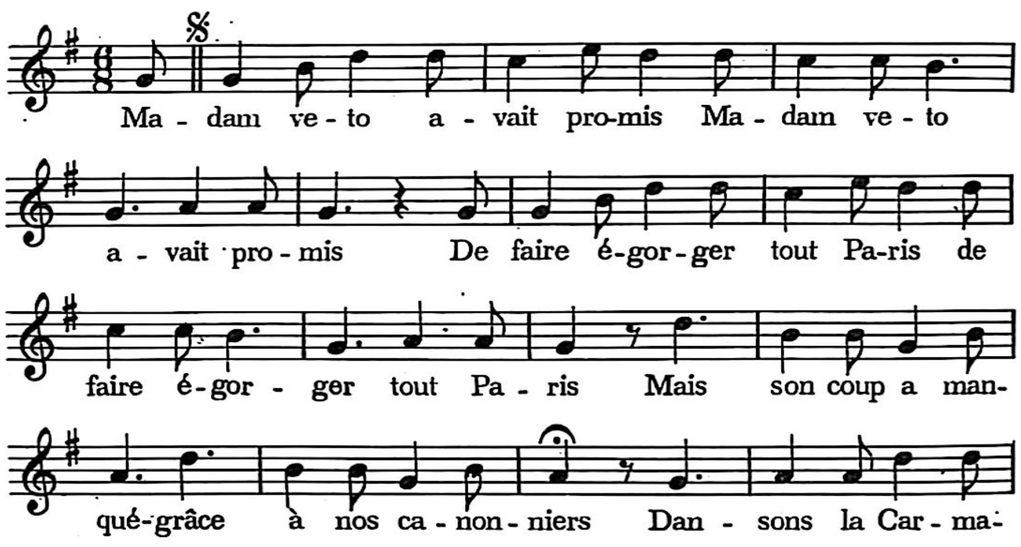
as tou-jours é - té No - tre seu - le foi!

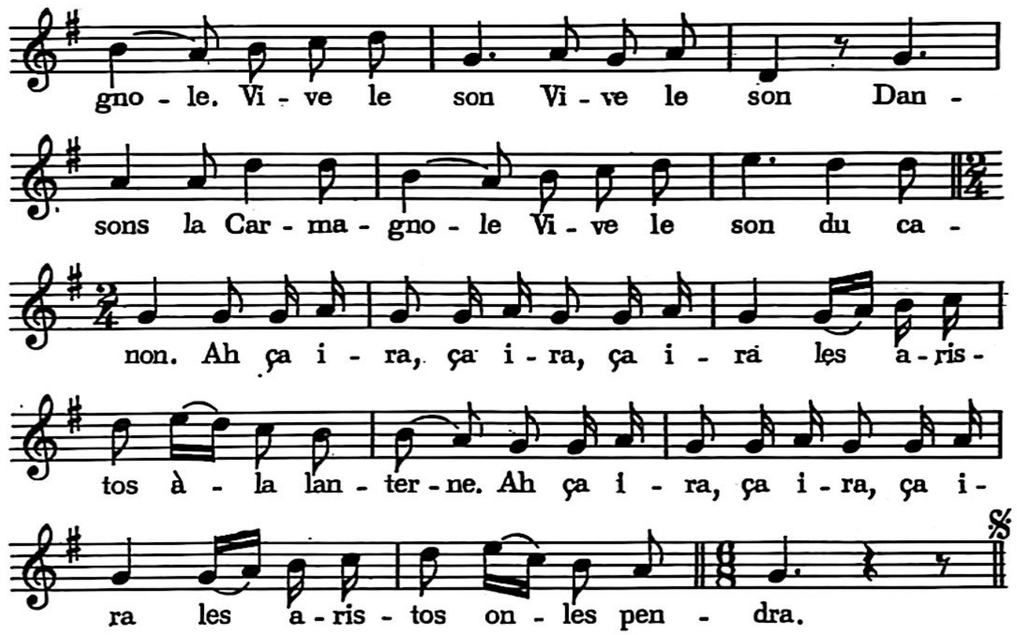
Nous, les chants qui nous rassemblent
Sont ceux que nos héros chantaient,
Nous luttons comme eux ensemble,
Mais c'est pour bâtir la paix, la paix!!!

Nous, pour une France forte
Voulons vivre et mourir debout,
La commune n'est pas morte
Son cri nous exalte tous, oui, tous.

Nous, qui tous aimons la vie
Allons au devant des beaux jours,
Travaillons pour la patrie,
Pour le bonheur et l'amour, l'amour.

LA CARMAGNOLE et le ÇA IRA





1869

Que faut-il au républicain? (bis)
Du fer, du plomb, aussi du pain (bis)
Du fer pour travailler
Du plomb pour se venger
refrain
Et du pain pour ses fréres
Vive le son, etc . . .

DEPUIS LA COMMUNE

Que faut-il donc au plébéien? (bis)
Le bonheur de tous et le sien (bis)
Prendre terre et machine
Désinfecter l'usine
refrain
Et sauver l'ouvrière
Vive le son, etc . . .

PENDANT LA COMMUNE

Viv' la Commune de Paris (bis)
Ses mitrailleuses et ses fusils (bis)
La Commune battue
Ne s'avoue pas vaincue:
refrain
Elle aura sa revanche
Vive le son, etc . . .

1917

|: Vive la commune de Russie :|
|: Ses mitrailleuses et ses fusils :|
Aprés s'être battue
La commune a vaincu.
Elle a eu sa revanche.
Vive le son!, etc. . . .

LA JEUNE GARDE

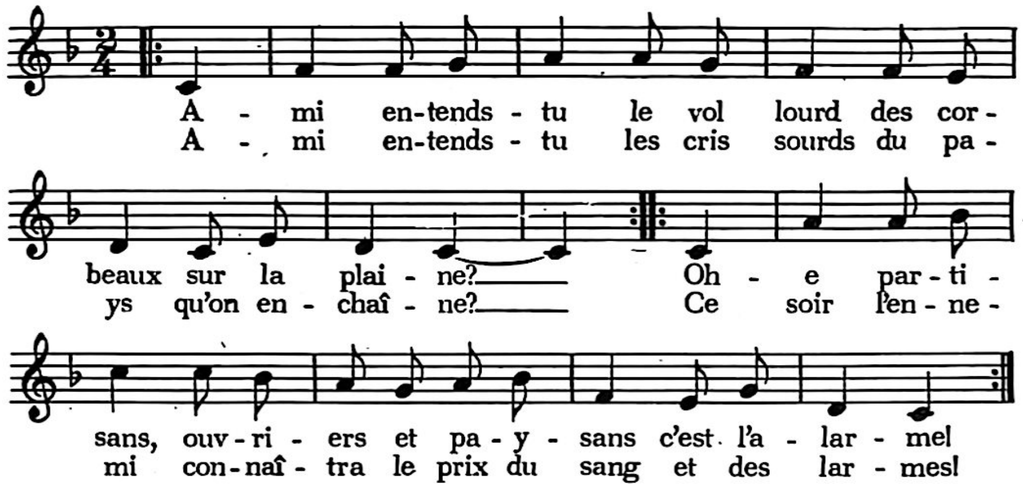
Nous somm's la jeu ne Fran - ce, nous somm's les
gars de la ve nir, — él' vés dans la souf fran -
ce, oui, nous sau-rons vaincre ou mou - rir — Nous tra-vail -
lons pour la bonn' cau - se, pour dé - li vrer le
genre hu - main, — tant pis si no - tre sang ar - ro -
se les pa vés sur no - tre che - min. Pre - nez gar -
f Refrain
de, pre-nez gar - del Vous les sa - breurs, les bourgeois, les ga -
vés, — v'la la jeun' gar - de, v'la la jeun' gar -
de qui des - cend sur le pa - vé. — C'est la lut -
te fi - nal' qui com - men - ce, c'est la ré - vanch' de
tous les meurt-de - faim, — c'est la ré - vo - lu - tion qui s'a -

van - ce, c'est la ba - tail - le con-tre les co - quins Pre-nez
gar - de, pre-nez gar del V'la la jeun' gar - - del —

Enfants de la misère,
De forc' nous somm's les Revoltés,
Nous vengerons nos pères
Que les brigands ont exploites
Nous ne voulons plus de famine.
A qui travaille, il faut du pain;
Demain, nous prenderons les usines.
Nous somm's des hommes et non des chiens.

Demain, si l'peuple bouge,
Nous descendrons sur les boul'vards!
La nouvel' Garde Rouge
Fera trembler tous les richards . . .
Nous somm's les enfants de Lénine
Par la faucille et le marteau
Et nous r'construirons sur vos ruines
Le communism', ordre nouveau!

LE CHANT DES PARTISANS

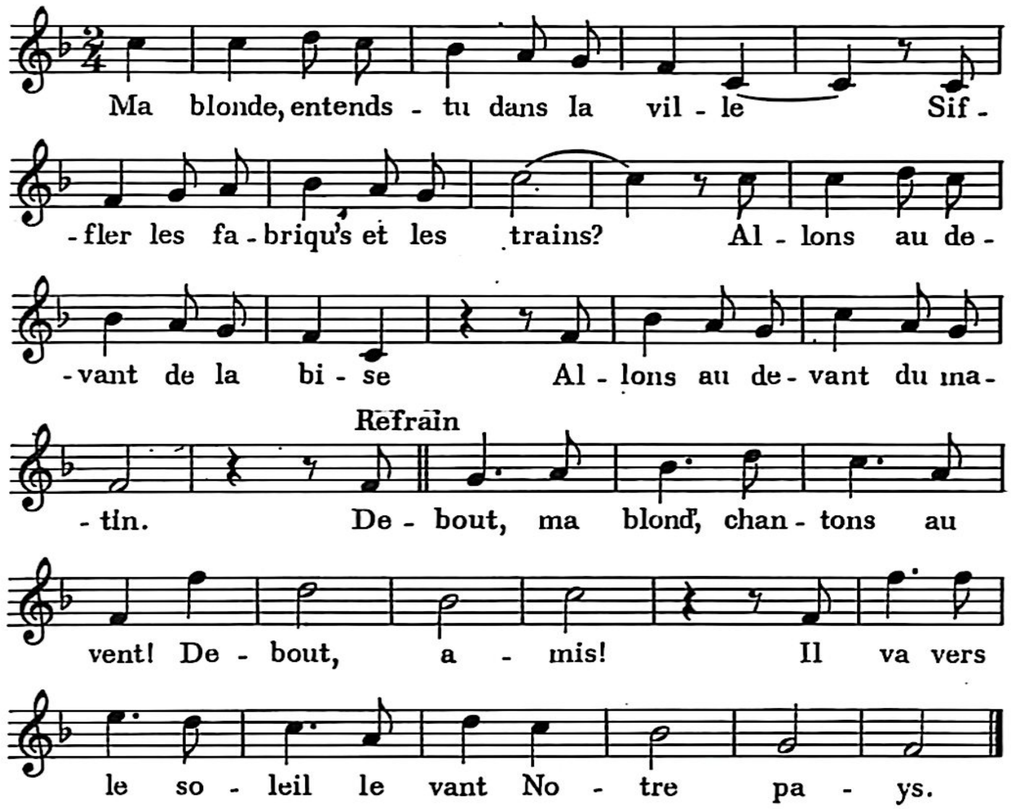


Montez de la mine, descendez des collines
camarades!
Sortez de la paille les fusils, la mitraille
les grenades!
Ohé les tueurs, à la balle ou au couteau,
tuez vite!
Ohé saboteur, attention à ton fardeau
Dynamite!

C'est nous qui brisons les barreaux des prisons
pour nos frères
La haine ànos trousses et la faim qui nous pousse
la misère
Il est des pays où les gens au creux des lits
font des rêves
Ici, nous, vois-tu, nous on marche, nous l'on tue,
nous l'on crève!

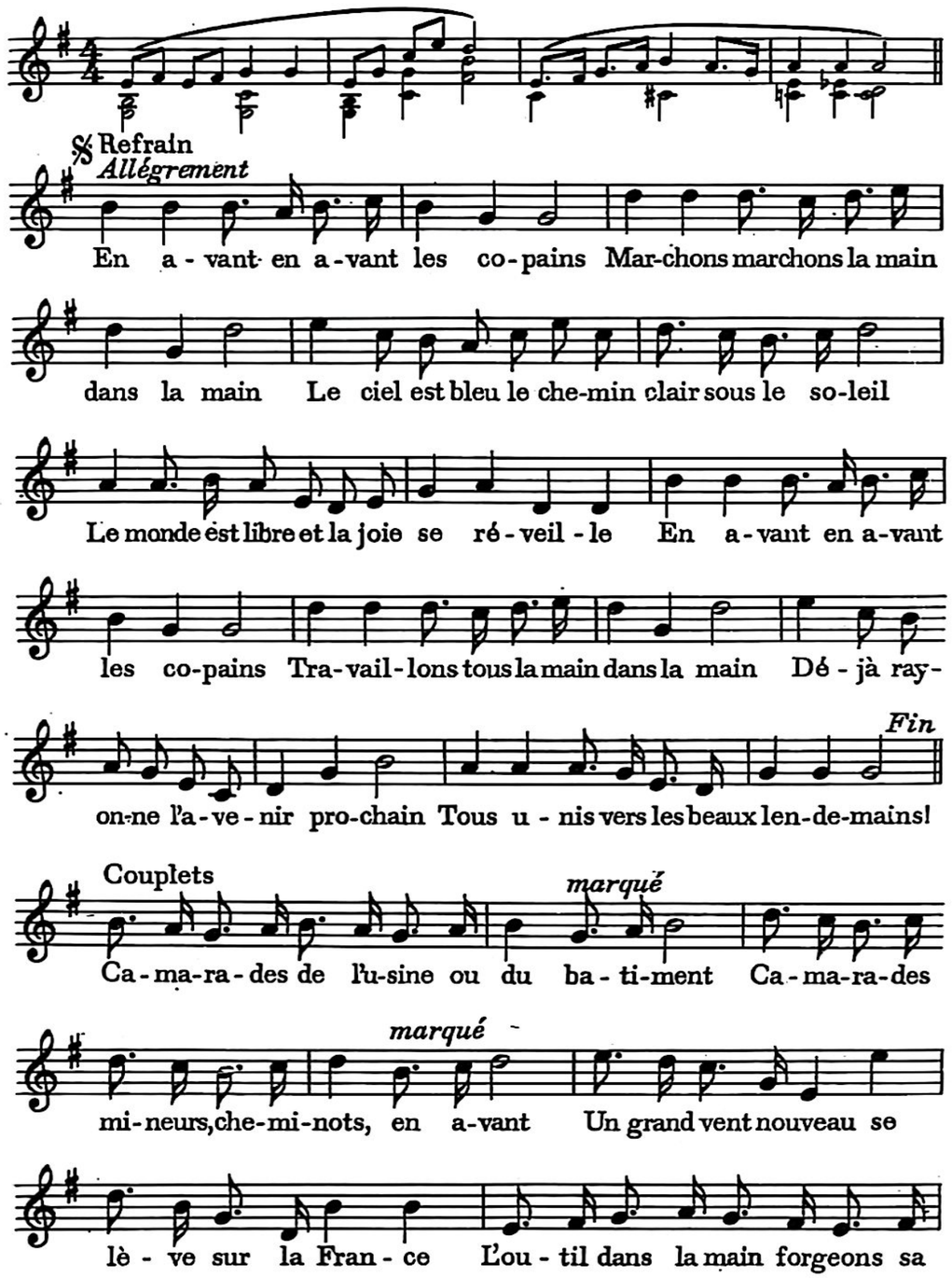
Ici chacun sait ce qu'il veut, ce qu'il fait
quand il passe
Ami, si tu tombes, un ami sort de l'ombre
prend ta place
Demain du sang noir séchera au grand soleil
sur la route
Sifflez, compagnons, dans la nuit la liberté
Nous écoute

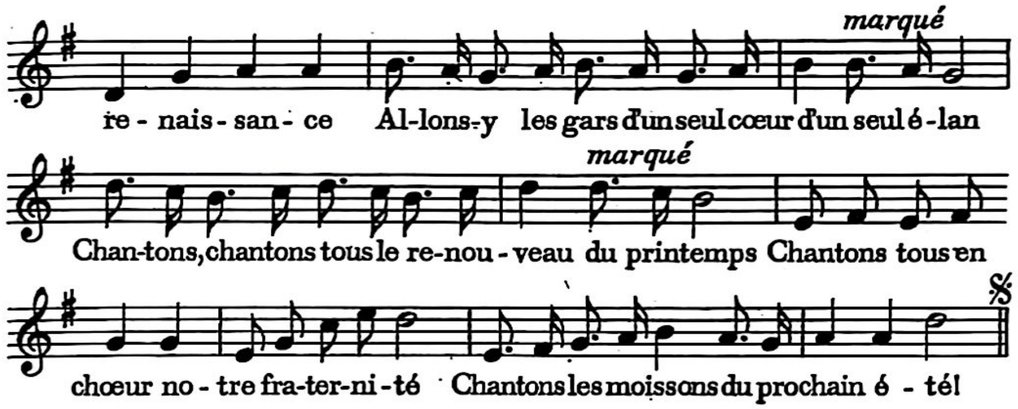
AU DEVANT DE LA VIE



La joie te réveille, ma blonde,
Allons nous unir à ce chœur
Marchons vers la gloire et le monde
Marchons au devant du bonheur. *Ref.*

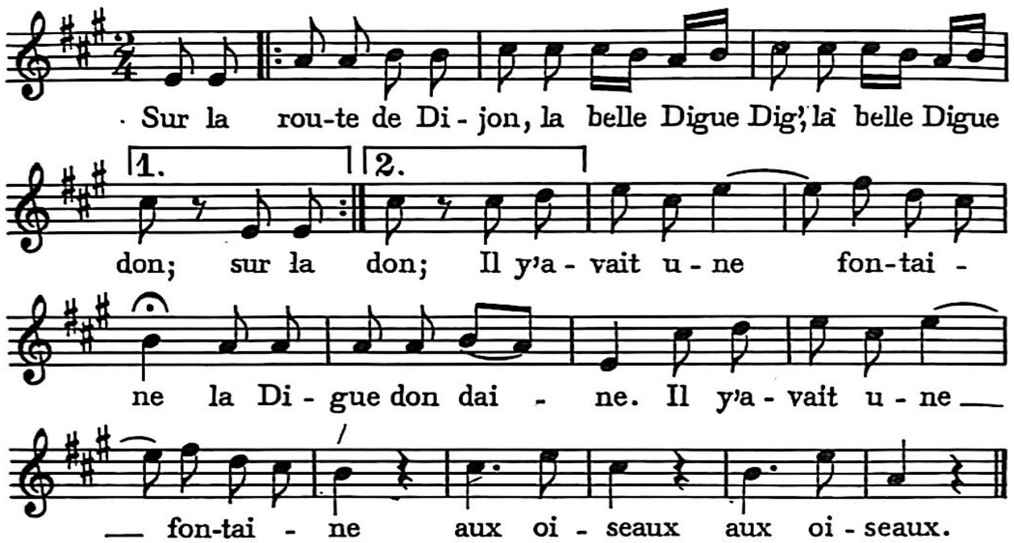
EN AVANT LES COPAINS





Filles et graçons des villes et des campagnes
Jeunes camarades des vallées, des montagnes
Une aube de paix se lève sur la France
Après les maquis de notre délivrance
Allons y les gars, marchons vers notre avenir
Voici le printemps qui se remet à sourire
Chantons tous en chœur la solidarité
Chantons les moissons de la liberté!

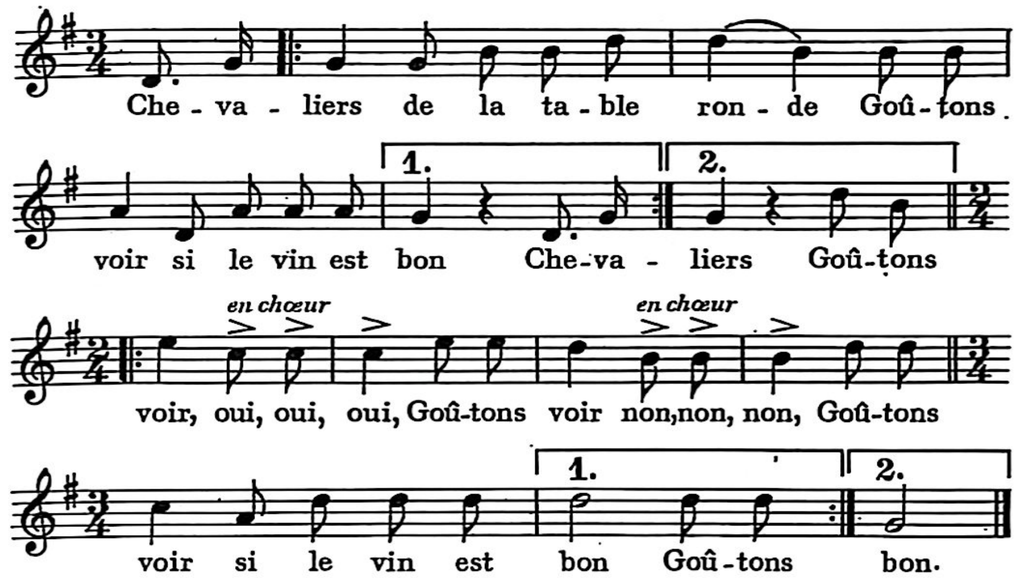
SUR LA ROUTE DE DIJON



2. |:Près d'elle un joli tendron
La belle digue, dig', la belle
digue don.:|
Pleurait comme un'Madeleine
La digue don daine,
Pleurait comme un' Madeleine
Aux oiseaux! aux oiseaux!

3. |:Quand vous pass'rez a Dijon
La belle digue, dig', la belle
digue don.:|
Allez boire à la fontaine
La digue don daine
Ca consol'ra Marjolaine.
Aux oiseaux! aux oiseaux!

CHEVALIERS DE LA TABLE RONDE



|: S'il est bon, s'il est agréable
J'en boirai jusqu'à mon plaisir. :|
J'en boirai, oui, oui, oui, *etc.*

|: J'en boirai cinq à six bouteilles
Une femme sur mes genoux. :|
Une femme, oui, oui, oui, *etc.*

|: Pan, pan, pan, qui frappe à la porte?
Je crois bien que c'est son mari. :|
Je crois bien, oui, oui, oui, *etc.*

|: Si c'est lui, que le diabl' l'emporte
De venir troubler mon plaisir. :|
De venir, oui, oui, oui, *etc.*

|: Si je meurs, je veux qu'on m'enterre
Dans la cave où y a du bon vin. :|
Dans la cave, oui, oui, oui, *etc.*

|: Les deux pieds contre la muraille
Et la têt' sous le robinet. :|
Et la tête, oui, oui, oui, *etc.*

|: Et les quatre plus grands ivrognes
Porteront les quatr' coins du drap. :|
Porteront, oui, oui, oui, *etc.*

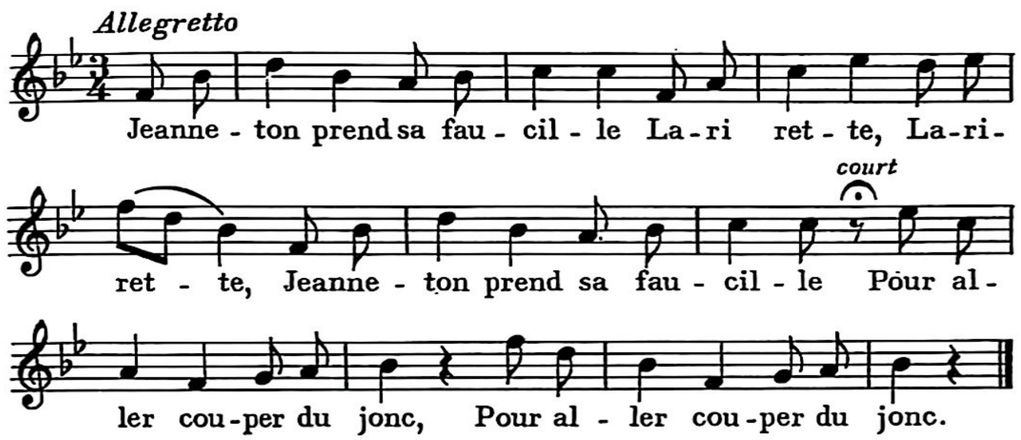
|: Pour donner le discours d'usage
On prendra le bistrot du coin. :|
On prendra, oui, oui, oui, *etc.*

|: Et si le tonneau se débouche
J'en boirai jusqu'à mon loisir. :|
J'en boirai, oui, oui, oui, *etc.*

|: Et s'il en reste quelques gouttes
Ce sera pour nous rafraîchir. :|
Ce sera, oui, oui, oui, *etc.*

|: Sur ma tomb' je veux qu'on inscrive
"Ici gît le roi des buveurs." :|
Ici gît, oui, oui, oui, *etc.*

JEANNETON PREND SA FAUCILLE



En chemin, elle rencontre
Larirette, Larirette,
En chemin, elle rencontre
Quatre jeun's et beaux garçons. *(bis)*

Le premier, un peu timide
Larirette, Larirette,
Le premier, un peu timide
Lui chatouilla le menton. *(bis)*

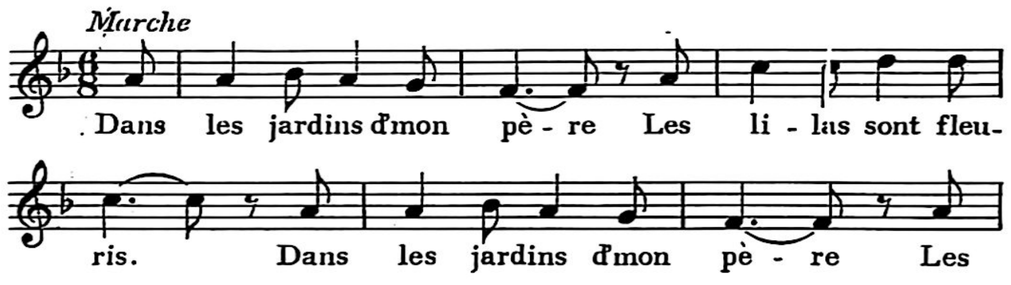
Le deuxième un peu moins sage
Larirette, Larirette,
Le deuxième un peu moins sage
La coucha sur le gazon. *(bis)*

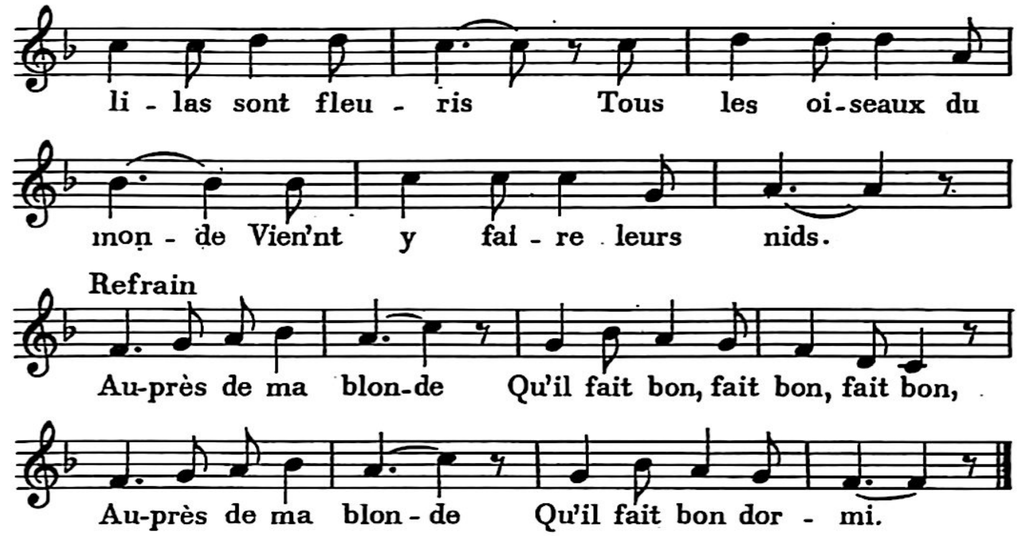
Le troisième, encor moins sage
Larirette, Larirette,
Le troisième, encor moins sage
Lui soul'va son blanc jupon. *(bis)*

Ce que fit le quatrième
Larirette, Larirette,
Ce que fit le quatrième
N'est point dit dans la chanson. *(bis)*

Si vous le saviez, Madame
Larirette, Larirette,
Si vous le saviez, Madame
Vous iriez couper du jonc! *(bis)*

AUPRÈS DE LA BLONDE





Tous les oiseaux du monde
Vienn'nt y faire leurs nids *bis*
La caill', la tourterelle
Et la joli' perdrix. *Ref.*

La caill', la tourterelle
Et la joli' perdrix *bis*
Et ma joli' colombe
Qui chante jour et nuit. *Ref.*

Et ma joli' colombe
Qui chante jour et nuit *bis*
Qui chante pour les filles
Qui n'ont pas de mari. *Ref.*

Qui chante pour les filles
Qui n'ont pas de mari *bis*
Pour moi ne chante guère
Car j'en ai un joli. *Ref.*

Pour moi ne chante guère
Car j'en ai un joli *bis*
Dites-nous donc, la belle,
Où donc est votr' mari? *Ref.*

-Dites-nous donc, la belle,
Où donc est votr' mari? *bis*
Il est dans la Hollande
Les Hollandais l'ont pris. *Ref.*

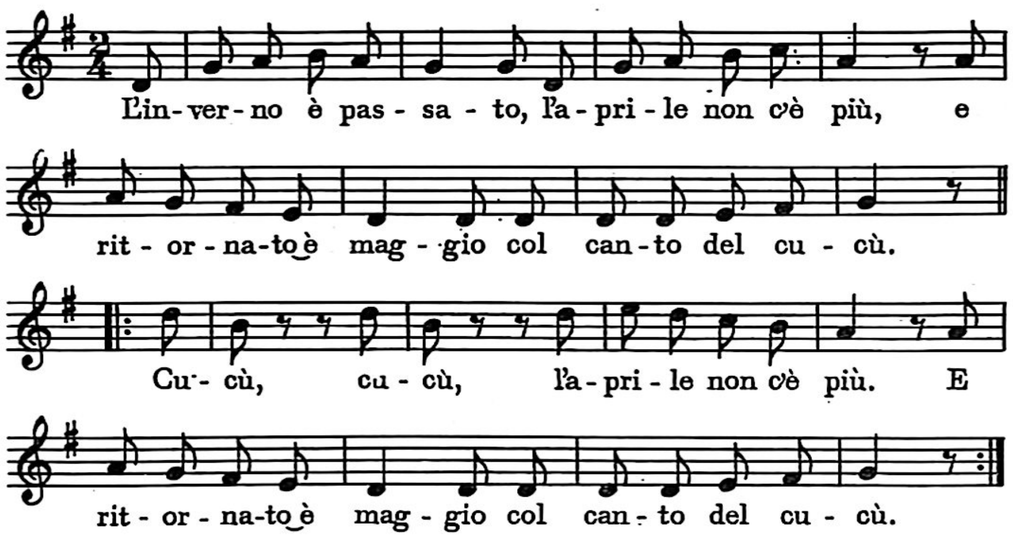
Il est dans la Hollande
Les Hollandais l'ont pris *bis*
-Que donneriez-vous, belle,
Pour avoir votre ami? *Ref.*

-Que donneriez-vouz, belle,
Pour avoir votre ami? *bis*
-Je donnerais Versailles
Paris et Saint-Denis. *Ref.*

Je donnerais Versailles
Paris et Saint-Denis *bis*
Les tours de Notre-Dame
Et l'clocher d'mon pays. *Ref.*

Les tours de Notre-Dame
Et l'clocher d'mon pays *bis*
Et ma joli' colombe
Pour avoir mon ami. *Ref.*

L'INVERNO E PASSATO



Lassu per le montagne
Le neve nonc'èpiu
comincia a far il nido il povere cucu,

Cucu, cucu, la neve nonc'èpiu,
comincia a far il nido il povero cucu.

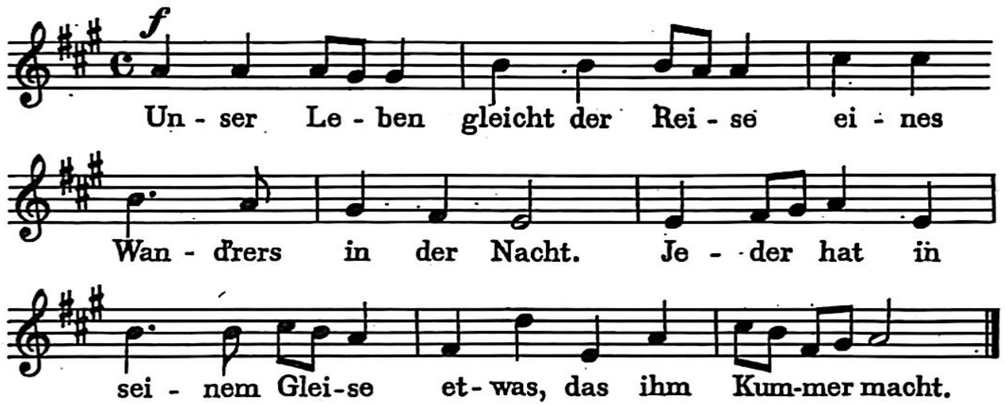
La bella alla finestra la
Guarda in su e in giu
aspetta il fidanzato al canto del cucu.

Cucu, cucu, guarda in su e in giu
aspetta il fidanzato al canto del cucu.

Te l'ho pur sempre detto
Che maggio ha la virtu
di far sentir l'amore al canto del cucu.

Cucu, cucu, Che maggio ha la virtu
di far sentir l'amore al canto del cucu.

UNSER LEBEN

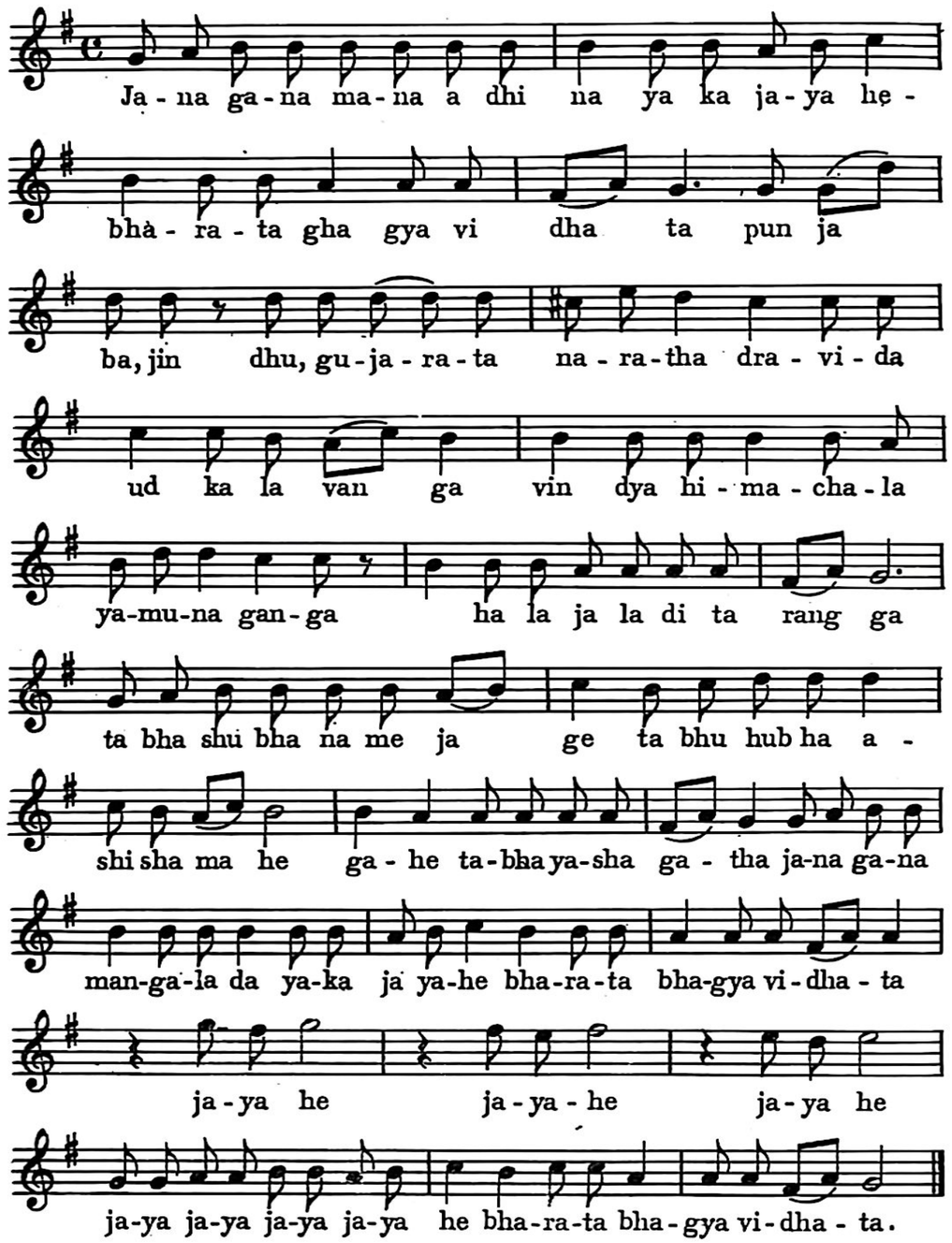


Aber unerwartet schwindet
Vor uns Nacht und Dunkelheit.
Und der Schwergedrückte findet
Linderung in seinem Leid.

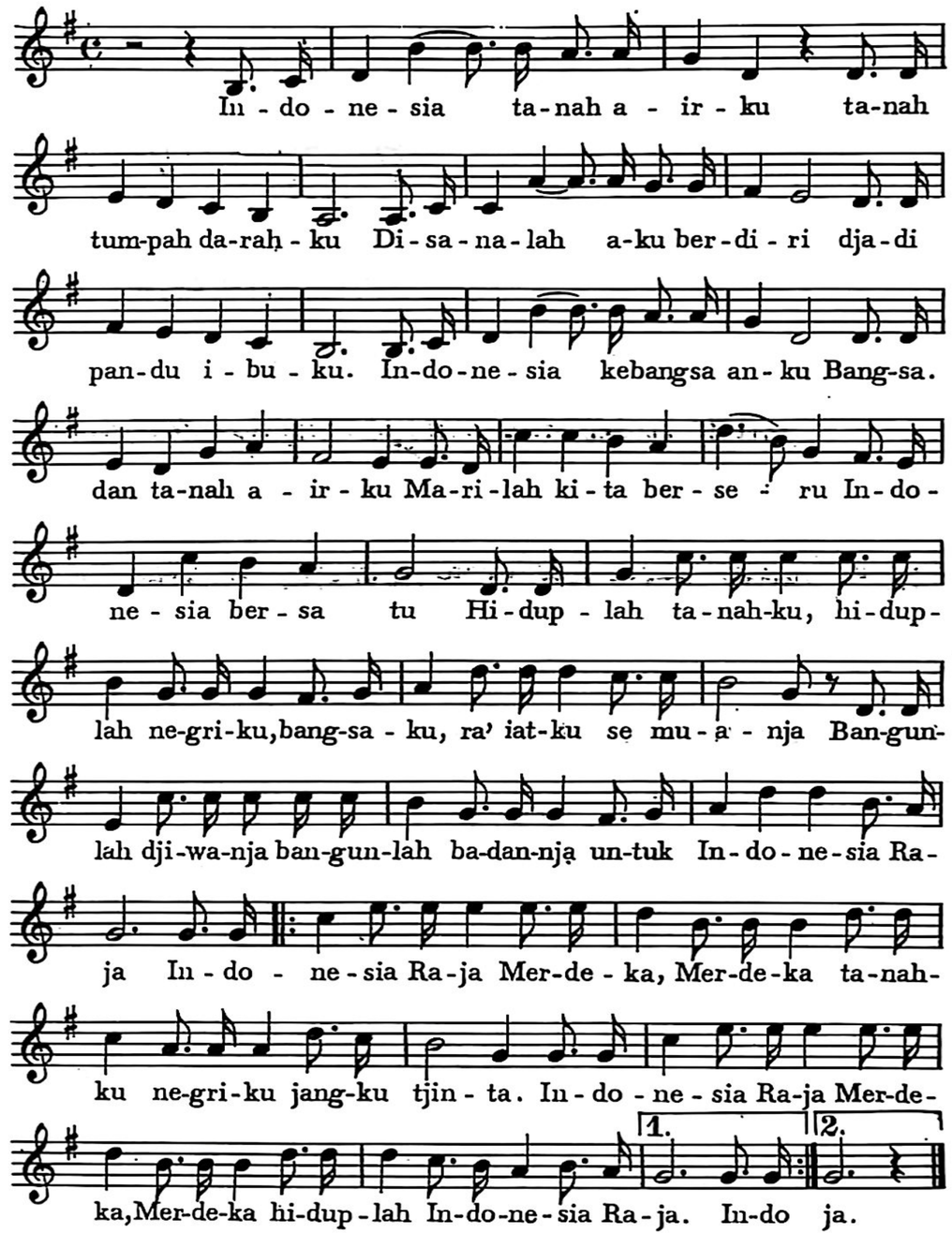
Darum lasst uns weiterziehen,
Weichet nicht verzagt zurück.
Dort in jenen fernen Höhen
Wartet unser noch ein Glück.

Mutig, mutig, liebe Brüder
Gebt die bangen Sorgen auf,
Morgen geht die Sonne wieder
Freundlich an dem Himmel auf.

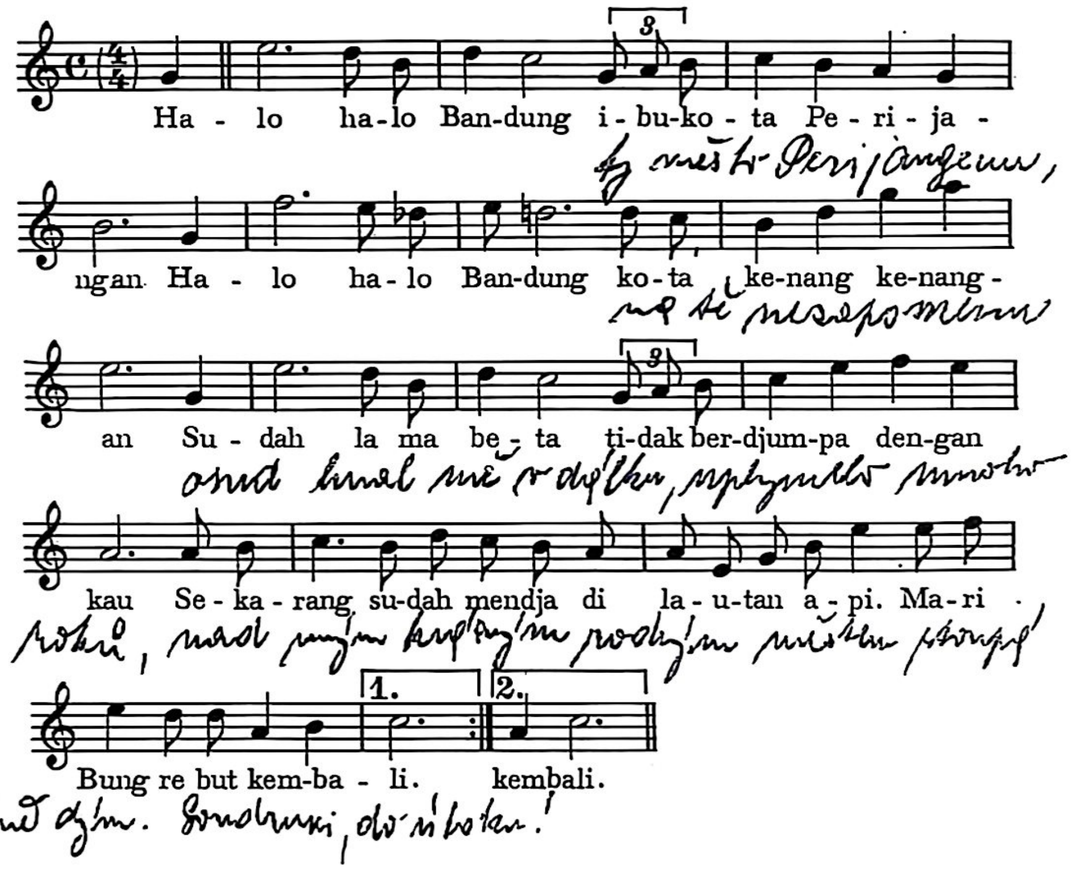
JANA GANA MANA



INDONESIA RAJA

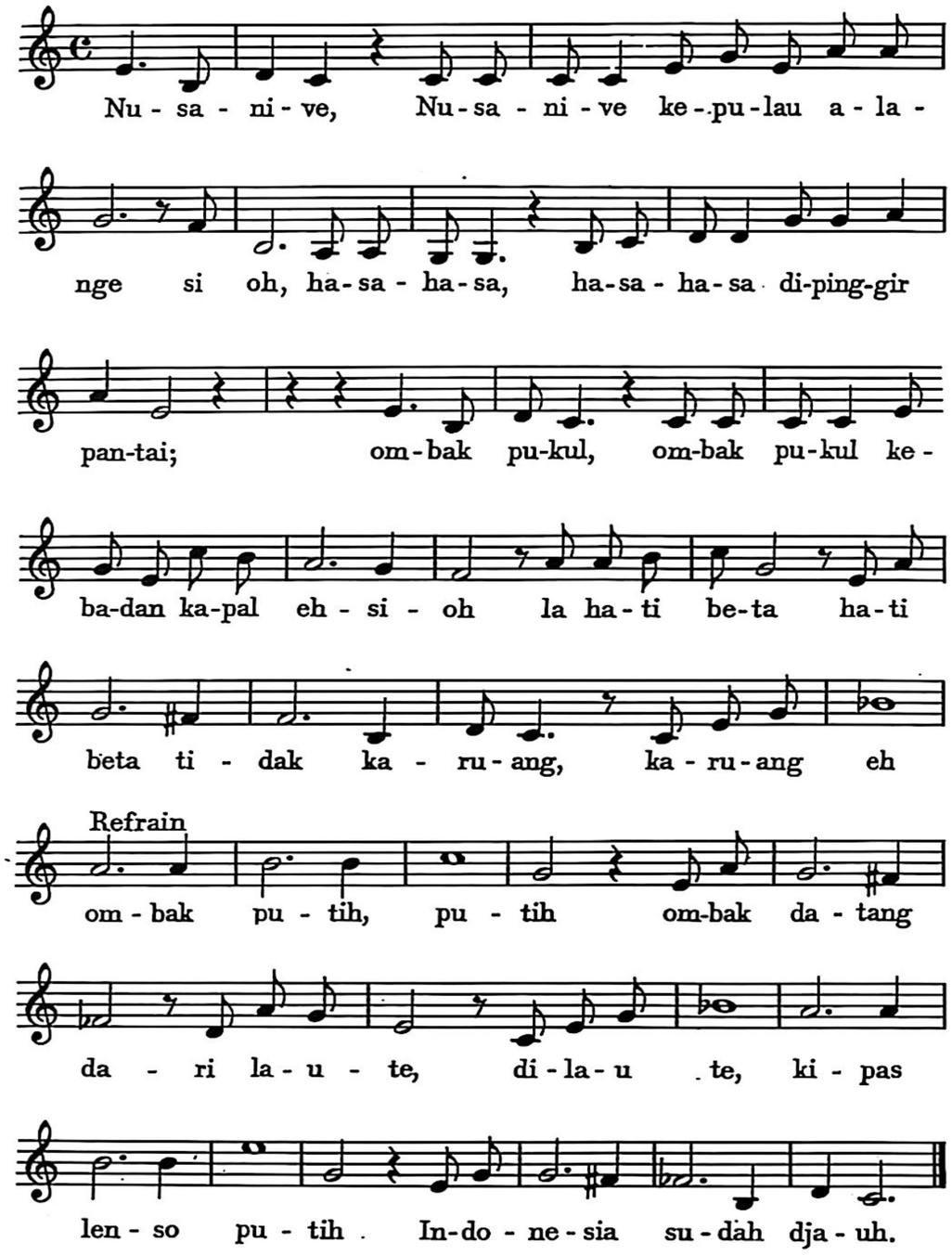


HALLO BANDUNG



Hallo Bandung, city of Java, place of my thoughts!
It is long that I have been absent and now you are destroyed and burnt.
Never mind – we will recapture Bandung and rebuild it;
– that is our aim, comrades, that is our aim.

NUSANIVE



HINAI MATOV

Hi - nai ma-tov u ma - na-yim
she - ve - tach-im gam-ya - chad, Hi - nai ma - tov
u - ma - na-yim she - ve - tach-im gam - ya-chad.
Yu-la yu-la yu, la la la la, Yu-la yu-la yu, la la la la,
Yu-la yu - la yu, la la la la, Yu - la yu - la, la.
Yu - la yu - la yu, la la la la, Yu-la yu-la yu, la la la la,
Yu - la yu - la yu, la la la la, Yu - la yu - la, la.

ZUM GALI, GALI

Unison chant

Zum, ga - li, ga - li, ga - li, Zum, ga - li, ga - li,

Solo voice

He - cha - lutz le' - man a - vo - dah
Zum, ga - li, ga - li, ga - li, Zum, ga - li, ga - li,
A - vo - dah le' - man he - cha - lutz.
Zum, ga - li, ga - li, ga - li, Zum, ga - li, ga - li,
Ai ai
Zum, ga - li, ga - li, ga - li, Zum, ga - li, ga - li,
Ai ai
Zum, ga - li, ga - li, ga - li, Zum, ga - li, ga - li,

Ai hai hai - ah, hai - ah,

Zum, ga - li, ga - li, ga - li, Zum, ga - li, ga - li,

Zum, ga - li, ga - li, ga - li, Zum, ga - li, ga - li, Zum.

AL AMAL

ff

Ba-di - ru lil á - mal du-na khau-fin aw-wa

jal had-da na da ôl ka sal wankit ho bil-a-da kum bil

á - mal. La shaiá kal á - mal you ki - thû el himam

ja - ba-thû el na-shat jar faô el á - mal

ha - ya ha - ya naz ra ô-el ar - da wa-nab-ni

wa nu - ha-yee ku - la dar-si ha - ya ha - ya

fe - shu ôu - bu ta - hya bil á - mal

La sha - iá kal ghorour jak tu - lu lel in-san

wak-hu - mou-lu khi la ton ta sha bu el ja - ban

ha - ya ha - ya naf la hu - el arda wa nas-ná

tha - ka lil bul da ni an tá ha - ya ha - ya

fe shu ôu - bu ta - hya bil á - mal.

KADIMAH

Ka - di - mah ka - di - mah ka - di - mah ha - po

el - - hai hai ka - di-mah ha-po - el ka -

di-mah hai ka - di -mah hai ka - di - mah ha - po -

el hai hai ka - di-mah ha-po - el la

la la la la

la la la la

ka - di - mah ho a - li - yah.

Allegro

HORAH TOV

Soh - ve-voo - nee la - hat eysh bo-e - ret

Ra - ke-doo - lee sheer ya - cheed ze ha-ze - mer

ze ve - eyn a-cheyr od eyn a-cheyr od le - ta - mid

tov tov tov tov tov tov tov ha - ze-mer ad eyn

sof loh yi - tam loh ya - cha - lof.

Beel - va - vey - noo ha - ko - dey-ach meet - la - mim oo

rit. *a tempo*

mee - ya - rey-ach lay-lah lay-lah lay-lah oo vesheket

meet-la-key-ach ha - ma - chol kol cha-yey- noo

av - voo - kah do-le-ket la-ma-char ve - la - et - mol.

Sov sov sov sov sov sov sov na - so-vah ahd eyn

sof loh yee-tam loh ya - cha - lof

Be - ley - ley-nooh ha - zo - rey-ach ha - ma - chol ha -

rit. *a tempo*

mit - lah - key - ach. Soh-ve-voo - nee la - hat eysh ho-e - ret

Ra - ke - doo - lee sheer ya - cheed ze ha - ze - mer

ze ve - eyn a-cheyr od eyn a-cheyr od le ta - meed.

הורָה „טוב"

מלים: י. אורלנד

סוֹבְבוּנִי, לַהַט אֵשׁ בּוֹעֶרֶת,
רַקָּדוּ לִי שִׁיר יָחִיד;
זֶה הַזֶּמֶר, זֶה וְאֵין אַחֵר עוֹד,
אֵין אַחֵר עוֹד לְתָמִיד.

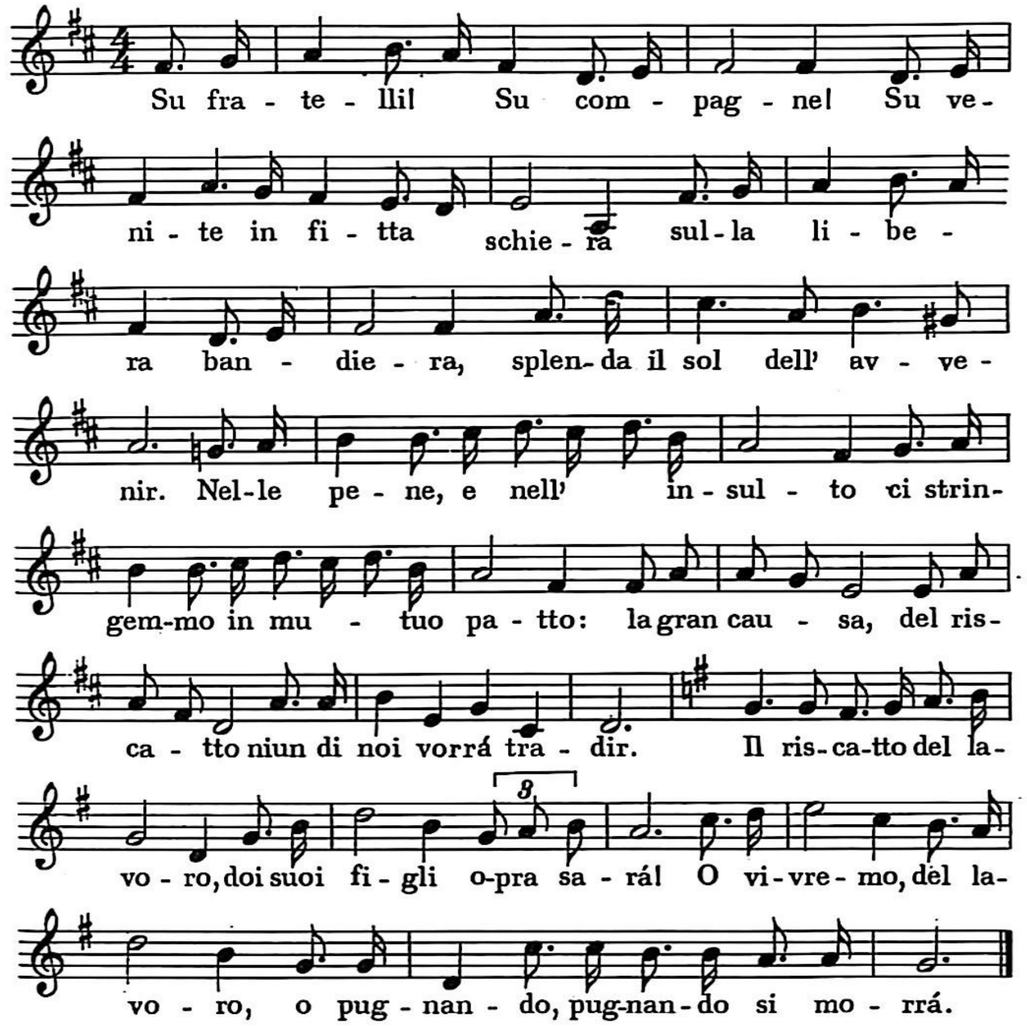
טוֹב, טוֹב,
טוֹב, טוֹב, טוֹב, טוֹב,
טוֹב הַזֶּמֶר עַד אֵין סוֹף,
לֹא יִתַּם, לֹא יַחֲלוֹף —
בִּלְבָבֵנוּ הַקּוֹדֵחַ
מִהֲלָמִים וּמִיָּרֵחַ.

לַיְלָה, לַיְלָה, לַיְלָה — וּבְשֶׁקֶט
מִתְלַקֵּחַ הַמָּחוֹל;
כָּל חַיֵּינוּ אֲבוּקָה דוֹלֶקֶת
לַמָּחָר וְלָאֶתְמוֹל.

סֹב, סֹב,
סֹב, סֹב, סֹב, סֹב,
סֹב נָסוֹבָה עַד אֵין סוֹף,
לֹא יִתַּם וְלֹא יַחֲלוֹף
בְּלֵילֵנוּ הַזּוֹרֵחַ
הַמָּחוֹל הַמִּתְלַקֵּחַ.

סוֹבְבוּנִי, לַהַט אֵשׁ בּוֹעֶרֶת...

INNO DEI LAVATORE



La risaia e la miniera
Ci han fiaccati di ogni stento
Come bruti di un armento.
Siam sfruttati dai signor.

I signori per cui pugnammo
Ci han negato il nostro pane.
Ci han promessa, una dimane
La diman si aspetta ancor.
Il riscatto del lavoro . . .ecc.

BANDIERA ROSSA

Compa-gni, a van-ti al la ris - cos - sa Ban-die-ra
ros - sa, Ban-die-ra ros - sa, Compa-gni a van-ti al la ris -
cos - sa, Ban-die-ra ros - sa, tri-on - fe - ra Ban-die-ra
ros - sa, tri-on - fe - ra Ban-die-ra ros - sa, tri-on - fe -
ra Ban-die-ra ros - sa, tri-on- fe - ra. Ev vi - vail soci-a -
lis - mo e la li - ber - ta Ev vi - va Le - nin
Ab bas so il duce Ev vi - va Le-nin Ab bas so il duce.

QUEL MAZZOLIN DI FIORI

Andante
Solo *mf* *Choro* *f*

Quel maz - zo - lin di fio - ri, Che vien de la mon-
ta - gna, ta - gna. E - ba - da ben che non si
ba - gna Che lo vo - glio re - ga - lar. E - ba - da
ben che non si ba - gna Che lo vo - glio re - ga - lar.

2. |: Che voglio regalare Perchè l'è un bel mazzetto :|
|: Lo voglio dare al mio moretto Questa sera quando'l vien :|

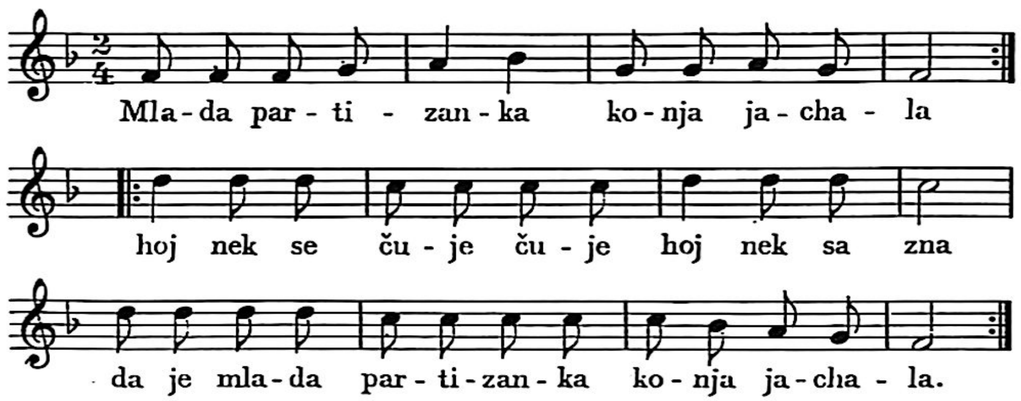
3. |: Stasera quando viene Gli fo una brutta cera :|
|: E perchè Sabato di cera Ei non è venuto a me. :|

4. |: Non è venuto a me E andò dalla Rosina :|
|: Perchè mi son poverina Mi fa pianger e sospirar :|

5. |: Mi fa pianger e sospirare Sul letto dei lamenti :|
|: Chissà cosa diran le genti Cosa dira di me. :|

6. |: Diran che son tradita Tradita nell amore :|
|: Così mi piange il cuore E sempre piangerà. :|

MLADA PARTIZANKA

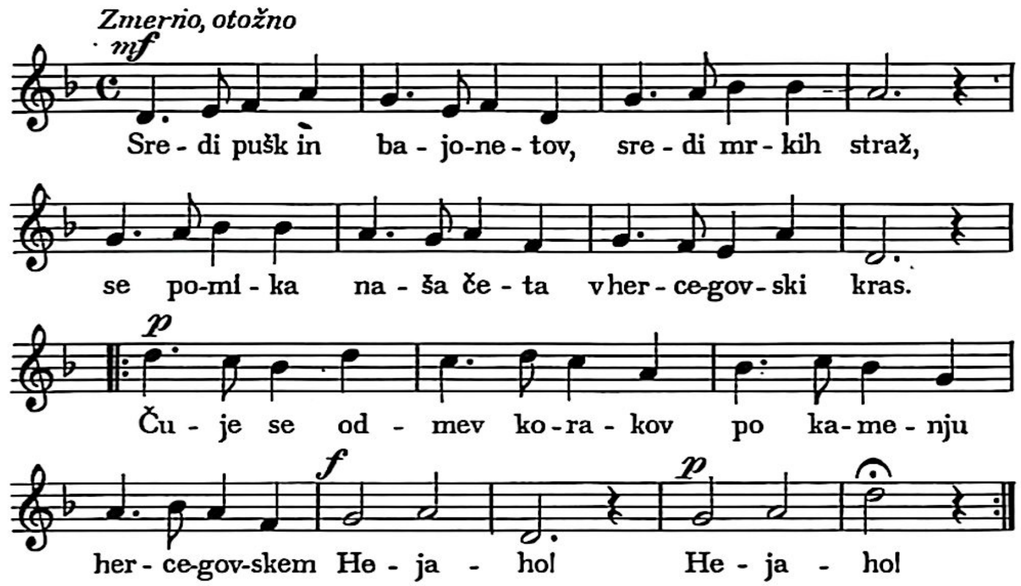


Mlada partizanka pušku nosila :|
Haj nek sa čuje čuje haj nek sa zna
da je mlada partizanka pušku nosila.

Mlada partizanka bombe bacala :|
Haj nek sa čuje čuje, haj nek sa zna
Da je mlada partizanka bombe bacala.

Mlada partizanka nemca ubila
Haj nek sa čuje čuje, haj nek nek sa zna
Da je mlada partizanka nemca ubila!

BILEČANKA



Daleč zdaj si domovina,
nas izgnali so,
kot da krivismo zločina,
ker te ljubimo.

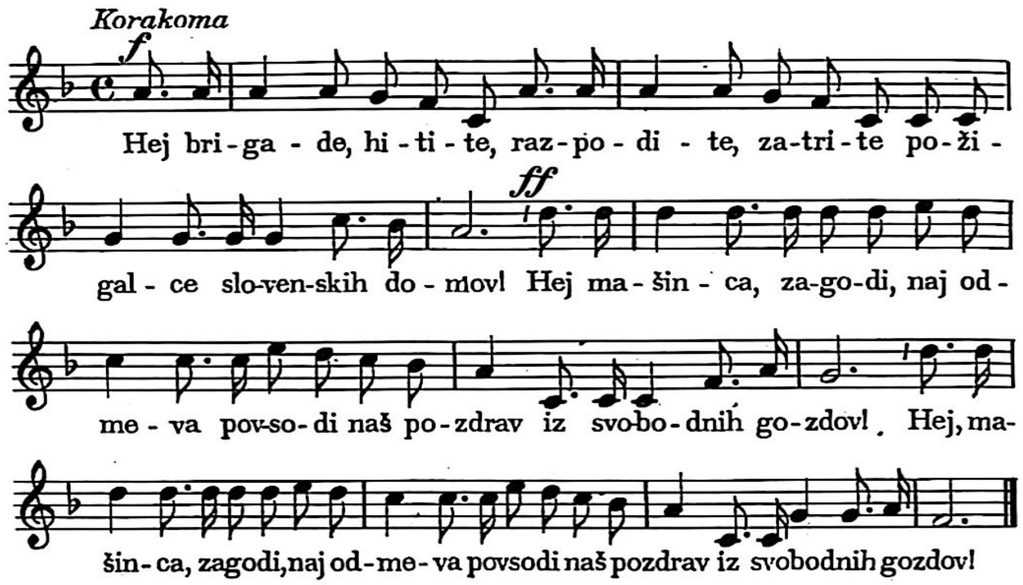
Vzeli materi so sina,
ženi so moža,
lačna je doma družina,
dosti je gorja.

Že v Sibirijo gonili
brate so nekdaj —
pa je prišel konec sili,
kje tiran si zdaj?

Ko brez pušk in bajonetov
prosta nam bo pot,
stopala bo naša četa
svobodi nasprot!

Čuje se odmev korakov
po kamenju hercegovskem.
Hejaho! Hejaho!

HEJ BRIGADE

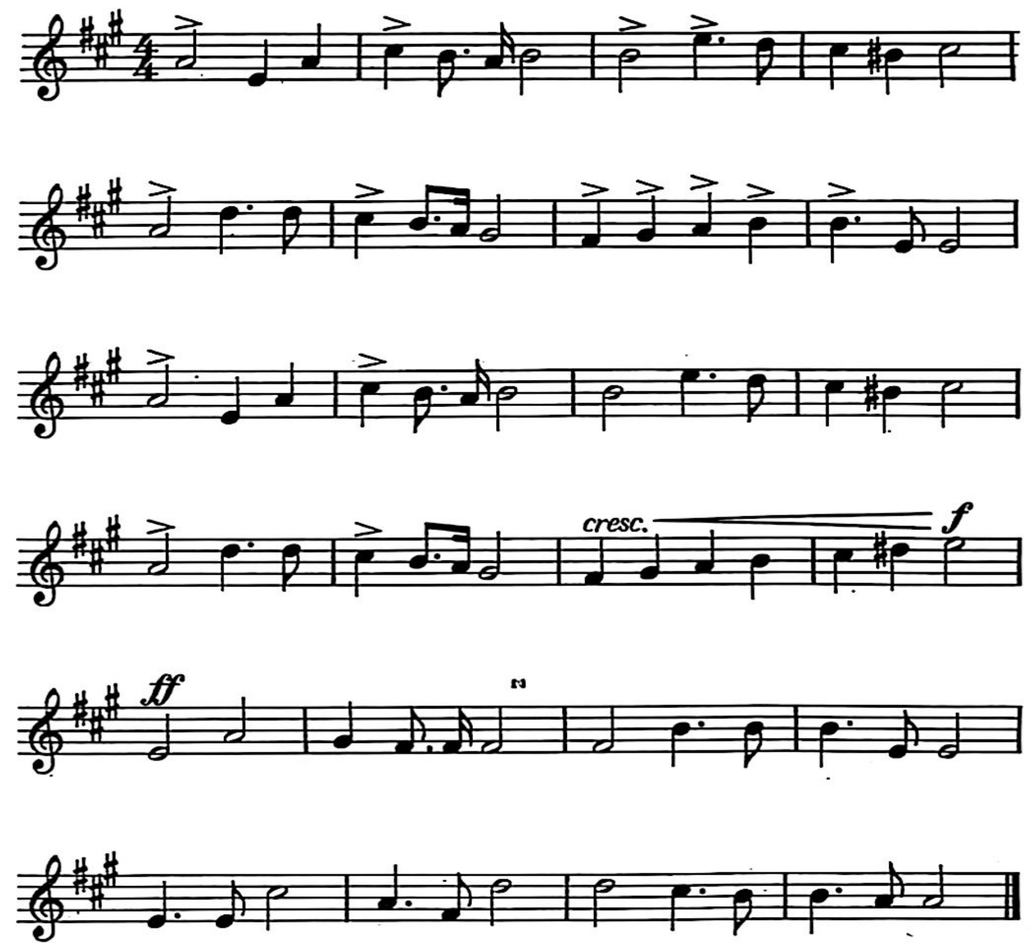


Kje so meje, pregrade za slovenske brigade?
Ne, za nas ni pregrad in ne mej!
Po slemenih oblačnih in po grapah temačnih
vse od zmage do zmage naprej!
Po slemenih oblačnih in po grapah temačnih
vse od zmage do zmage naprej!

Čez poljane požgane tja do bele Ljubljane
naša vojska prodre kot vihar.
Dokler tu so brigade, kdo zemljo nam ukrade?
Na Slovenskem smo mi gospodar!
Dokler tu so brigade, kdo zemljo nam ukrade?
Na Slovenskem smo mi gospodar!

KOREA

SONG OF PROCLAMATION



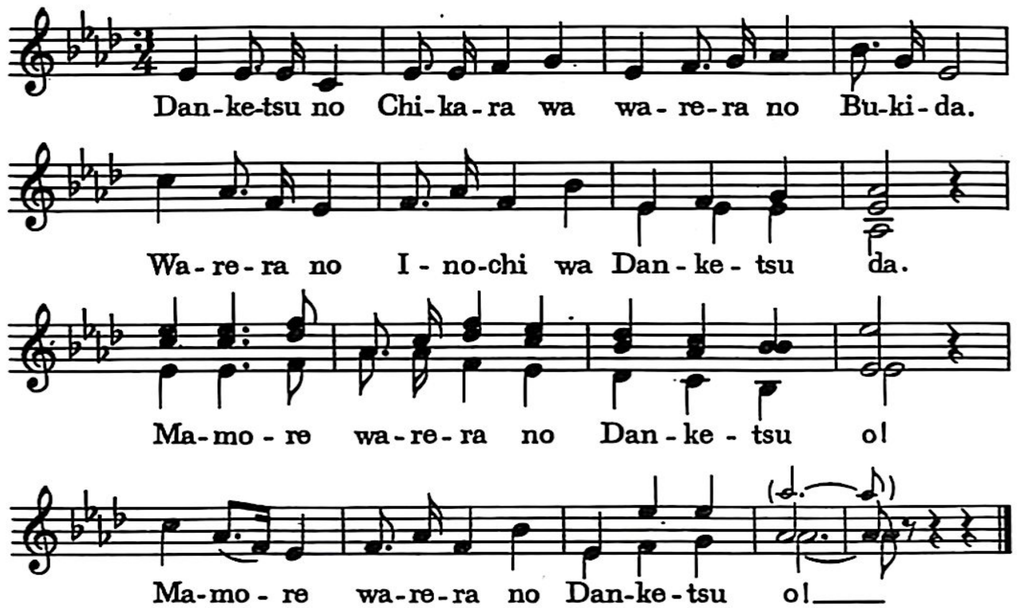
인민공화국선포의노래

백두산 천지에서 제주도 끝까지
새깊 밝고 이-서 삼천만은나섰다
삼천만. 노래하라 이날의감격을
조선은 빛나-는 인-민의나라다
아 아 자유조선 인민-공화국
해와 별-빛나라 조국의앞길에

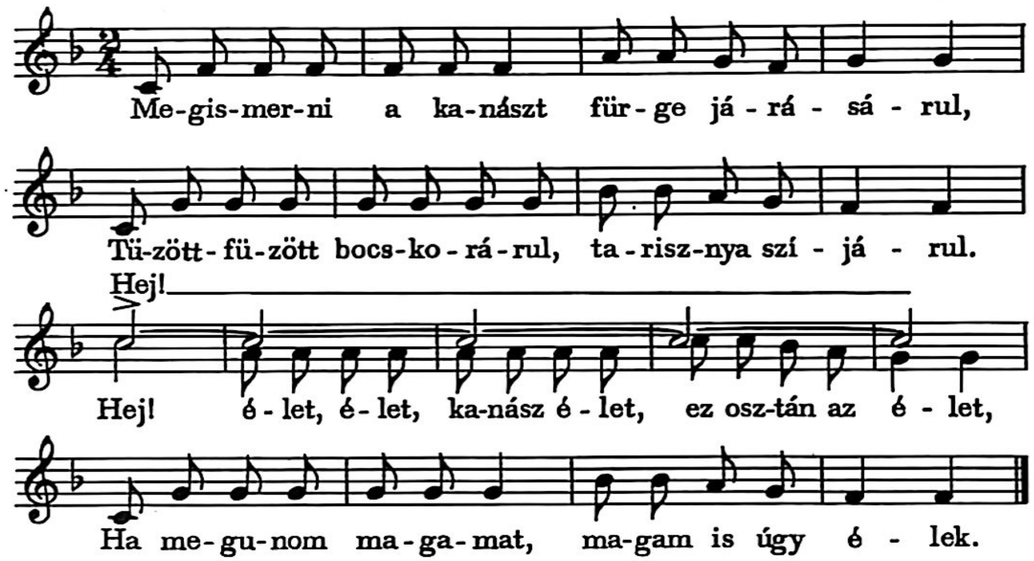
From the heavenly pond of Pack du mountain
To the end of Cheju Island,
With new banner raised high
Have come out thirty million.
Sing, you mountains and rivers, too,
This deep inspiration we've today!
Korea is a radiant people's land.

Ah, ah, our free Korean People's Republic!
Shine, Sun and Stars, on the path of our fatherland.

DANKETSU NO CHIKARA



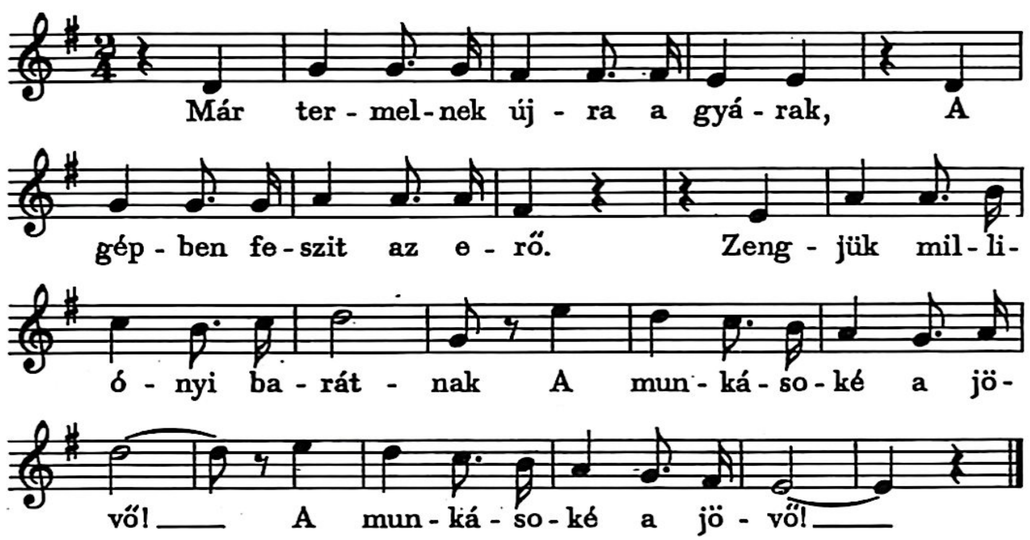
MEGISMERNI A KANÁSZT



Itthon van-e a kanász
Vagy a felesége?
Nem kell nékem a kanász
Csak a felesége.
Hej stb.

Búzába ment a disznó
Csak a füle látszik.
Árokpartján a kanász
Menyecskével játszik.
Hej stb.

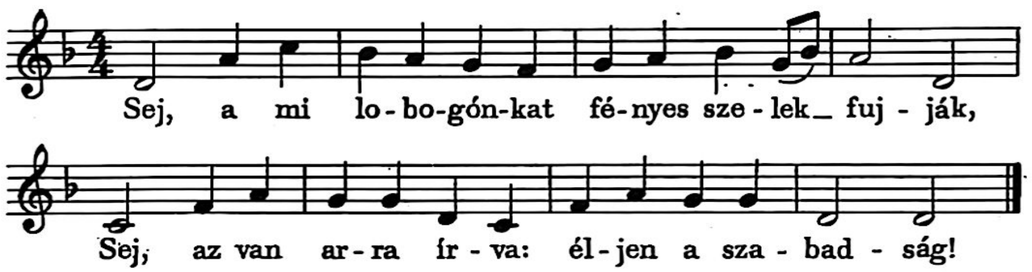
MUNKÁSOKÉ A JÖVŐ!



Az otthon ma már újra otthon
Az élet a romból kinő,
És hirdeti túl minden rosszon:
A munkásoké a jövő!
A munkásoké a jövő!

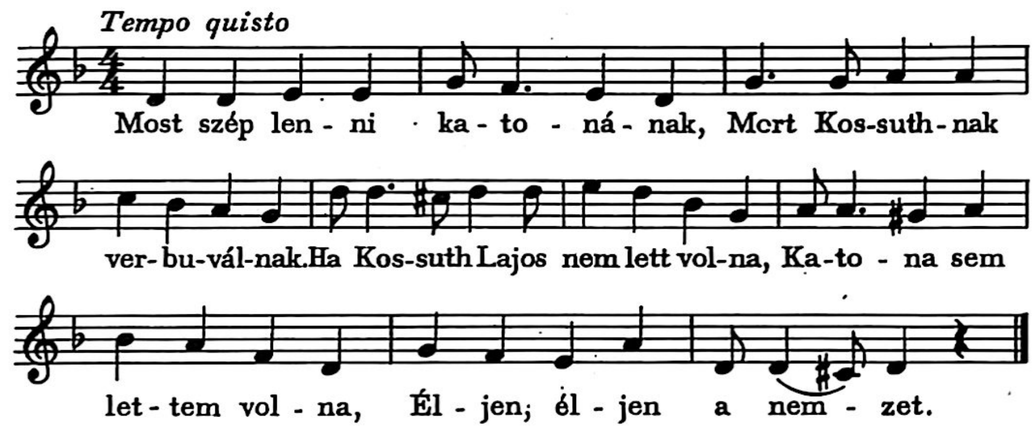
A tet töltse most be a lelket,
Pihenni ma még nincs idő.
Új országot épít a nemzet,
Hol munkásoké a jövő!
Hol munkásoké a jövő!

SEJ, A MI LOBOGÓNKAT



Sej, szellők, fényes szellők
Fujjátok, fujjátok,
Holnapra megforgatjuk
Az egész világot.

MOST SZÉP LENNI KATONÁNAK . . .



Akkor megyek katonának,
Ha leányok verbuválnak,
Pántlikába kardot rántnak,
Avval, tudom, le sem vágnak.
Éljen, éljen a nemzet!

Gyere pajtás, katonának,
Téged tesznek kapitánynak.
Pár esztendő nem a világ,
Éljen a magyar szabadság!
Éljen, éljen a nemzet!

CIELITO LINDO

De la si - er ra, mo - re - na, cie
li - to lin - do, vi - e - nen ba - jan - do.
U - par deo ji - tos ne-gros cie li - to
lin - do de con - tra ban - do.

Chorus

Ay, ay, ay, ay Can - tay no
llo - res por - que can - tan - do Sea - le-gran cie
li - to lin - do los co - ra zo - nes.

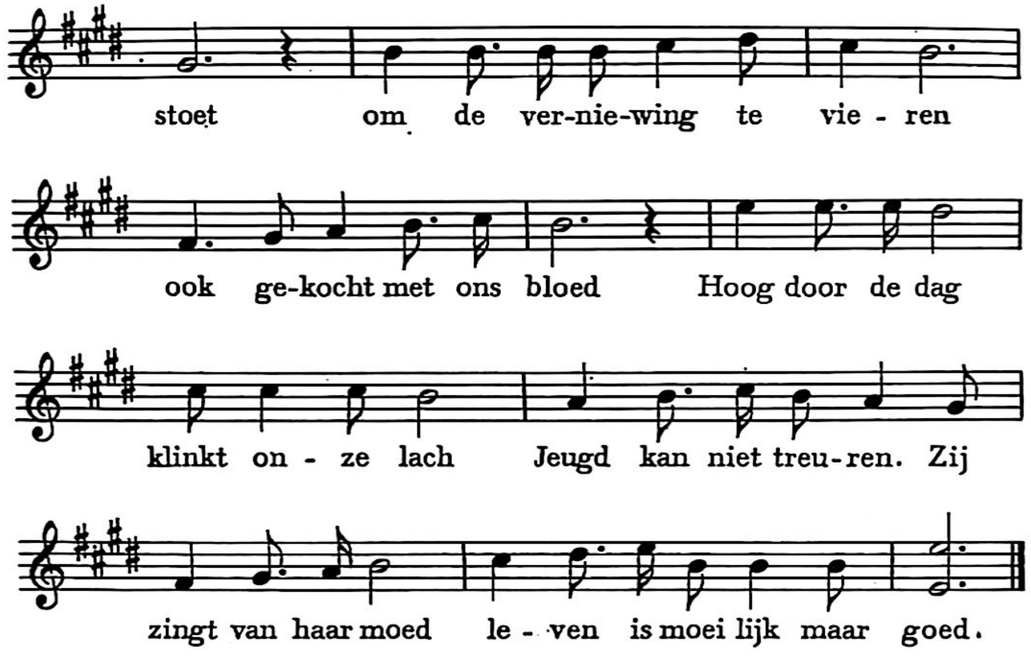
Una fleche en el aire, Cielito lindo, lanzo Cupido,
Y como fue jugando, Cielito lindo, yo fui el herido.

A.N.J.V.- LIED

Ge - trouw aan de vrienden vroeg - tij - dig ge-val-len Be -
zield door de schoonheid der aar - de die bloeit Be -
ge - ren we'n we-reld die plaats-biedt aan al - len Ons
hart zal niet zwak zijn de geest niet ver-moeid. Als
't spel ons ont-spant en de Lie - de - ren schal-len Als
d'ar - beid een vreugd wordt en mak-ker-schap groeit.

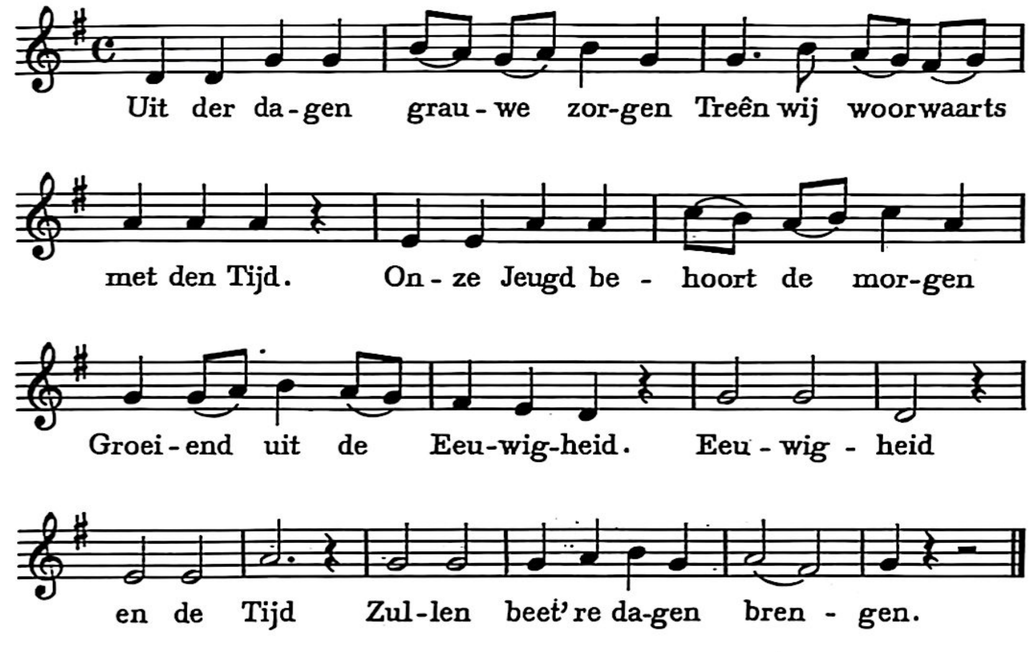
Refrain

Jeugd ontplooit haar ba - nie - ren voor in de vrij-heids -



Wij komen eendrachtig uit dorpen en steden
Wij levende toekomst van het volk staan bereid
Een wereld te winnen het geluk van de vrede
Wij schuwen geen moeite wij vrezen geen strijd.
Eens breken de machten van het boze verleden
En mensheid en jeugd worden samen bevrijd.
Jeugd ontplooit, enz.

UIT DE DAGEN DER GRAUWE ZORGEN



In der steden donk're stegen
Is een lichte roep ontwaakt
Die hun droefheid allerwegen
Vol van gloed en jubel maakt.
Stad en land
Moet als brand
Brand van helle vreugde-stralen!

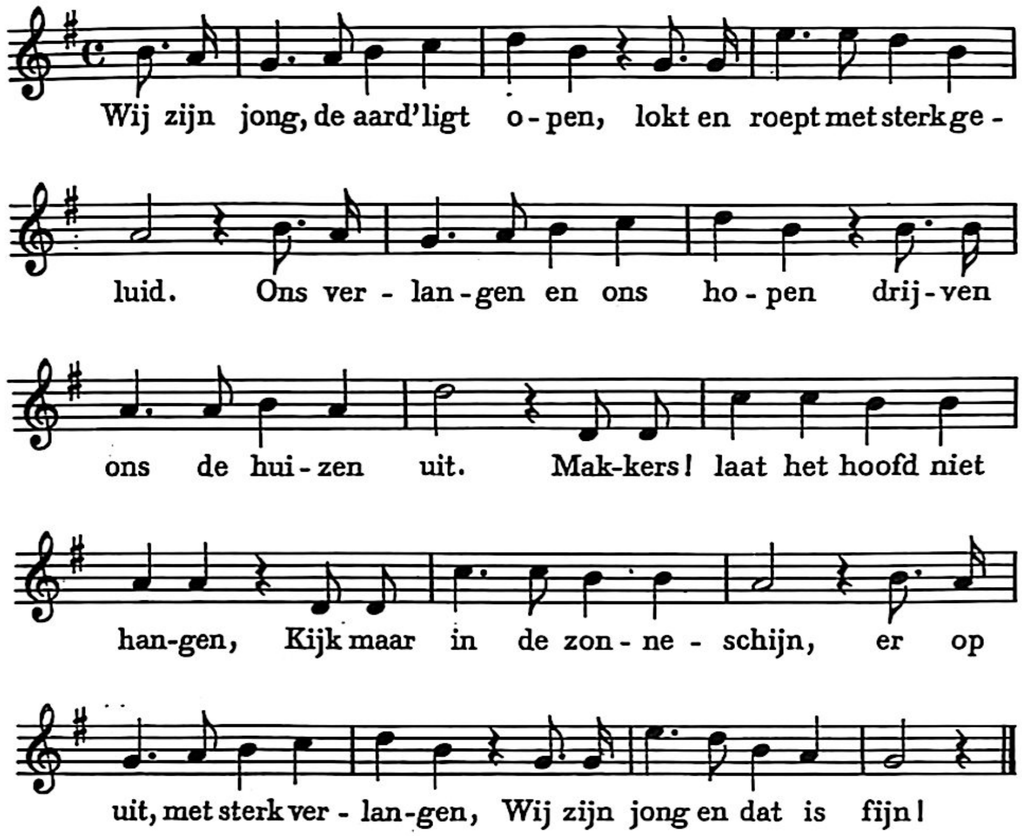
In de somb're arbeitshallen
Dragen wij de zonnegloed
Doen het droef verleden vallen
Nederstorten welgemoed.
Jeugdwarm bloed
Vlammengloed
Is de fakkel die wij heffen!

Der fabrieken helsche gillen
Maken tot één juichkreet wij
Raderknarsen, fluitenschrillen
Worden lied'ren sterk en vrij!
Sterk en vrij
Sluit de rij
Om den heil'gen strijd te strijden!

Helle morgenzonneglanzen
Slaan in oogen, rookverdoofd
En met zelfgewonden kransen
Kronen wij des werkers hoofd.
Menschenkind
Maartewind
Draagt de lente in de landen!

Makkers, reikt elkaar de handen
Laat ons strijden, dapper, blij,
Dwars door 't roode wereldbranden
Komt de groote dag nabij!
Dag, breek aan
En wij gaan
Vurig 't zonnelicht integen!

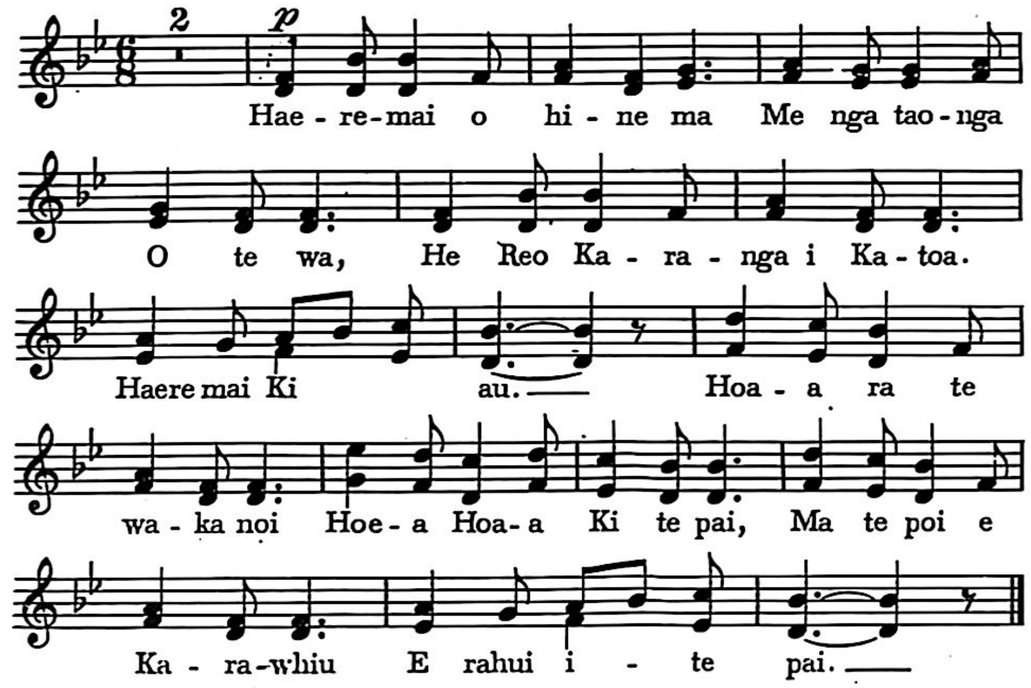
WIJ ZIJN JONG



Ligt daar achter gindse bomen
Niet een onbekend gebied;
Zingt de wind niet langs de stromen
zijn bekoorlijk zang'rig lied?
Of wij zwerven op de heide
Dan wel in de duinen zijn,
Of wij gaan langs bos en weide
Wij zijn jong, en dat is fijn!

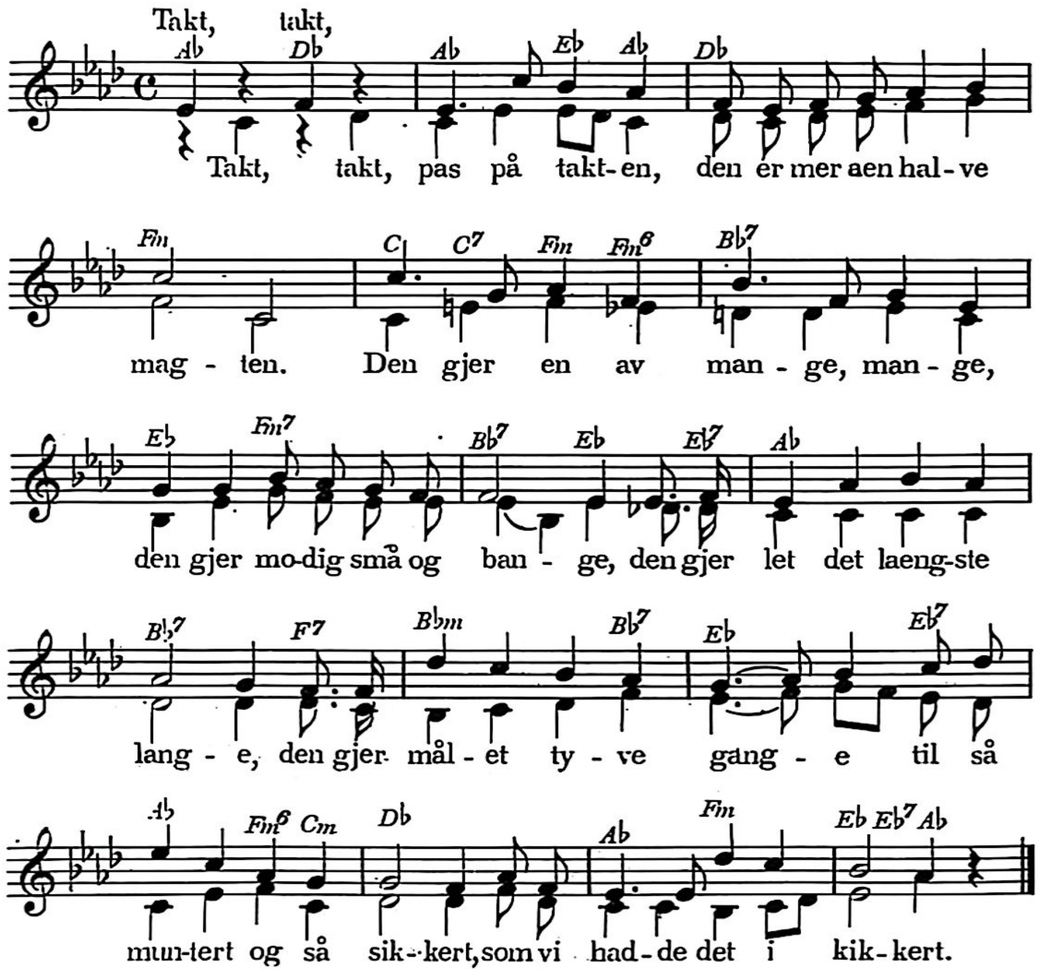
Op dan, op! De zon zal stralen
Overal langs weg en steg,
Als de nacht te vroeg mocht dalen
Wijzen sterren ons de weg.
't Vrolijk lied klinkt uit de kelen,
Mocht er ook een buitje zijn,
Regen? Wind? 't Kan ons niet schelen,
Wij zijn jong, en dat is fijn!

HOEA RA



Koia ra e hine ma,
Koha kore noa te pai,
Haere mai te atawhai
Ka rahui i te pai.

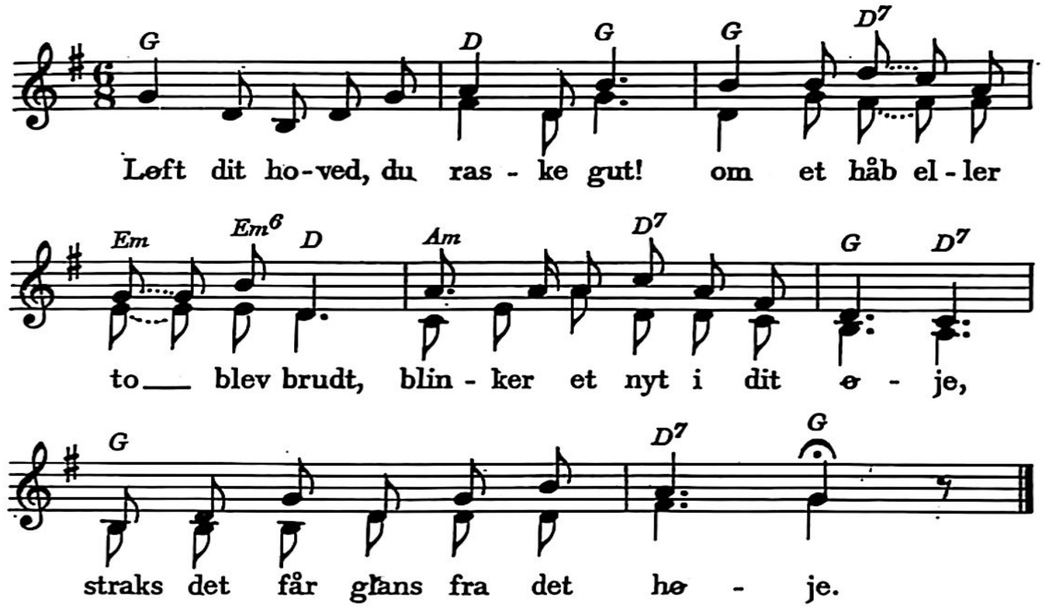
ARBETARMARSCH



Takt, takt, pas på takten,
Den er mer aen halve magten.
Far vi takt i nogen hundre,
Aenda ingen det vil undre;
Får vi takt i nogen tusen.
En og annen låner øre;
Får vi takt i hundre tusen,
Jo, den brusen vil de høre.

Takt, takt, pas på takten,
Den er mer aen halve magten.
Kom vi alle fårst i slik en
Takt fra Vardø og til Viken,
Vinger op til Bergenstrakten,
Kom vi alle op i takten,
Do blev ret på et og annet,
Som er vrangt aennu i landet.

LOFT DIT HOVED



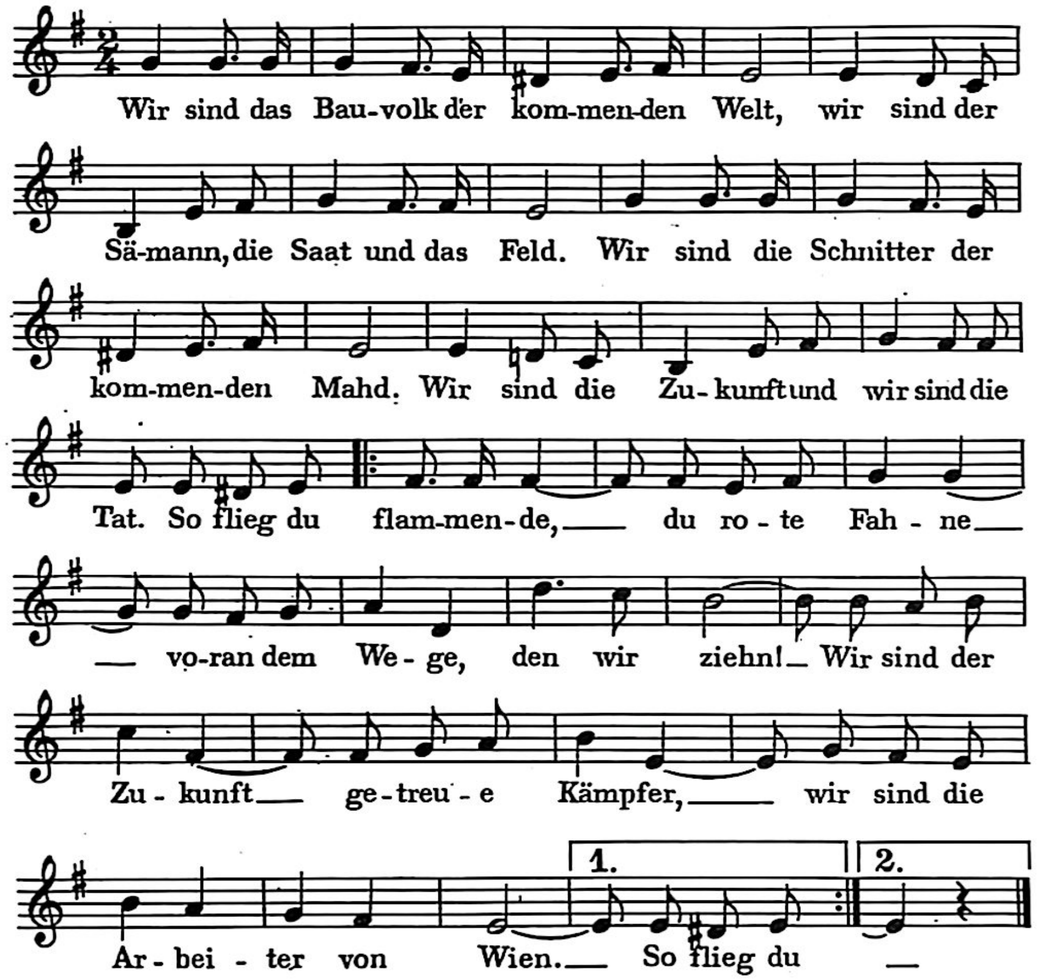
Løft dit hoved, og se dig om
noget er der som roper er: kom!
noget med tusend e tunger
som om frej dighed sjunger.

Loft dit hoved, ti i dig selv
blaner ogsa et ut strakt haelv,
hvor der med harper klinger,
jubler, toner og svinger,

Loft dit hoved og sjung det ud,
aldring kuer du vär ens skud,
hvor der er gaerend e hraefter,
skyder det ár et left — — er.

Loft dit hoved og tag din dáb
af aet hoje stralenae hab,
hab, som over ver aen hvaelver
og i hver lius gnist skael ver.

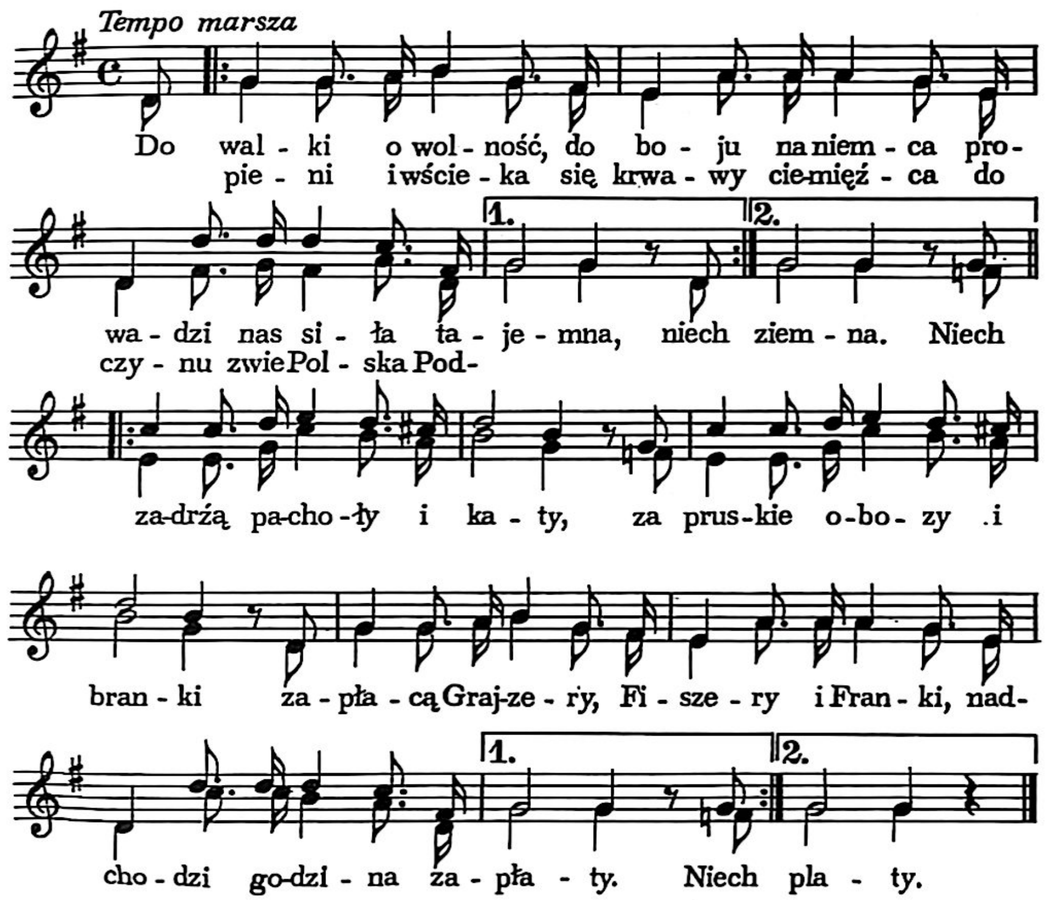
DIE ARBEITER VON WIEN



Herrn der Fabriken, ihr Herren
der Weit,
endlich wird eure Herrschaft gefällt.
Wir, die Armee, die die Zukunft
erschafft,
sprengen der Fesseln engende Haft,
So flieg du flammende . . .

Wie auch die Lüge uns schwähend
umkreist,
Alles besiegend erhebt sich der Geist.
Kerker und Eisen zerbricht seine Macht,
wenn wir uns rüsten zur letzten
Schlacht.
So flieg du flammende . . .

PIEŚN POLSKI PODZIEMNEJ



ROZSZUMIAŁY SIĘ WIERZBY

Tempo marsza

p *mf*

Roz - szu - mia - ły się wierz - by pła - czą - ce, roz - pła -

ka - ła się dziew-czy- na w głos, od łez o - czy pod-nio - sła bly -

szczą - ce na żoł - nier - ski na twar - dy zy - cia

ślij - cie wierz-by nam za -
tań - ca gra - ją nam gra -

p

los. Nie ślij - cie, nie nam, tak nam
tań - ca nam gra - ją nam

lu, co ser-ce rwie nie płacz dziew-czy-no
na - ty vi-ssów szczęk śmierć ko - si ni - by

zal nam tu i se - rce rwie nie płacz, nie i
gra - na - ty i vi - ssów szczęk śmierć ko - si i

ma, bow par-ty - zant - ce nie jest
łan lecz my nie wie - my co to

1. 2.

dziew-czy - no bow par-ty - zant - ce nie. jest źle! Do
łan, tak łan, lecz my nie wie - my co to lęk!

2. Czy to deszcz, czy słoneczna spiekota,
wszędzie słychać tu nasz równy krok.
To na bój idzie leśna piechota.
dumny śpiew, twarz spokojna, rażny wzrok.
Nie ślijcie wierzby nam . . .

NA BARYKADY

Tempo marsza

mf

Na ba - ry - ka - dy lu - du ro-bo - czy, czer - wo-ny sztandar
śmia-ło do bo - ju wy - tęż swe ra - mię, bo na cię cze - ka

f

do gó-ry wznieś, Mło-ty w dłoń, kuj-my broń, miotnie stal czer-
zwy-cięstwa cześć!

wo-ne is-kry w dal; żar is - kry tej tli w pier-si mej,

powstań z burz, po-budka gra nam już, po - bud - ka gra nam już!

Rycerze pracy, rycerze ducha
dziś nam do boju już nadszedł czas,
na barykady, niech bunt wybucha,
pobudka dziejów już wzywa nas!
Młoty w dłoń . . .

WARSZAWIANKA

Tempo marsza

mf

Śmią-ło pod-nie-śmy sztandar nasz w gó-rę, choć bu-rza wro-gich

zy-wiołów wy-je, choć nas dziś gnę-bią si-ły po-nu-re,

f

cho-ciaż nie pew-ne ju-tro ni-czy-je. O bo to sztandar

ca-łej ludz-ko-ści, to ha-sło świę-te, pieśń zmartwychwstania,

to tryumf pra-cy, spra-wie-dli-wo-ści, to zo-rza wszyst-kich

mf

lu-dów zbra-ta-nia. Na-przód Warszawo, na wal-kę krwawą,

rit.

świę-tą, a pra-wą, marsz, marsz War-sza-wo!

2. Dziś, gdy roboczy lud ginie z głodu,
zbrodnią w rozkoszy tonąć jak w błocie,
i hanba temu, kto z nas za młodu
lęka się stanąć choć na szafocie!
Nikt za ideę nie ginie marnie,
z czasem zwycię ża Chrystus Judasza,
niech świę ty zapał młodość ogarnie,
choć wielu padnie lecz przyszłość nasza.

HEJ! IDEM W LAS

Żywo

mf

Hej! i-dem w las, piór-ko mi się mi-go-ce!
Hej! i-dem w las, dud-ni zie-mia, ka kro-ce!

Ka wy-wi-nem ciu-pa-re-cką Krew cerwoną wy-to-ce. Hej!
Ka obyrtnem sie-kie-re-cką Krew mi z pod nóg bul-go-ce. Hej!

Ciemniuśka noc,
Ogień lasem prześwieca,
Ciemniuśka noc,
Złe się złemu zaleca.
Na polanie po pod jedle,
Watra się w lesie pali,
Cy się grzejom dziwozony,
Cy jom carci skrzesali! Hej!

MORZE, NASZE MORZE

Tempo marsza

mf

Chociaż każ - dy z nas jest mło - dy, lecz go sta-rym wil-kiem

zwą. My stra - źni - cy pol - skiej wo - dy Ma-ry-

na - rze pol - scy to Mo - rze, na-sze

mo - rze, wier-nie cie - bie bę - dziem strzec! ma-my

roz - kaz cię u - trzy - mać, al - bo na dnie, na dnie, twoim

lec al - bo na dnie z ho - no - rem lec!

KUJAWIAK

Dość wolno

mp

Ja za gó - rą, ty za wo - dą, jak - ze ja ci

bu - zi po - dom, po - dom ja ci na li - ste - cku,

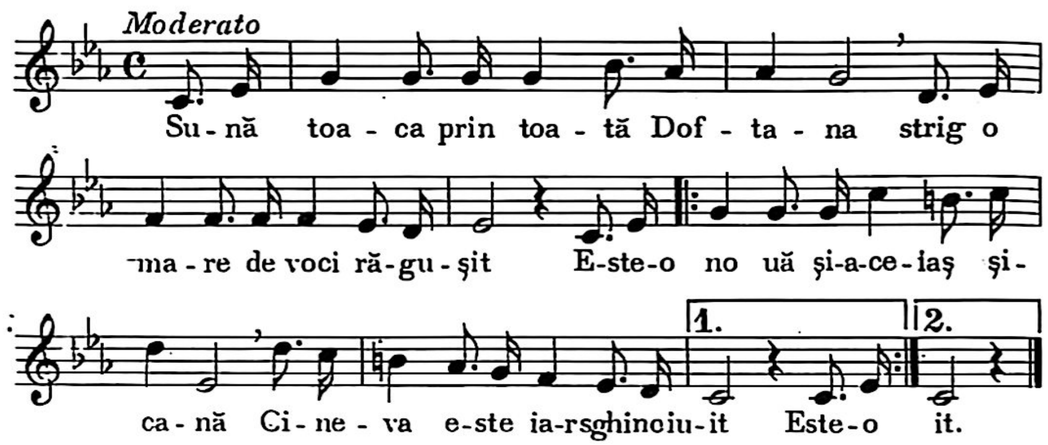
mf

chodź-ze i - no ko - cha-ne - - cku. O - be - rek,

o - be-re - cek, ma-zu-rek, ma-zu-re - cek, ku-ja-wiak,

ku - ja - wia - cek, chodź-ze Ma-rys i - no raz wraz wraz.

SUNĂ TOACA PRIN TOATA DOFTANA



Luni a fost un raport la vizită,
Am deschis gura numai să cer,
|:Si intr o clipa maimuta sbârcită,
M'a impins cu bastonu i de fier.:|

Sună toaca prin toata Doftana
Strig'o mare de voci răguşit,
|:Marti avui vorbitorul cu mama
Şi in fata ei fost-am lovit.:|

Miercurea vin colete si banii,
Iscălit-am şi eu un aviz,
|:Dar coletul' l-au ros şobolanŭ
Iarăeu fui bătut şi inchis.:|

Sună toaca prin toata Doftana
Strig'–o mare de voci răguşit,
|:Joi ne bat să nu stăm pe la geamuri,
Şi nici eu nu am fost ocolit.:|

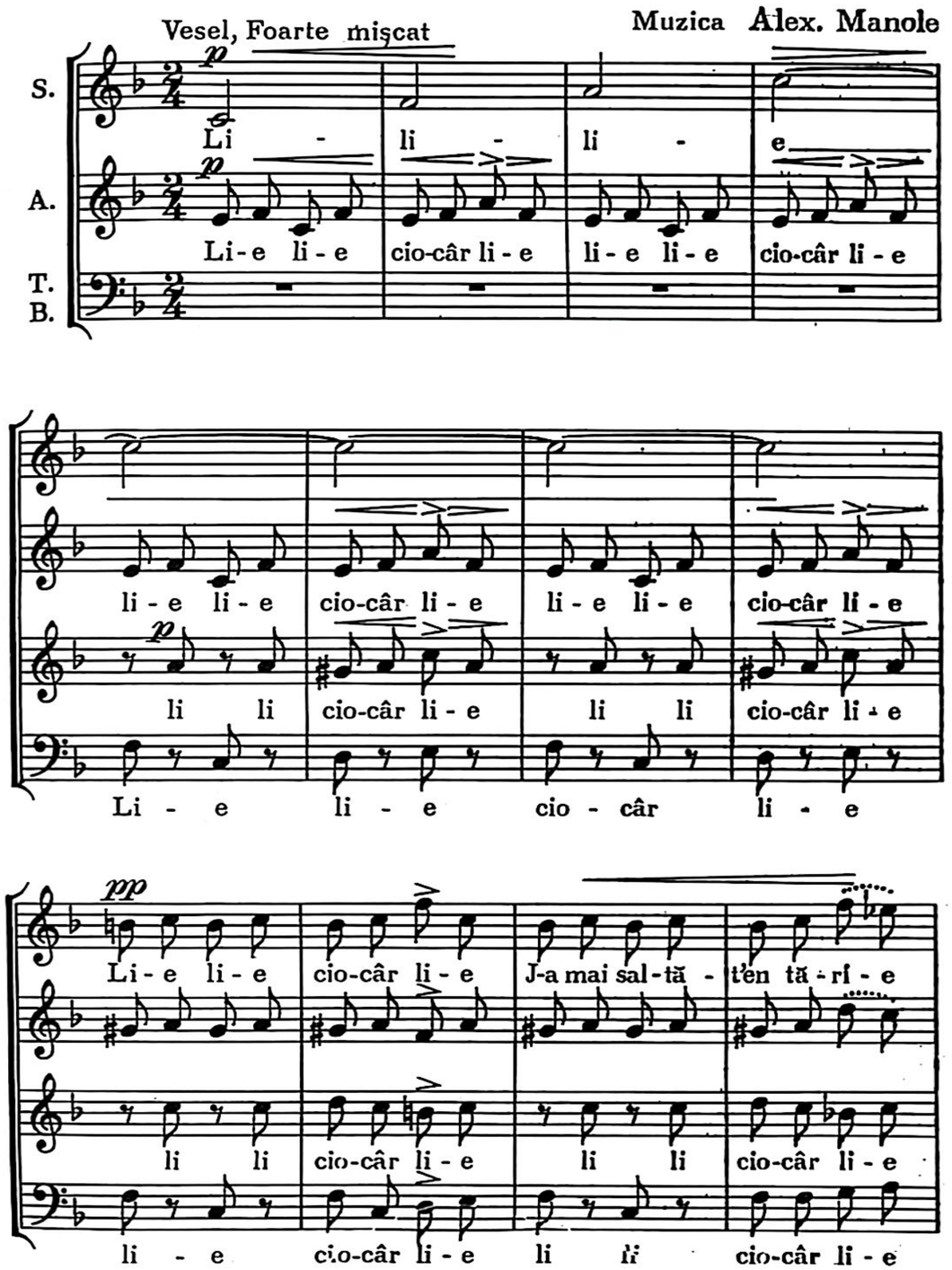
Vineri parcă sunt semne mai bune
Ne-au şi scos la plimbare câţiva
|:Dar şi-aici pe scări, mă va pune,
Un ciomag apărut d'undeva.:|

Sună toaca prin toata Doftana,
Strig' o mare de voci răguşit,
|:Este o nouă şi-aceiaşi şicana
A balaurului înebunit.:|

Sună toaca prin toata Doftana,
Strig' o mare de voci răguşit,
|:Vine Sâmbata, mama sărmana
Si cu ea sunt şi eu schingiuit.:|

Nici Duminica nu este mai buna
Cântă popa'n altarăca un cuc,
|:Prin prejur umbla lumea trudită
Iar pe noi în bătăi ne distrug.:|

Suna toaca prin toata Doftana
Strig'o mare de voci răguşit
/:Este cea depe urma şicana,
A balaurului inebunit.:/



f

Și zii soa - re-lui-să vi- e

Lî - e cio-câr li - e

Și zii soa-re -lui-să vi

Și zii sóa - re - lui - să .

Și zi soa-re - lui - să

li-e li-e cio-câr li-e

e

Și zi soa-re - lui - să

vi - e

f

vi-e li li li li

f

vi-e li li li e li li li li li li li

li li li li li

p *mf*

li li li li li li li li li

mf

p *mf*

li li li li li li li li - - e

mf

li li li li li li li - e li - e

f

li li li li li li li li li li li li

f

f

cio - câr li - e li li li li li li li

f

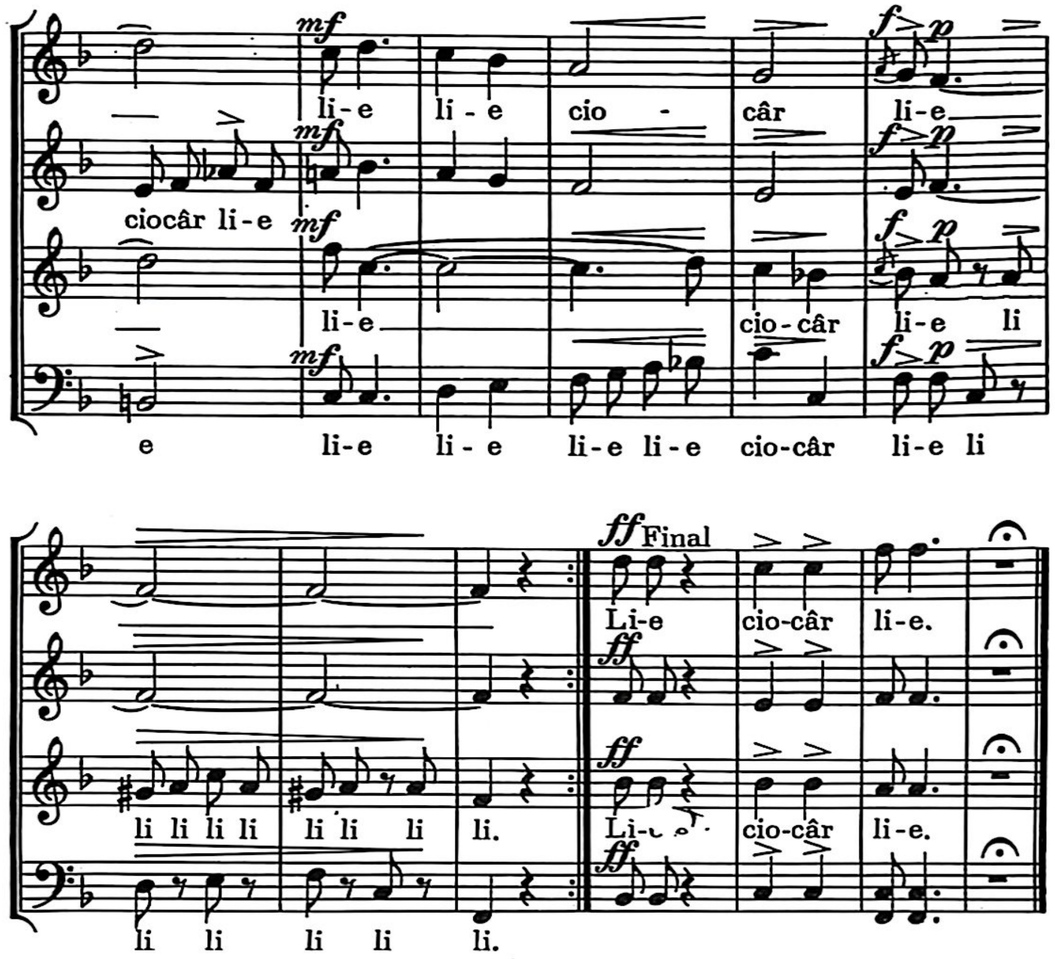
li - e

li - e

li - e li - e cio-car li - e li - e li - e

li - e

li - e cio - câr li -

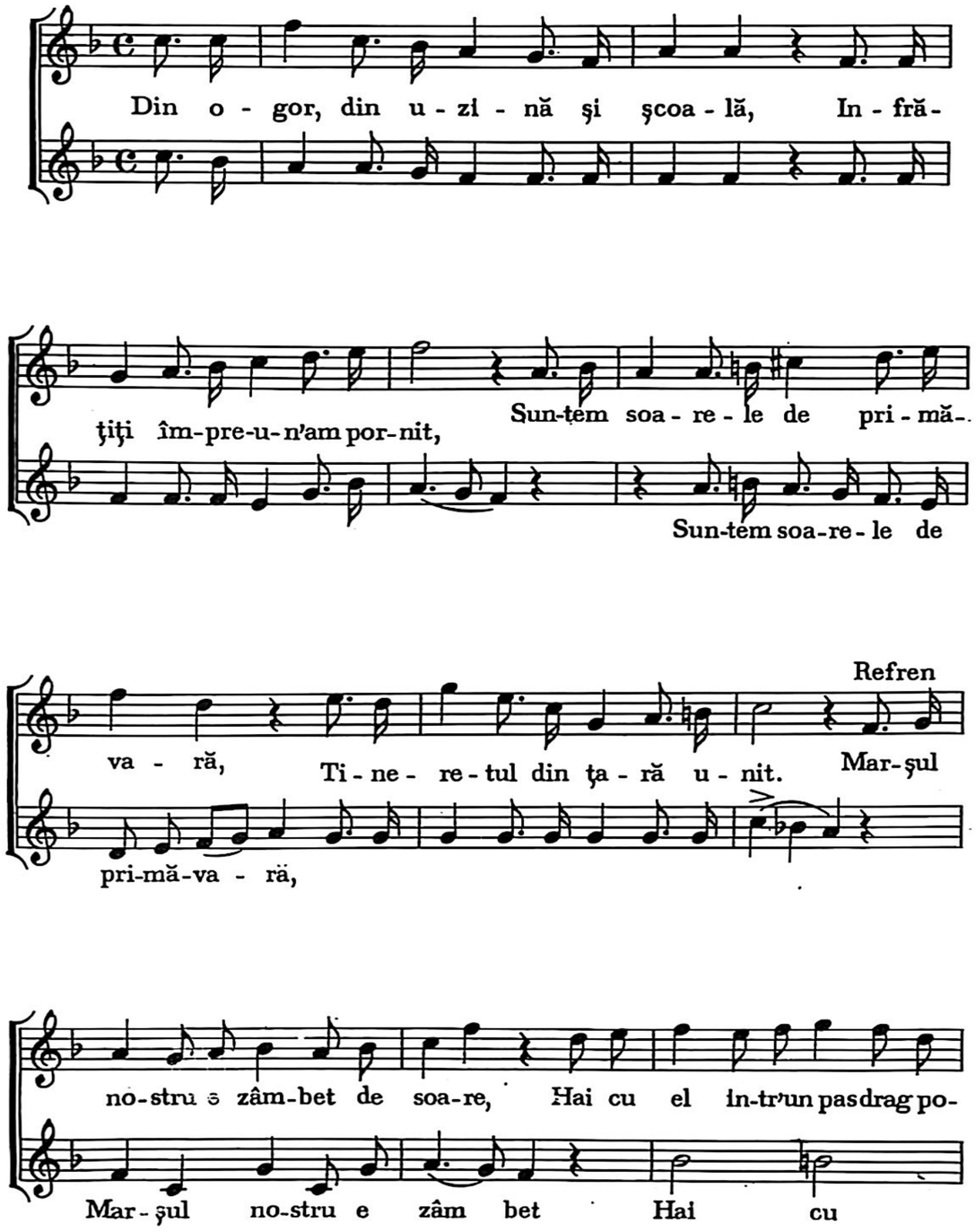


Spune-i lie' spune-i pui,
Că i-e secerii din cui
Dor de ochii soarelui;

Că-i trimise de cu noapte,
Lanul fremătat de şoapte,
Uite, spicele mi-s coapte!

Si li-i dor, cu atâta fior,
Să aducă vieţii spor,
Cu tot darul vieţii lor.

MARŞUL TINERETULUI



por Să în- tin-dem din munţi în o - goa - re Ţă-rii,

el în pas po - por Din munţi în o - goa - re

cân - te-cul ne-mu-ri - tor Să în- tin-dem din munţi în o

Ţă - rii, cânt-ne - mu-ri - tor

goa - re Ţă - rii, cân - te-cul ne - mu - ri - tor.

goa - - re

Si cu braţele noastre de stâncă,
Din hotar în hotar vom umbla,
Si'nfrăţiţi cu poporul în muncă
Faima ţării o vom inălţa.

Foc nestins noi purtăm in orbite
Căci cu ce ne-am născut ne-am călit,
Ne'ndreptăm în spre căi aurite,
Tineretul din ţară, unit.

CU INIMÎ INSETATE

Text: Nina Cassian. *Music: Sergiu Natra.*

Tempo di marcia

S. A. *mf* Cu i-nimi în-se-ta - te, cu bra-ţe-le'n-corda - te Clă-

T. *mf* Cu i-nimi în-se-ta - te, cu bra-ţe-le'n-corda - te

B. *mf*

dim o ţa - ră sub zori de bu - cu-rii. Cu

dim o ţa - ră sub zori de bu - cu-rii. Cu

plu-guri şi cio-ca - ne po - por de mi - li-oa - ne,

plu - guri şi cio - ca - ne, Ur-

plu - guri şi cio - ca - ne, Ur-

plu-guri şi cio-ca - ne po - por de mi - li-oa - ne, Ur-

cresc. f

ze - şte cu râv - nă lu - mi - na ce va fi. Ve -

cresc. f

ze - şte cu râv - nă lu - mi - na ce va fi. Ve -

f

ze - şte

niţi cu toţi la muncă! E cea mai'naltă po - run-că, Sa'n

niţi cu toţi la muncă! E cea mai'naltă po - run-că, Sa'n

mf

scriem darz în pă mânt, In fier şi'n cu - vânt a-cest le-gă - mânt. E

scriem darz în pă mânt, In fier şi'n cu - vânt a-cest le-gă - mânt.

creş - te cu oa-me-nii

cresc.

vre-mea a noastra s'o du-cem cu-noi, Ta-ra creş - te oa-meni

mf cresc.

Du - cem cu - noi, creş - te oa-meni

mf cresc.

cu - noi,

f e-

noi. La mun - că so-cia - lis - tă! Să vie-ai muncii e-

f

noi. Ve niţi. La mun - că so-cia - lis - tă! Să vie-ai muncii e-

f

roi

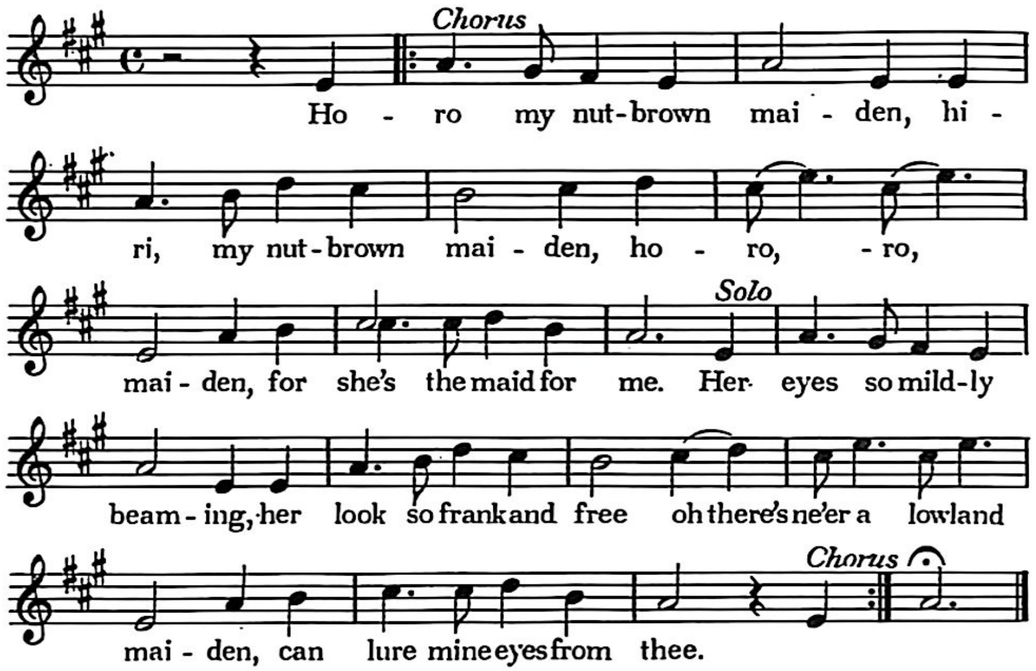
1. 2.

roi e - roi Făp - ta - şii vre - mi-lor noi! Cu noi.

roi e - roi Făp - ta - şii vre - mi-lor noi. Cu noi

Cu tot aceiaşi sete pornesc băieţi şi fete,
Spre locul muncii se'ndreaptă tot mereu;
Avem o ţintă'n lume; — Partidul este'n frunte, —
Pornim înainte, cu toţi pe-acelaşi drum.

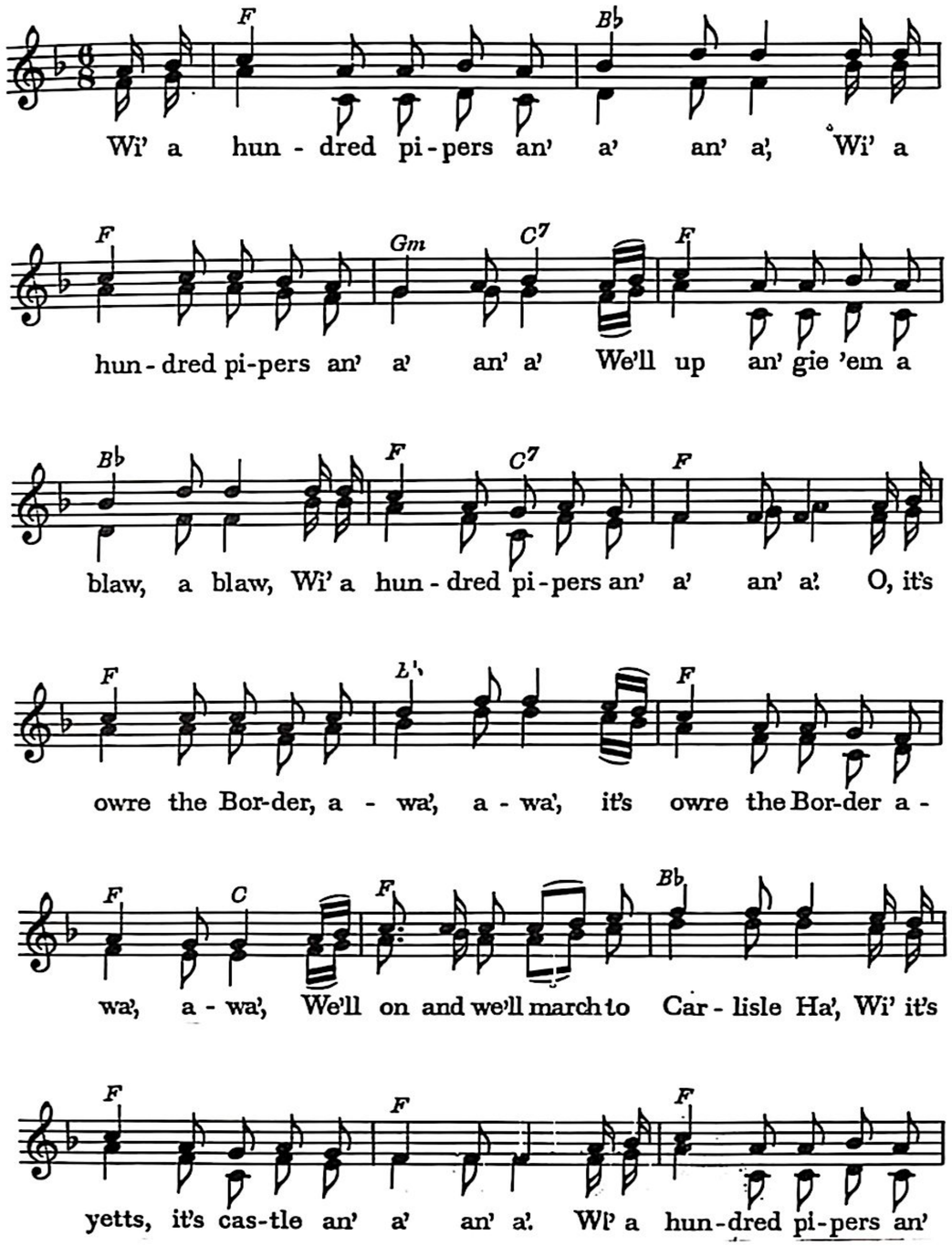
HO-RO, MY NUT BROWN MAIDEN

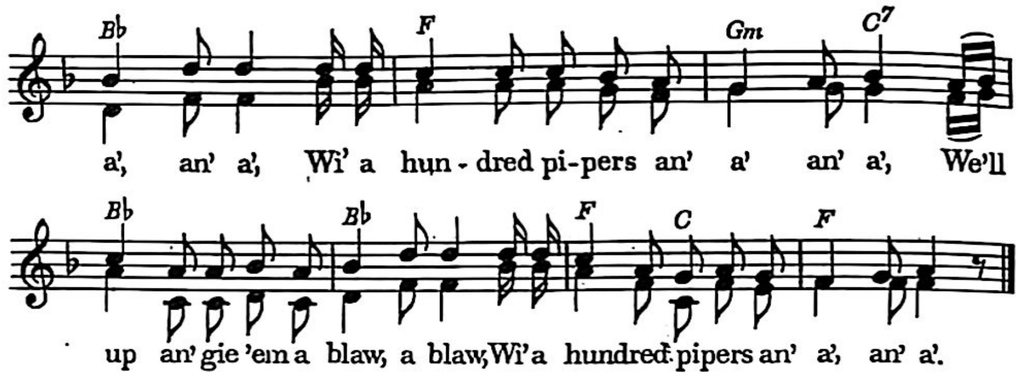


In Glasgow and Dunedin
Are maidens fair to see,
But ne'er a lowland maiden
Could lure mine eyes from thee.

And when with blossoms laden
Bright summer comes again
I'll fetch my nut-brown maiden
Down from the bonnie glen.

WI' A HUNDRED PIPERS

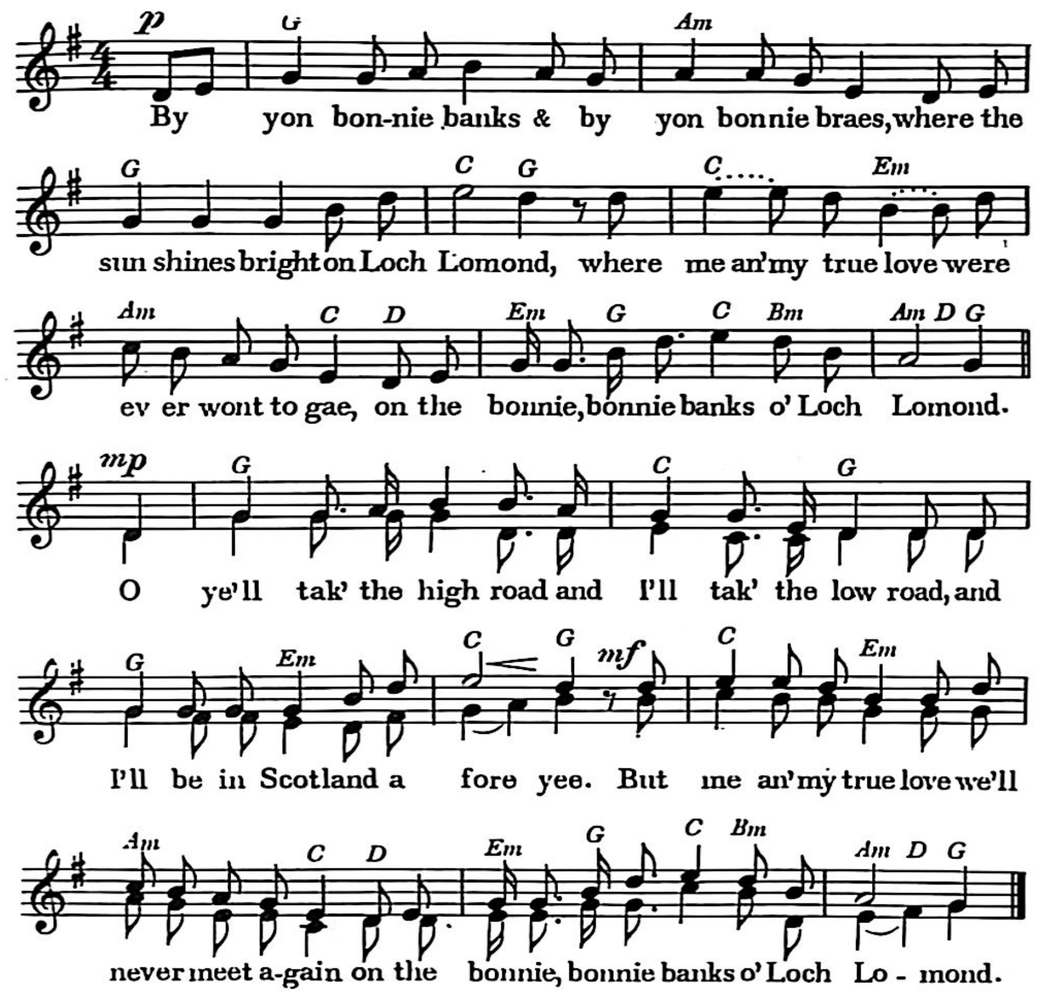




2 Oh! our sodger lads look'd braw, look'd braw,
Wi' their tartan kilts, an' a', an' a',
Wi' bonnets, feathers an' glitt'rin' gear,
An' pibrochs soundin' sweet and clear.
Will they all return to their ain dear glen?
Will they all return, oor Hielan' men?
Second-sichted Sandy look'd fu' wae,
An' mithers grat when they marched away.
Wi' a hundred pipers, etc

3 O wha is foremost o' a', o' a'?
O wha does follow the blaw, the blaw?
Bonnie Charlie, the Prince o' us a', hurrah!
Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
His bonnet and feather he's wavin' high,
His prancin' steed just seems to fly;
The nor' wind sweeps thro' his golden hair,
An' the pibrochs blaw wi' an unco flare.
Wi' a hundred pipers, etc

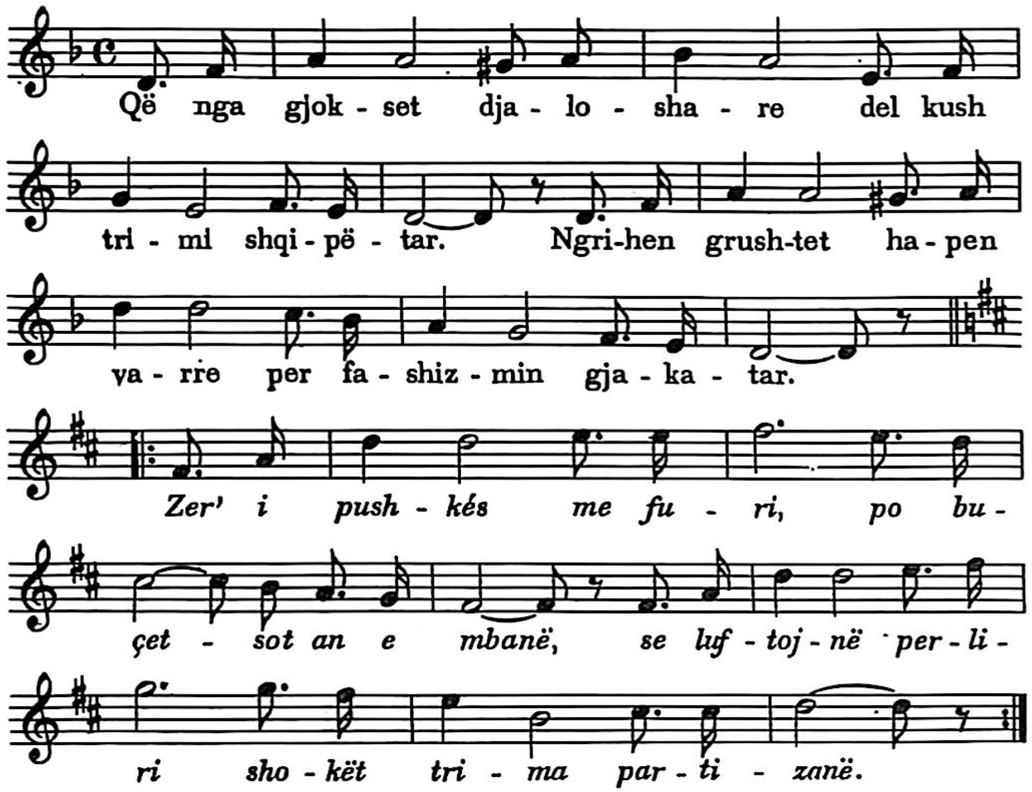
LOCH LOMOND



2. 'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomond,
Where in purple hue the Hieland hills we view,
An' the moon comin' out in the gloaming.

3. The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers spring,
An' in sunshine the waters lie sleepin',
But the broken heart it kens nae second Spring
Tho' the waefu' nay cease frae their greetin'.

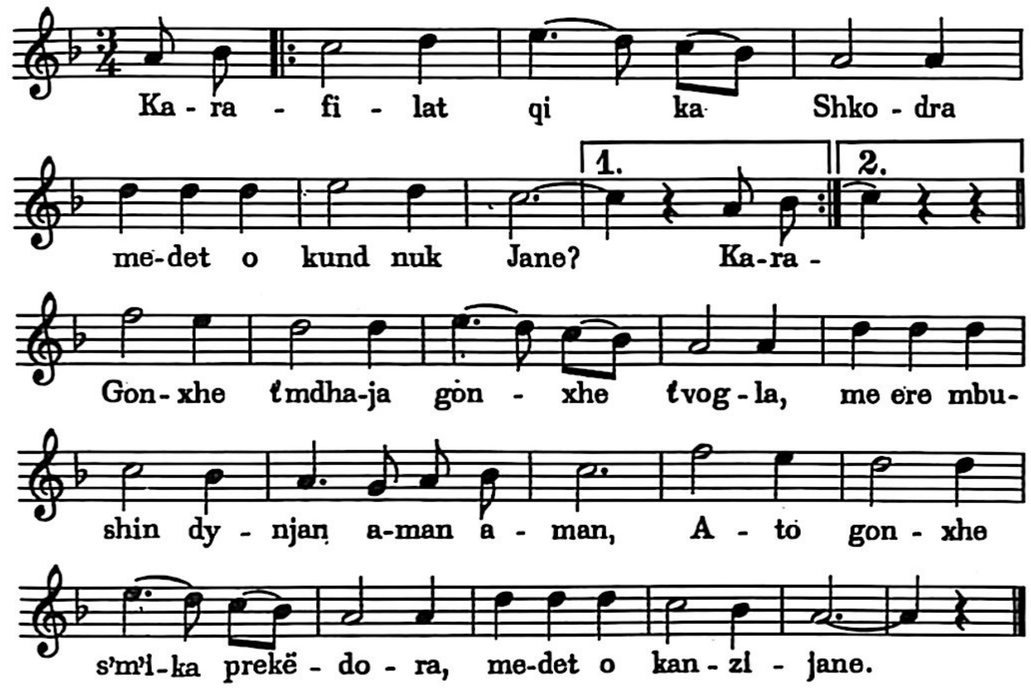
BRITMA E CLIRIMIT



Thëret Shqipja si furri
Mbi armik e mbi Barbar;
Ndizet lufta për mbi dhé,
Për flamurin çlirimtar.
Zer i pushkes me Furi . . .

Që nga gjokset djaloshare,
Del kushtrimi shqipetar,
Ngrihen grushtet, hapen varret
Për Fashizmin Gjakatar.
Zer i pushkes me furi . . .

KARAJFILAT



Drandafillja lypte hije
Medet o per múçil,
Gjetht i dalin fije-fije
Medet o ç'ere te mir', Aman, aman,
S'gjindet kush me t'u perzie
Medet, moj drandofill.

ПЕСНЯ О РОДИНЕ

В темпе марша

f

Ши-ро-ка стра-на мо-я род-на-я, мно-го

в ней ле-сов, полей и рек! — Я дру-гой та-кой стра-ны не

ff

зна-ю, где так воль-но ды-шит че-ло-век. Я дру-

Конец

гой та-кой страны не зна-ю, где так вольно дышит че-ло-век. —

mp

От Мо-сквы до са-мых до ок-ра-ин, — с юж-ных

гор до се-верных мо-рей че-ло-век про-хо-дит как хо-

зя-ин не-объ-ят-ной ро-ди-ны сво-ей. —

Всю-ду жизнь при-воль-но и ши-ро-ко, точ-но

cresc.

Вол-га пол-на-я те-чёт. Мо-ло-дым вез-де у нас до-

ро-га, ста-ри-кам вез-де у нас по-чёт. —

Наши нивы глазом не обшаришь,
Не упомнишь наших городов,
Наше слово гордое — «товарищ» —
Нам дороже всех красивых слов.
С этим словом мы повсюду дома,
Нет для нас ни чёрных, ни цветных,
Это слово каждому знакомо,
С ним везде находим мы родных.
Припев.

SOVIET LAND

Soviet land, so dear to every toiler,
Peace and progress build their hopes on thee;
There's no other land the whole world over
Where man walks the earth so proud and free.
There's no other land the whole world over
Where man walks the earth so proud and free.

From great Moscow to the furthest border,
From our arctic seas to Samarkand,
Everywhere man proudly walks as master
Of his own unbounded fatherland.
Everywhere life courses freely, broadly,
As the Volga's ample waters flow;
To our youth now every door is open,
Everywhere our old with honor go.

ПО ДОЛИНАМ И ПО ВЗГОРЬЯМ

Темп походнова марша

p

По до - ли - нам и по_ взго - рьям шла ди -

Хор

ви - зи - я впе - рёд, что бы с бо - ю взят При -

1. 2. *mf* Конец

морь-е бе-лой ар - ми - и о - плот, что-бы плот. На-ли -

Наливалися знамёна
Кумачом последних ран.
Шли лихие эскадроны
Приамурских партизан. } 2 раза

Этих лет не смолкнет слава,
Не померкнет никогда,
Партизанские отряды
Занимали города. } 2 раза

И останутся, как сказка,
Как манящие огни,
Штурмовые ночи Спасска,
Волочаевские дни. } 2 раза

Разгромили атаманов,
Разогнали воевод
И на Тихом океане
Свой закончили поход. } 2 раза

SONG OF THE PARTISANS

Through the winter's cold and famine,
From the fields and from the towns;
|:At the call of Comrade Lenin
There arose the Partisans.:|

To the East swept forward the Partisans,
Thro' the swamps and on to the heights
To attack and take Primorya:
The last stronghold of the Whites.

Battle-scarred and faded banners
Fluttered bravely on before;
But far deeper was the crimson
Of the recent wounds they bore.

That great day will never be forgotten
Nor will lose its high renoun,
When the Partisan Red-Fighters
Broke through and took the town.

They destroyed the White-Guard forces,
And to hell the bandits they hurled;
And on Pacific Ocean
The worker's flag unfurled.

МАРШ

Из кино-фильма: »Веселые ребята«

D *G* *D*

Лег - ко на серд - це от пес - ни ве - се - лой, о - на ску -

Dб *G* *A7*

-чать не да - ет ни - ко - гда. И любят пе - сню де - ре - вни и

D *A7* *D*

се - ла, и любят пе - сню большие го - ро - да. Нам песня

G *D* *G*

строить и жить по - мо - га - ет, о - на как друг и зо - вет и ве -

Fis *A7* *D*

дет. И тот кто с пес - ней по жи - зни ша - га - ет, тот ни - ко -

A7

гда и ни - где не - про - па - дет. Шагай впе - дет.

1. 2.

2.
Шагай вперед, комсомольское племя,
Шути и пой, чтоб улыбки цвели.
Мы покоряем пространство и время,
Мы молодые хозяева земли.
Нам песня жить и любить помогает,
Она, как друг, и зовет и ведет.
И тот, кто с песней по жизни шагает, –
Тот никогда и нигде не пропадет.

3.
Мы все добудем, поймем и откроем –
Холодный полюс и свод голубой,
Когда страна быть прикажет героем, –
У нас героем становится любой.
Нам песня строить и жить помагает,
Она, как друг, и зовет и ведет.
И тот, кто с песней по жизни шагает, –
Тот никогда и нигде не пропадет.

4.
Мы можем петь и смеяться, как дети,
Среди упорной борьбы и труда, –
Ведь мы такими родились на свете,
Что не сдаемся нигде и никогда.
Нам песня строить и жить помогает,
Она, как друг, и зовет и ведет.
И тот, кто с песней по жизни шагает, –
Тот никогда и нигде не пропадет.

5.
И если враг нашу радость живую
Отнять захочет в упорном бою, –
Тогда мы песню споем боевую
И встанем грудью за родину свою.
Нам песня строить и жить помогает,
Она на крыльях к победе ведет.
И тот, кто с песней по жизни шагает, –
Тот никогда и нигде не пропадет.

MERRY YOUTH SONG

Our hearts are light as the song we are singing,
Our merry song never lets us feel blue,
And every city and village is ringing
With songs like this that we're singing now for you.
Songs help us work better, live better everywhere,
Song spurs us onward and shows us the way,
And he who sings as through life he goes marching
Will never falter and never go astray.

ЗЕЛЕНЫМИ ПРОСТОРАМИ

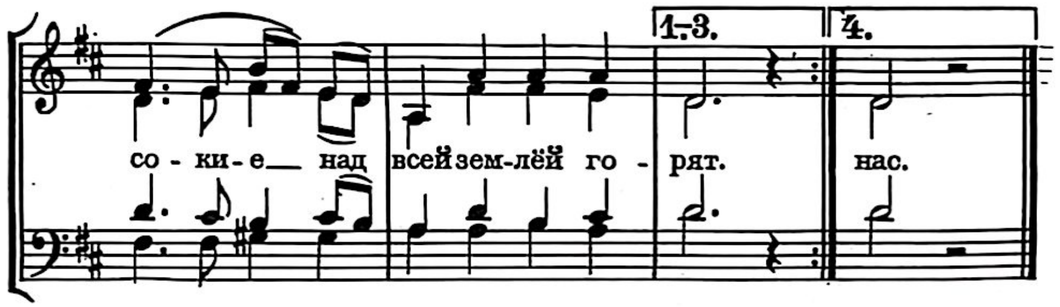
Как марш

Зе - лё - ны-ми про - сто - ра - ми лег - ла мо - я стра-
на. На все че - ты - ре сто - ро - ны рас - ки - нулась о -

Хор

А над ней стальные со - ко - лы и день и ночь па -
на

рят, и ог - ни е - ё вы - со - ки - е над
всей зем - лёй го - рят, и ог - ни е - ё вы -

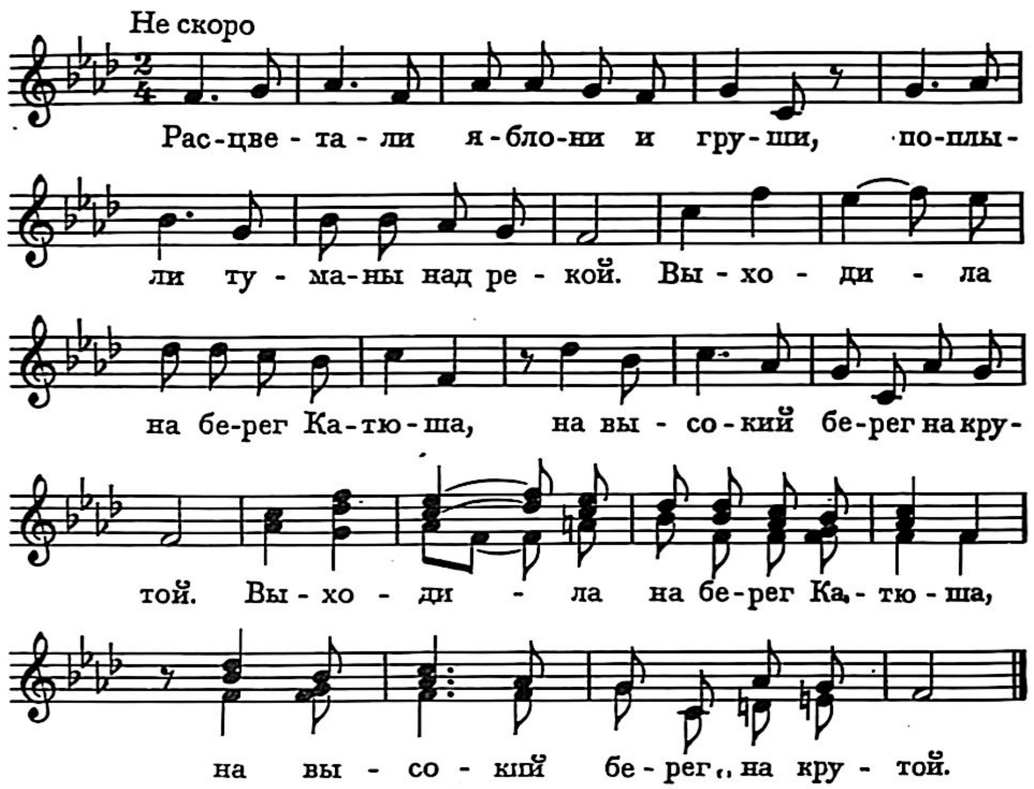


Гремят победной песнею
Заводы и поля,
И мы, страны ровесники,
Проходим у Кремля.
Наше знамя, шёлком шитое,
Пылает в вышине,
И лежат пути открытые *2 раза*
Для нас по всей стране.

Куда б ты ни поехал,
Куда б ты ни пошёл,
Повсюду наша молодость,
Повсюду комсомол.
Все мы Сталиным воспитаны
В родном своём краю,
Все проверены, все испытаны *2 раза*
В работе и бою.

И мы проходим с песнями
Во всех концах страны, —
Мы все ej ровесники
И верные сыны.
И пускай друзья и недруги
Увидят в этот час,
Что на свете нету юности *2 раза*
Счастливей, чем у нас.

КАТЮША



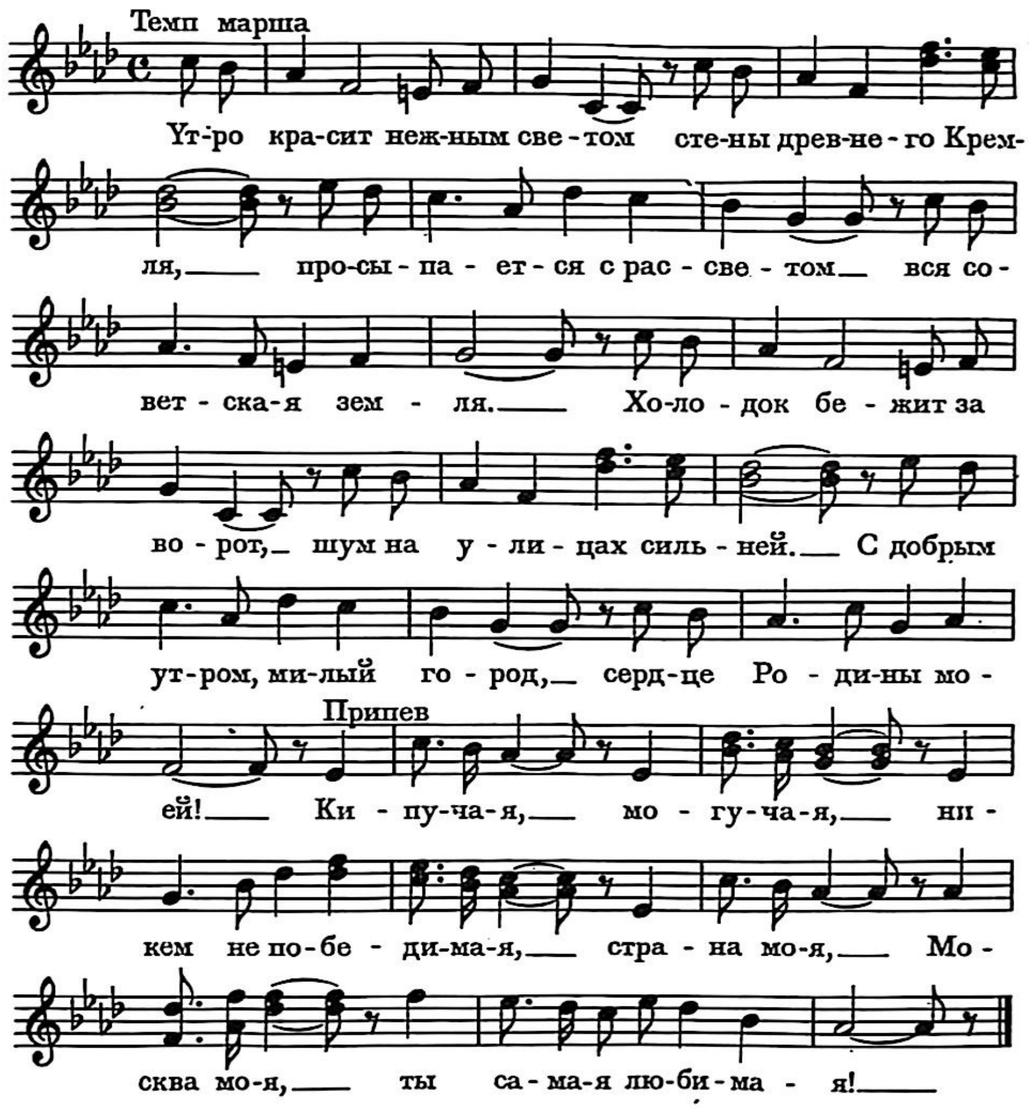
Выходила, песню заводила
Про степного сизого орла,
Про того, которого любила,
Про того, чьи письма берегла. } 2 раза

Ой ты песня, песенка девичья,
Ты лети за ясным солнцем вслед
И бойцу на дальнем пограничье
От Катюши передай привет. } 2 раза

Пусть он вспомнит девушку простую,
Пусть услышит, как она поёт,
Пусть он землю бережёт родную,
А любовь Катюша сбережёт. } 2 раза

Расцветали яблони и груши,
Поплыли туманы над рекой.
Выходила на берег Катюша
На высокий берег на крутой. } 2 раза

МОСКВА



2. Разгорелся день весёлый,
Морем улицы шумят,
Из открытых окон школы
Слышны крики октябрят.
Май течёт рекой нарядной
По широкой мостовой,
Льётся песней необъятной
Над красавицей-Москвой.
Припев.

3. Солнце майское, светлее
С неба синего свети,
Чтоб до вышки мавзолея
Нашу радость донести,
Чтобы ярче заблистали
Наши лозунги побед,
Чтобы руку поднял Сталин,
Посылая нам привет.
Припев.

4. День уходит, и прохлада
Освежает и бодрит...
Отдохнувши от парада,
Город праздничный гудит.
Вот когда встречаться парам!
Говорлива и жива,
По садам и по бульварам
Растекается Москва.
Припев.

5. Стала ночь на день похожей, —
Море света над толпой.
Эй, товарищ, эй, прохожий,
С нами вместе песню пой!
Погляди, — поёт и пляшет
Вся Советская страна.
Нет тебя милей и краше,
Наша красная весна!
Припев.

6. Голубой рассвет глядится
В тишину Москвы-реки,
И поют ночные птицы —
Паровозные гудки.
Бьют часы кремлёвской башни,
Гаснут звёзды, тает тень...
До свиданья, день вчерашний, —
Здравствуй, новый светлый день!
Припев.

КАЛИНКА

Быстро, легко

Ка - лин - ка, ка - лин - ка, ка - лин - ка мо-

- я! В са-ду я - го-да ма - лин - ка, ма - лин - ка мо-

1. Конец

- я! Ах! Ка- - я!

2. Медленно
Запевала одни
Ах!

Под со - сно-ю,

под зе-лё - - но-ю, спать по-ло - жи - те вы ме-

Ах! Хор

- ня. Ай лю-ли, лю - ли, ай лю - ли,

Запевала

спать по-ло - жи - те вы ме - ня.

Калинка, калинка, калинка моя!
В саду ягода малинка, малинка моя!
Ах! Сосёнушка ты зелёная,
Не шуми же надо мной!
Ай люли, люли, ай люли,
Не шуми же надо мной!

Калинка, калинка, калинка моя!
В саду ягода малинка, малинка моя!
Ах! Красавица, душа-девица,
Полюби же ты меня!
Ай люли, люли, ай люли,
Полюби же ты меня!
Калинка, калинка, калинка моя!
В саду ягода малинка, малинка моя!

ВДОЛЬ ПО УЛИЦЕ МЕТЕЛИЦА МЕТЕТ

Не спеша

Вдоль по у - ли - це ме - те - ли - ца ме - тёт,

за - - ме - те - ли - цей мой ми-лень-кий и - дёт.

Ты по-стой, по - стой, кра - са - ви - ца мо - я,

дозволь на-гля - деть - ся, ра-дость, на те - бя!

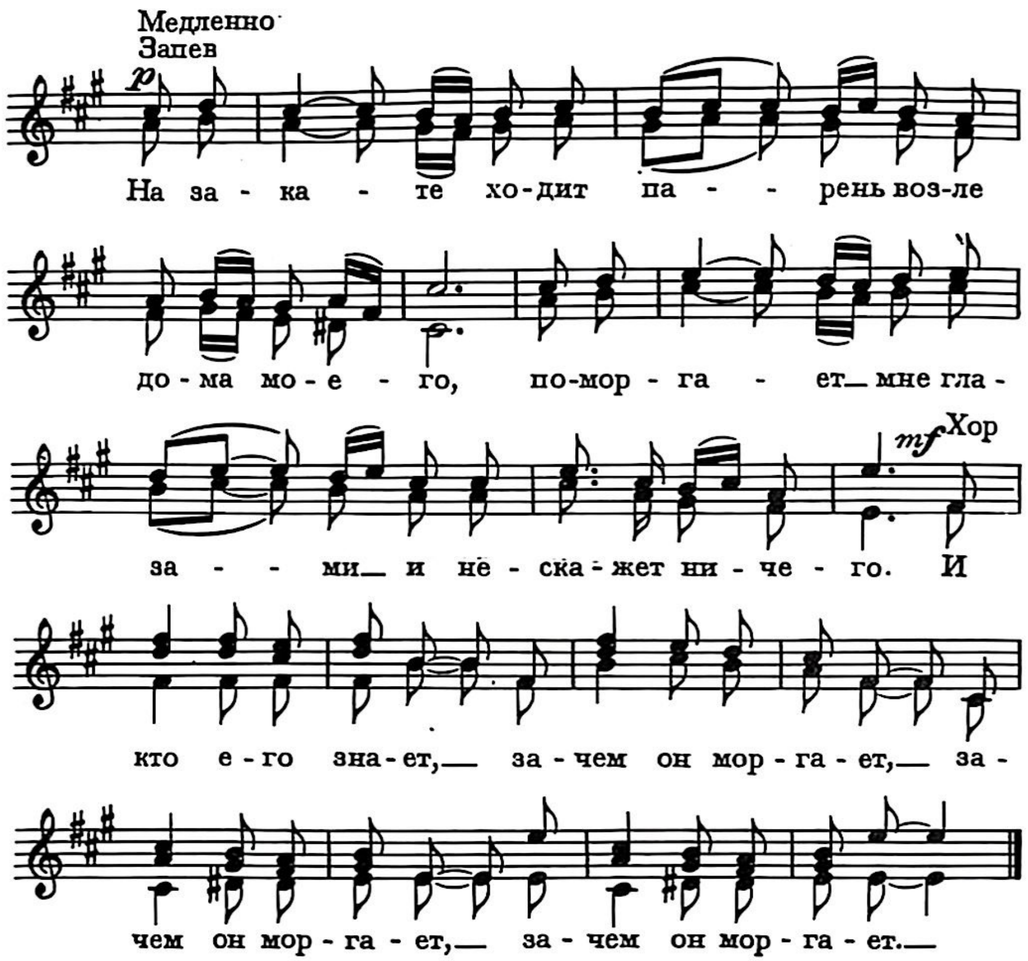
Ты по-стой, по - стой, кра - са - ви-ца мо - я,

до-зволь на-гля - деть - ся, ра-дость, на те - бя!

На твою ли на приятну красоту,
На твоё ли что на белое лицо,
Ты постой, постой, красавица моя, *2 раза*
Дозволь наглядеться, радость, на тебя!

Красота твоя с ума меня свела,
Иссушила добра молодца меня.
Ты постой, постой, красавица моя,
Дозволь наглядеться, радость, на тебя! *2 раза*

И КТО ЕГО ЗНАЕТ



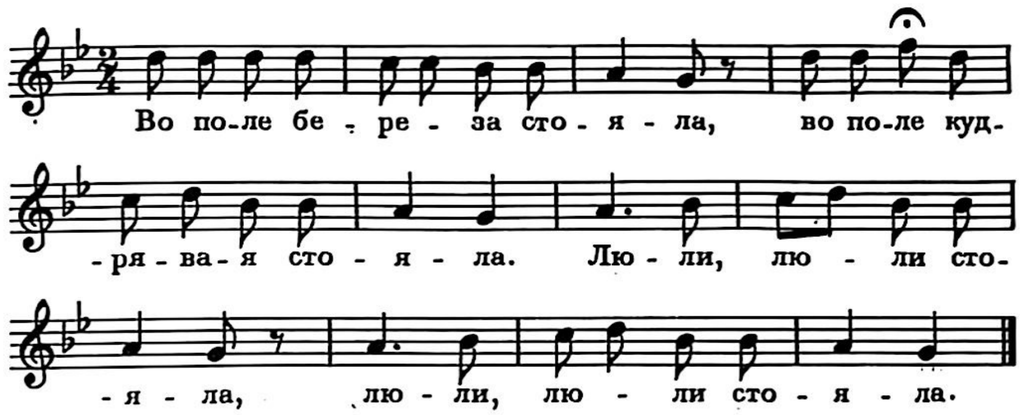
2. Как приду я на гулянье —
Он танцует и поёт,
А простимся у калитки —
Отвернётся и вздохнёт.
И кто его знает,
Чего он вздыхает.

3. Я спросила: «Что не весел?
Иль не радует житьё?»
«Потерял я, — отвечает, —
Сердце бедное своё.»
И кто его знает,
Зачем он теряет.

4. А вчера прислал по почте
Два загадочных письма:
В каждой строчке — только точки, —
Догадайся, мол, сама.
И кто его знает,
На что намекает.

5. Я разгадывать не стала, —
Не надейся и не жди.
Только сердце почему-то
Сладко таяло в груди.
И кто его знает,
Чего оно тает.

ВО ПОЛЕ БЕРЕЗА СТОЯЛА



Не кому березу заломати
Не кому кудряву заломати
|: люли, люли заломати :|

|:Белую березу заломаю :|
|:люли, люли погуляю. :|

|: Сделаю три гудочка :|
|: люли, люли три гудочка :|

|: А, четвертую балалайку, :|
|: люли, люли балалайку. :|

|: Стану в балаласчку играти, :|
|: люли, люли играти :|

ПОЛЮШКО, ПОЛЕ

1. Эх! По - лю - шко, по - ле
полюшко, широ - ко по - ле. Е - дут пополю ге
- ро - - и. Эх, да Красной армии ге - ро - и. Эх!

Соло
Хор Э - - - эх! Э - - - - - эх!
Де - вуш-ки, гля-ньте гляньте на до-ро-гу на - шу
вье - тся даль-ня - я до - ро - - га
Эх, да раз-ве-се-ла-я до - ро - га. Эх! ге - рой.

1.-9. 10.

4. Едем мы, едем (ды)
едем – а кругом колхозы
наши (ды), девушки, колхозы
Эх-да молодые наши села.

5. Только мы видим (ды)
видим мы седую тучу,
вражья (ды) злоба, из – за леса
Эх-да вражья злоба, словно туча.

6. Девушки, гланьте (ды)
мы врага принять готовы,
наши (ды) кони быстроноги,
Эх-да наши танки быстроходны.

7. В небе за тучей (ды),
грозные следят пилоты,
быстро (ды) плавают подлодки,
Эх-да зорко смотрит Ворошилов.

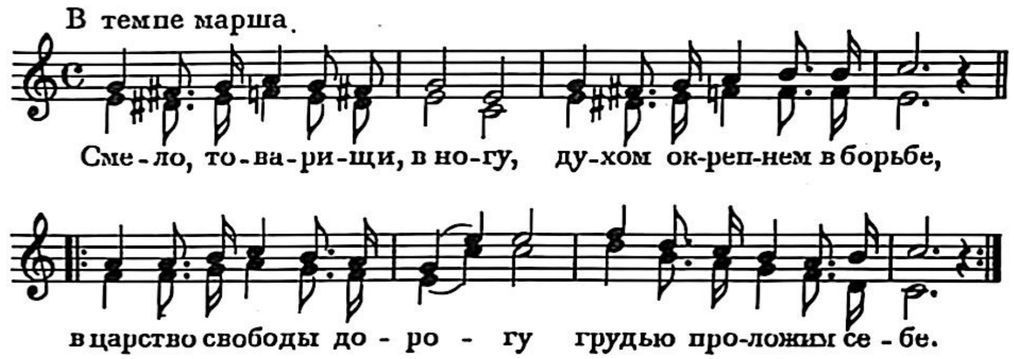
8. Пусть же в колхозы (ды)
дружная кипит работа,
мы (ы) дозорные сегодня
Эх-да мы сегодня часовые.

9. Девушки, гляньте (ды)
девушки, утрите слезы
пусть (ы) сильнее грянет песня,
Эх-да наша песня боевая.

10. Полюшко — поле (ды)
Полюшко, зелено поле.
Едут (ы) по полю герои
Эх-да Красной армии герои.

СМЕЛО, ТОВАРИЩИ В НОГУ!

В темпе марша.



ДОРОГА НА БЕРЛИН

Музыка М. Фрадкина *Слова Е. Долматовского*

Живо

С бо-ем взя-ли мы О-рёл, го-род весь про-шли

и по-след-ней у-ли-цы на-зва-ни-е про-чли.

А на-зва-ни-е та-ко-е пра-во-сло-во бо-е-во-е:

Брян-ска-я у-ли-ца — по го-ро-

ду и-дёт, — значит, нам ту-да до-ро-га,

зна-чит, нам ту-да до-ро-га, Брян-ска-я

у-ли-ца — на за-пад нас ве-дёт. дёт.

С боем взяли город Брянск.
Город весь прошли
И последней улицы
Название прочли.
А название такое,
Право слово боевое:

Киевская улица по городу идёт, —
Значит, нам туда дорога,
Значит, нам туда дорога,
Киевская улица на Запад нас ведёт.

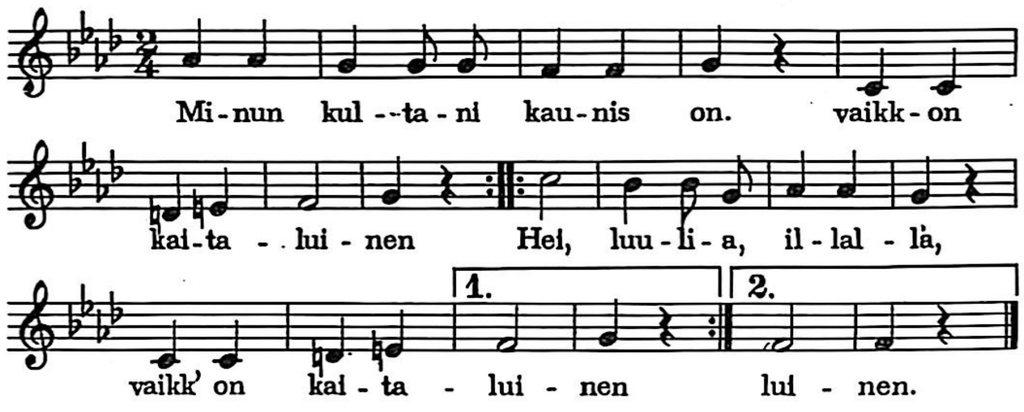
С боем Киев нами взят.
Город весь прошли
И последней улицы
Название прочли.
А название такое,
Право слово боевое:

Львовская улица по городу идёт, —
Значит, нам туда дорога,
Значит, нам туда дорога,
Львовская улица на Запад нас ведёт.

С боем город нами взят.
Город весь прошли
И последней улицы
Название прочли.
А название такое,
Право слово боевое:

Берлинская улица по городу идёт, —
Значит, нам туда дорога,
Значит, нам туда дорога.
Берлинская улица к победе нас ведёт.

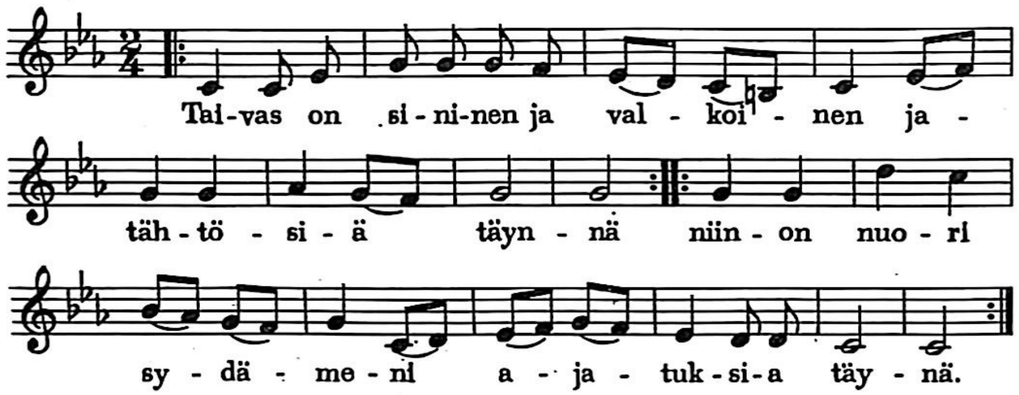
MINUN KULTANI



|:Silmät sill'on siniset,
Vaikk'on kieronlaiset.:|
|:Hei. luulia, illala,
Vaikk'on kieronlasiet.:|

|:Sou on sillä supukka,
Vaikk'on toista sylta,:|
|:Hei. luulia, illala,
Vaikk'on toista sylta.|

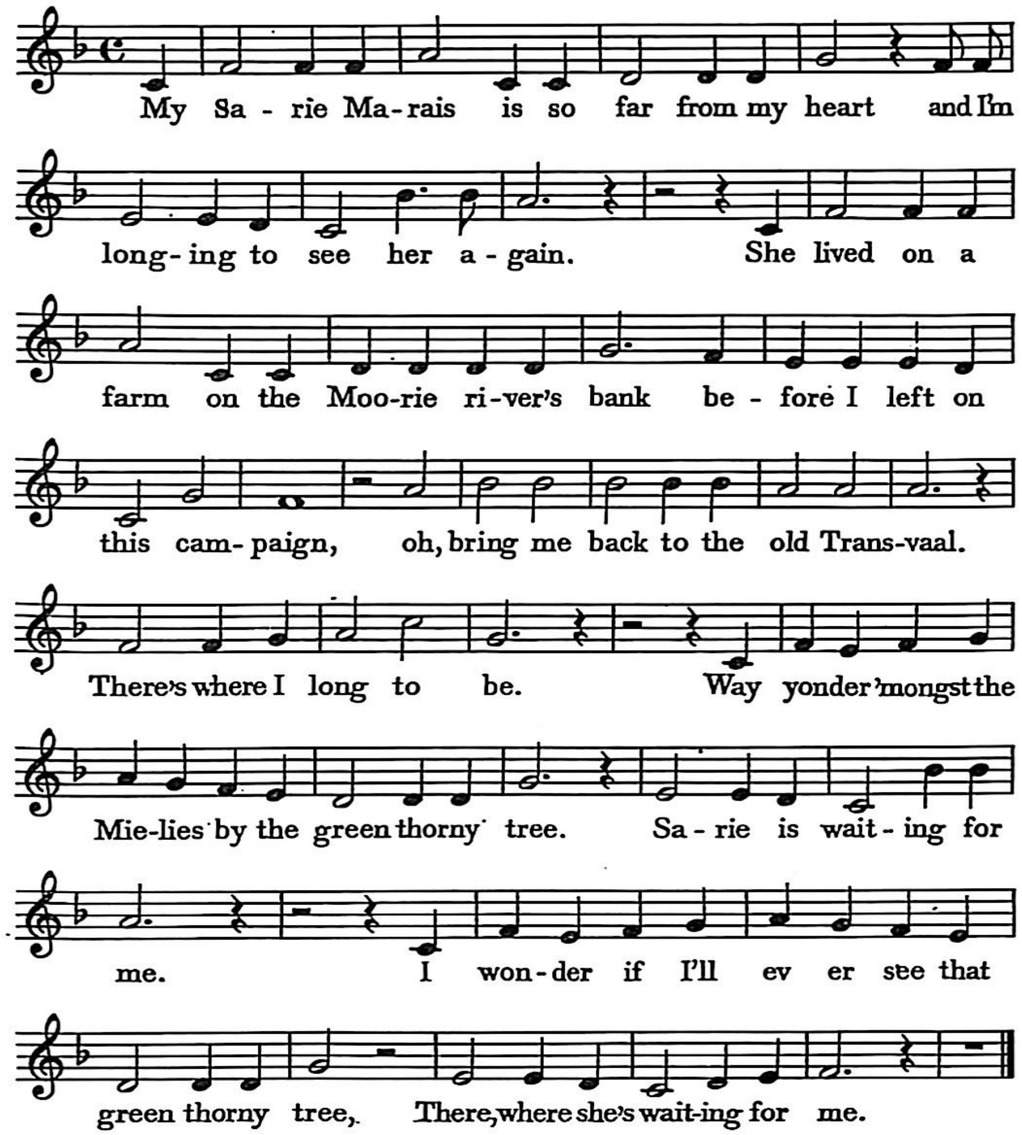
TAIVAS OM SININEN JA VALKOINEN



Enkä mina muille ilmoita
Mun syndänsurujani: (Repeat)

|:Synkkä metsä kirkas taivas
me tuntee mun huoliani:| (Repeat.)

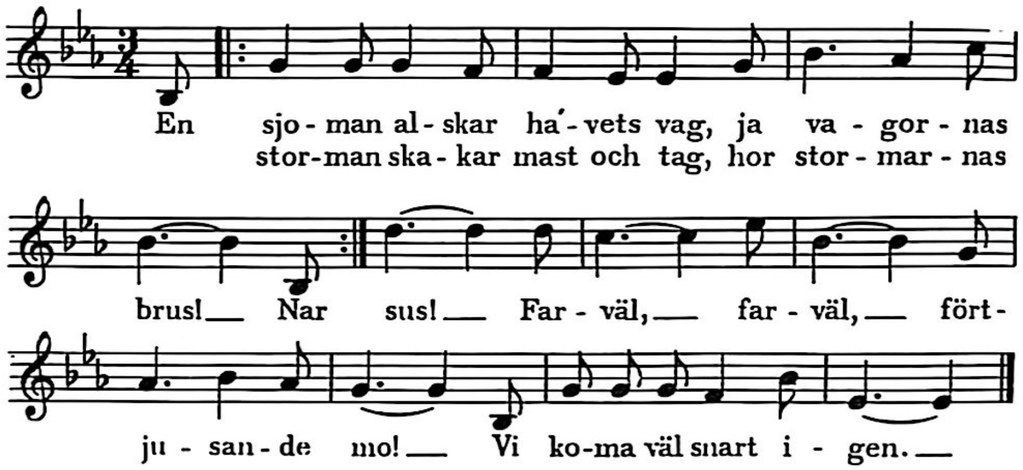
SARIE MARAIS



I fear that the soldiers may get hold of me
They would send me away o'er the sea.
I fled over land to the Orange River sand.
In Appleton I would be free.

At last there was peace and I started for home
To the Transvaal I've always adored.
My Sarie Marais will be waiting there for me.
Her kiss will be my best reward.

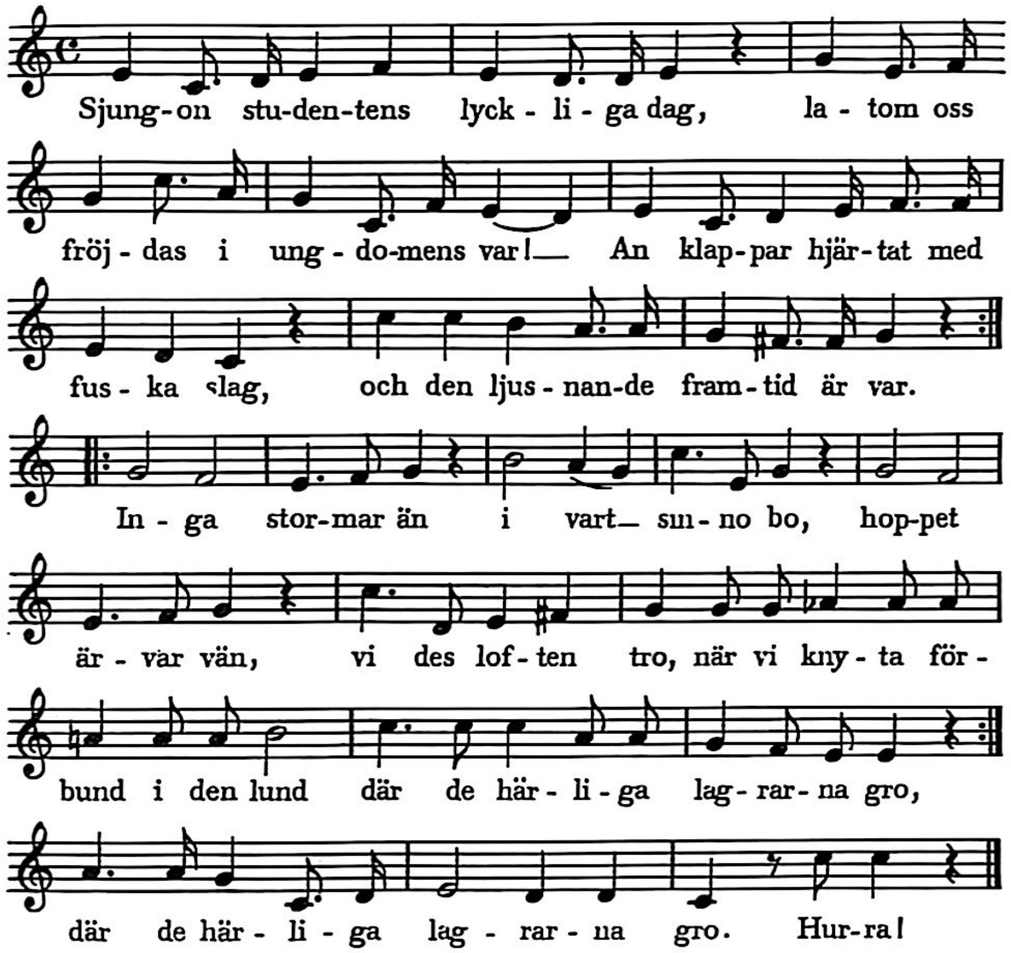
EN SJOMAN ALSKAR



Jag avsked tar av väannen kär
vid vagorna brus.
Den hulda da mig trohet svär
|: Farväl . . .:|

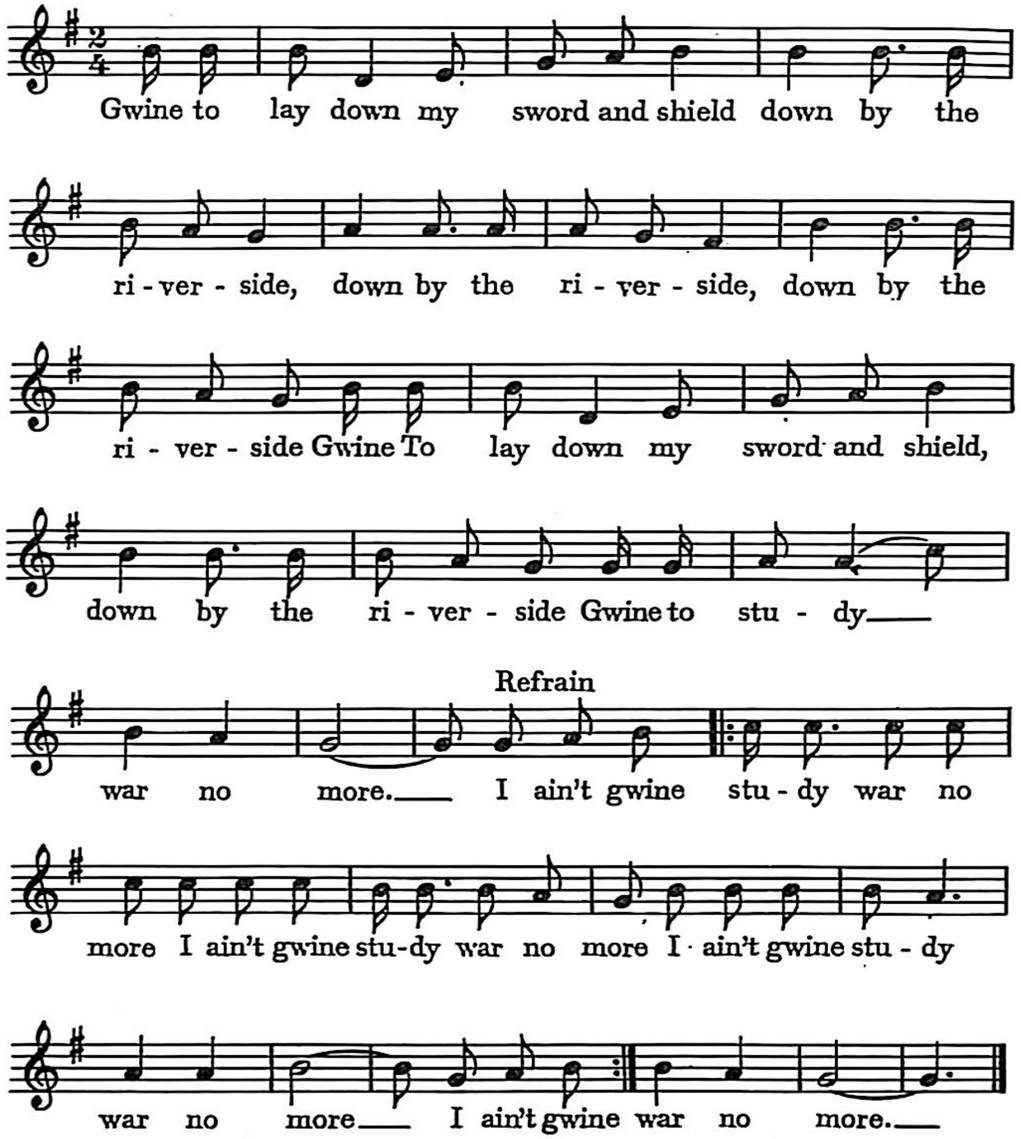
Hon trycker da sa omt min hand
vid vagornas brus.
da kann's det tungt att ga
fran land,
til stormarnas sus.
|: Farväl . . . :|

SJUNGOM STUDENTENS LYCKLIGA DAG



STUDY WAR NO MORE

Traditional version



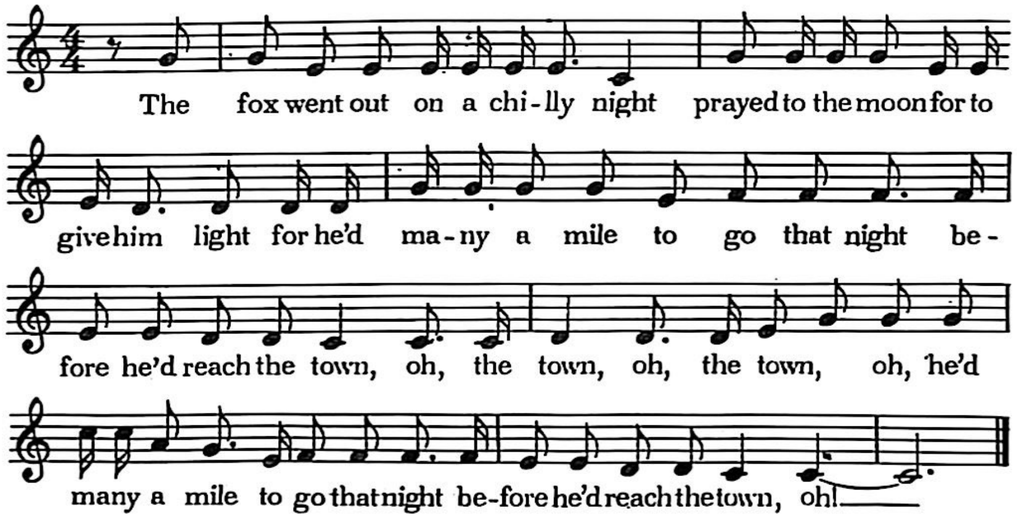
I'm gwine to ride on a milk white horse,
Down by the riverside, down by the riverside, down by the riverside,
Gwine to ride on a milk white horse,
Down by the riverside,
Gwine to study war no more.

I'm gwine to wear a starry crown, ...
I'm gwine to wear a snow-white robe .....
I'm gwine to ride with my King Jesus .....

Modern version

I'm gwine to lay down those submarines ....
I'm gwine to lay down those battle ships .....
I'm gwine to lay down those atom bombs ...
Etc.

THE FOX



He ran till he came to a great big pen
Where the ducks and the geese were kept therein,
Said a couple of you will grease my chin
Before I leave this town,
Oh, town, oh, town, oh,
Said a couple of you will grease my chin
Before I leave this town, oh.

He grabbed the gray goose by the neck,
Throwed a duck across his back,
He didn't mind the quack, quack, quack,
Or the legs all danglin' down,
Oh, down, oh, down, oh,
He didn't mind the quack, quack, quack
Or the legs all danglin' down, oh.

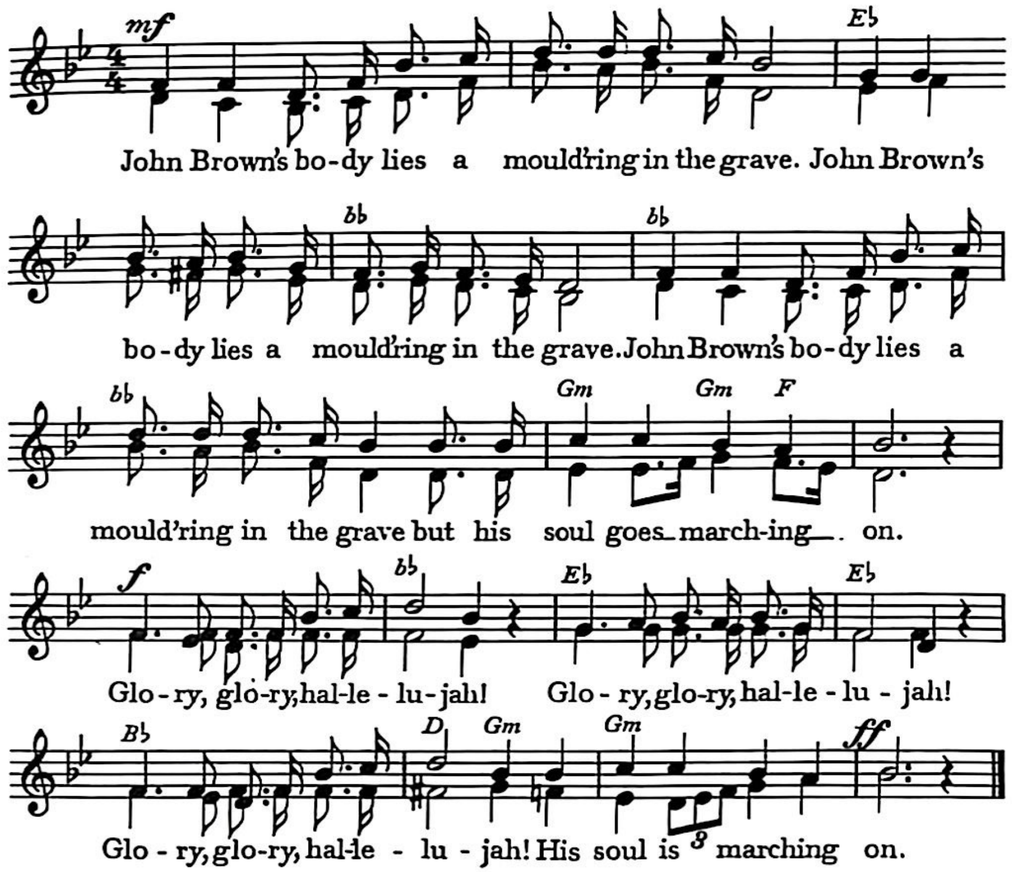
Old mother flipper-flopper jumped out of bed,
Out of the window she cocked her head,
Crying: "John, John the gray goose is gone
And the fox is on the town,"
Oh, town, oh, town, oh,
Crying: "John, John, the gray goose is gone
And the fox is on the town, oh."

John he ran to the top of the hill
Blowed his horn both loud and shrill
Fox he said, "Better, flee with my kill,
For they'll soon be on my trail,"
Oh, trail, oh, trail, oh,
Fox he said, "Better flee with my kill,
For they'll soon be on my trail, oh."

Then the fox he came to his own den,
There were the little ones, eight, nine, ten,
They said, "Daddy, better go back again,
For it must be a mighty fine town,"
Oh, town, oh, town, oh,
They said, "Daddy, better go back again
For it must be a mighty fine town, oh."

Then the fox and his wife without any strife
Cut up the goose with a fork and knife,
They never had such a supper in their lives
And the little ones chewed on the bones,
Oh, bones, oh, bones, oh,
They never had such a supper in their lives
And the little ones chewed on the bones, oh.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY



2 He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord;
But his soul goes marching on.

3 John Brown died that the slave might be free;
But his soul goes marching on.

4 They hung him for a traitor, themselves the traitor crew;
But his soul goes marching on

5 John Brown's knapsack is strapped to his back,
His soul is marching on.

6 They will hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
As they go marching on.

7 Now has come the glorious jubilee,
When all mankind are free.

SOLIDARITY FOR EVER

Tune: "John Brown's Body".

When the Union's inspiration through the workers' blood shall run,
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun,
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength of one?
But the Union makes us strong.

Chorus: Solidarity forever!
Solidarity forever!
Solidarity for ever!
For the Union makes us strong!

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy parasite
Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us with his might?
Is there anything left for us but to organise and fight?
For the Union makes us strong. *Chorus.*

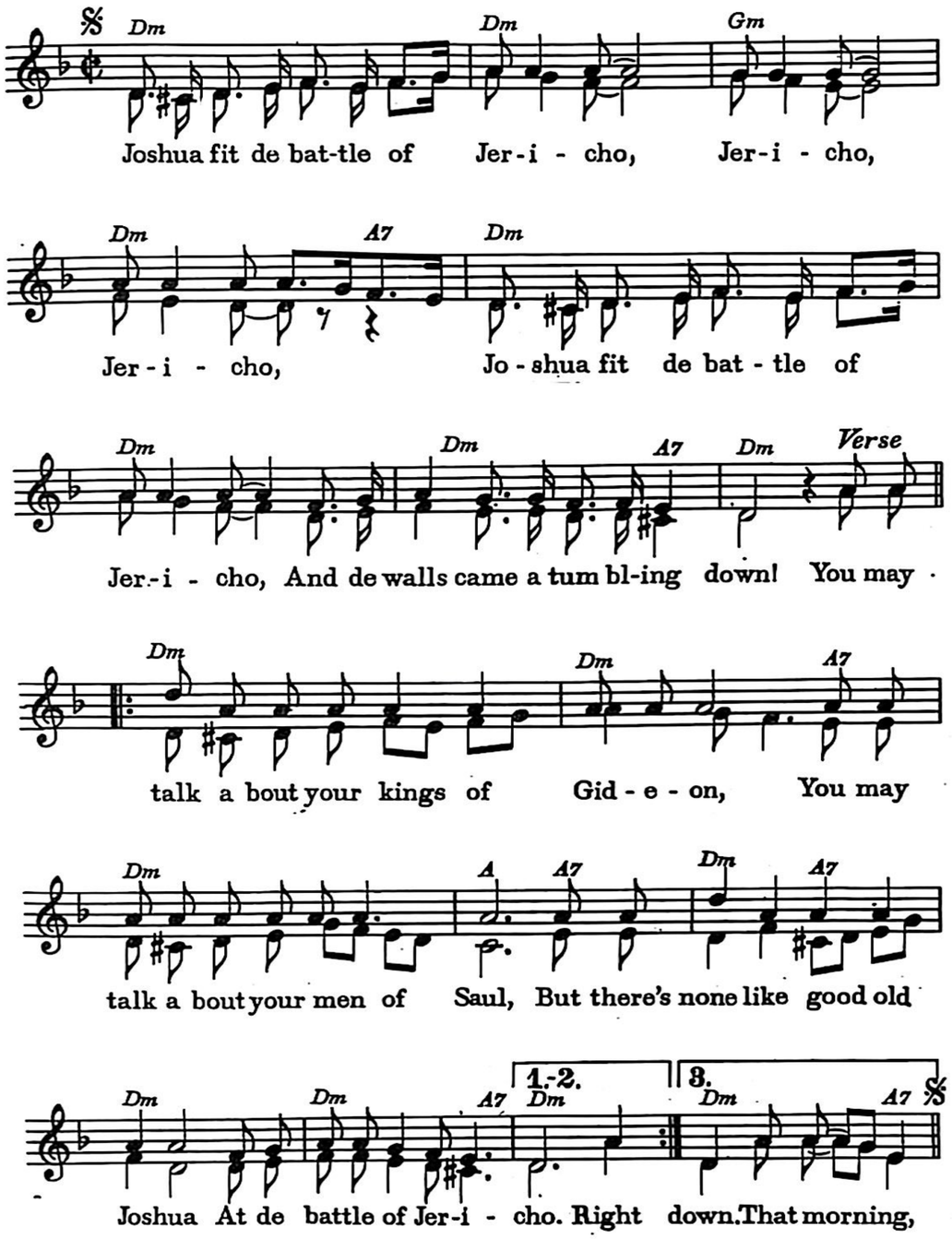
It is we who ploughed the prairies, built the cities where they trade;
Dug the mines and built the workshops, endless miles of railroad laid.
Now we stand, outcast and starving, 'mid the wonders we have made;
But the Union makes us strong. *Chorus.*

All the world that's owned by idle drones is ours and ours alone;
We have laid the wide foundations, built it skyward stone by stone.
It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own,
While the Union makes us strong. *Chorus.*

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to earn,
But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can turn,
We can break their haughty power, gain our freedom when we learn
That the Union makes us strong. *Chorus.*

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded gold,
Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousandfold;
We can bring to birth the new world from the ashes of the old,
For the Union makes us strong. *Chorus.*

JOSHUA FIT DE BATTLE

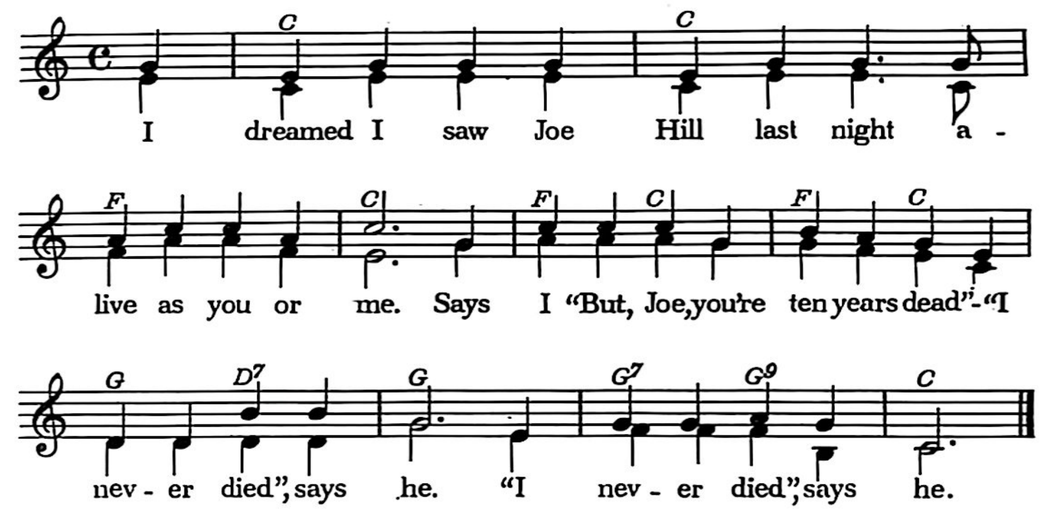


2. Right up to the walls of Jericho
He marched with a spear in his hand.
"Go, blow that ram's horn," Jashua cried,
"Cause the battle am in my hand,"

3. Then the lamb, ram, sheep-horns began to blow,
And the trumpets began to sound,
Joshua commanded the children to shout,
And the walls come tumbling down. That morning:

JOE HILL

Words by Alfred Hayes — *Music by Earl Robinson*

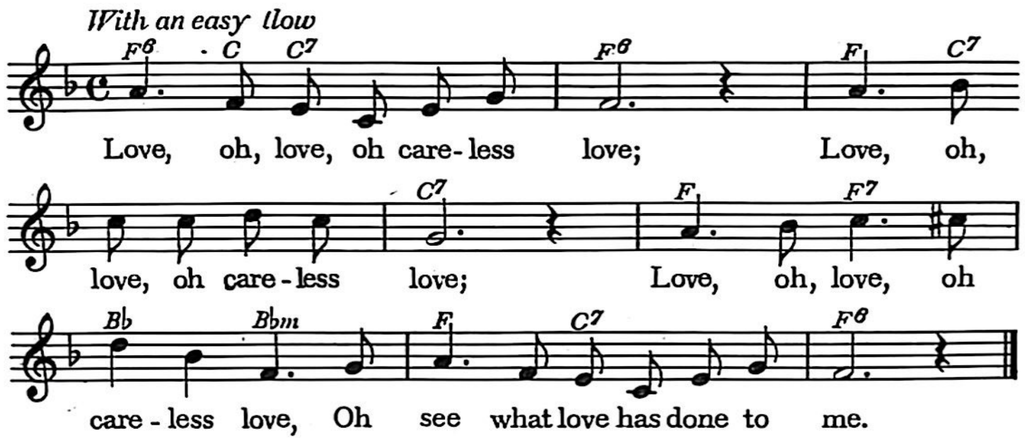


"In Salt Lake, Joe," says I to him,
Him standing by my bed.
"They framed you on a murder charge."
Says Joe "But I ain't dead."
Says Joe, "But I ain't dead."

And standing there as large as life,
And smiling with his eyes,
Joe says, "What they forgot to kill
Went on to organise,
Went on to organise."

"From San Diego up to Maine
In ev'ry mine and mill,
Where working men defend their rights"
Says he, "You'll find Joe Hill,"
Says he, "You'll find Joe Hill."

CARELESS LOVE



Love, oh, love, oh careless love
Love, oh, love, oh careless love
Love, oh, love, oh careless love
Oh see what love has done to me

Once I wore my aprons low
You'd follow me through rain and snow

Now I wear my aprons high
You see my door and pass it by

What, oh what, will Mama say
When she learns that I have gone astray?

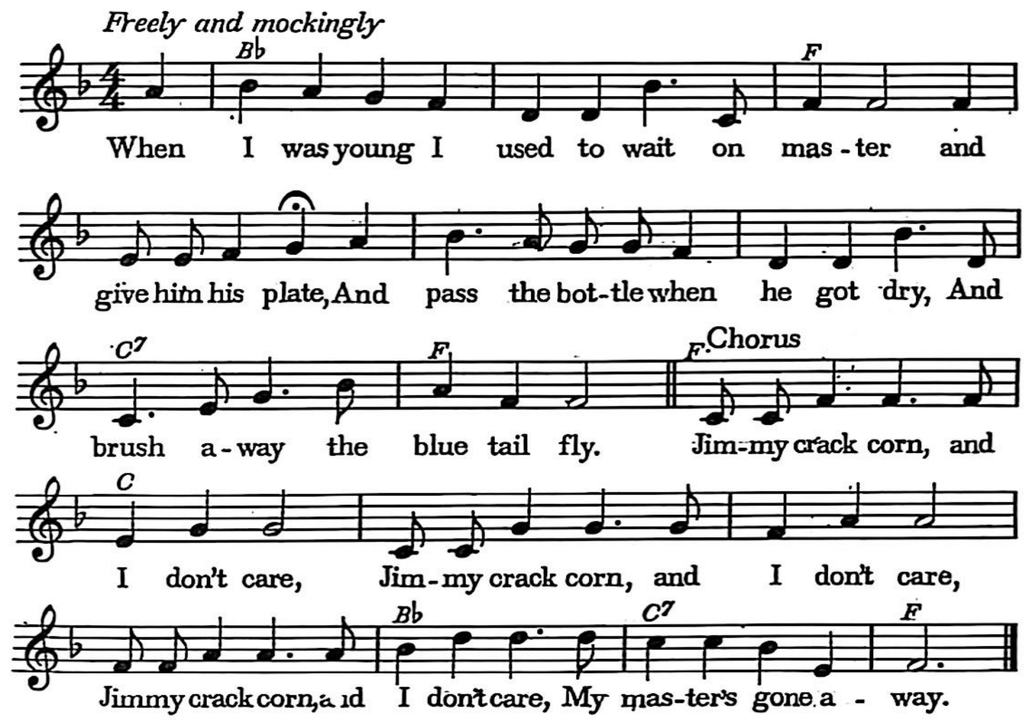
She'll nod her head, and cluck her tongue —
She did the same when she was young.

Mama, Mama, don't you cry
I'll get me another by and by.

I love my mama and papa too
But I'd leave them both and go with you

I cried last night and the night before
Gonna cry tonight and cry no more.

THE BLUE TAIL FLY



And when he'd ride in the afternoon
I'd follow after with a hickory broom;
The pony being rather shy
When bitten by a blue-tail fly. (*Chorus*)

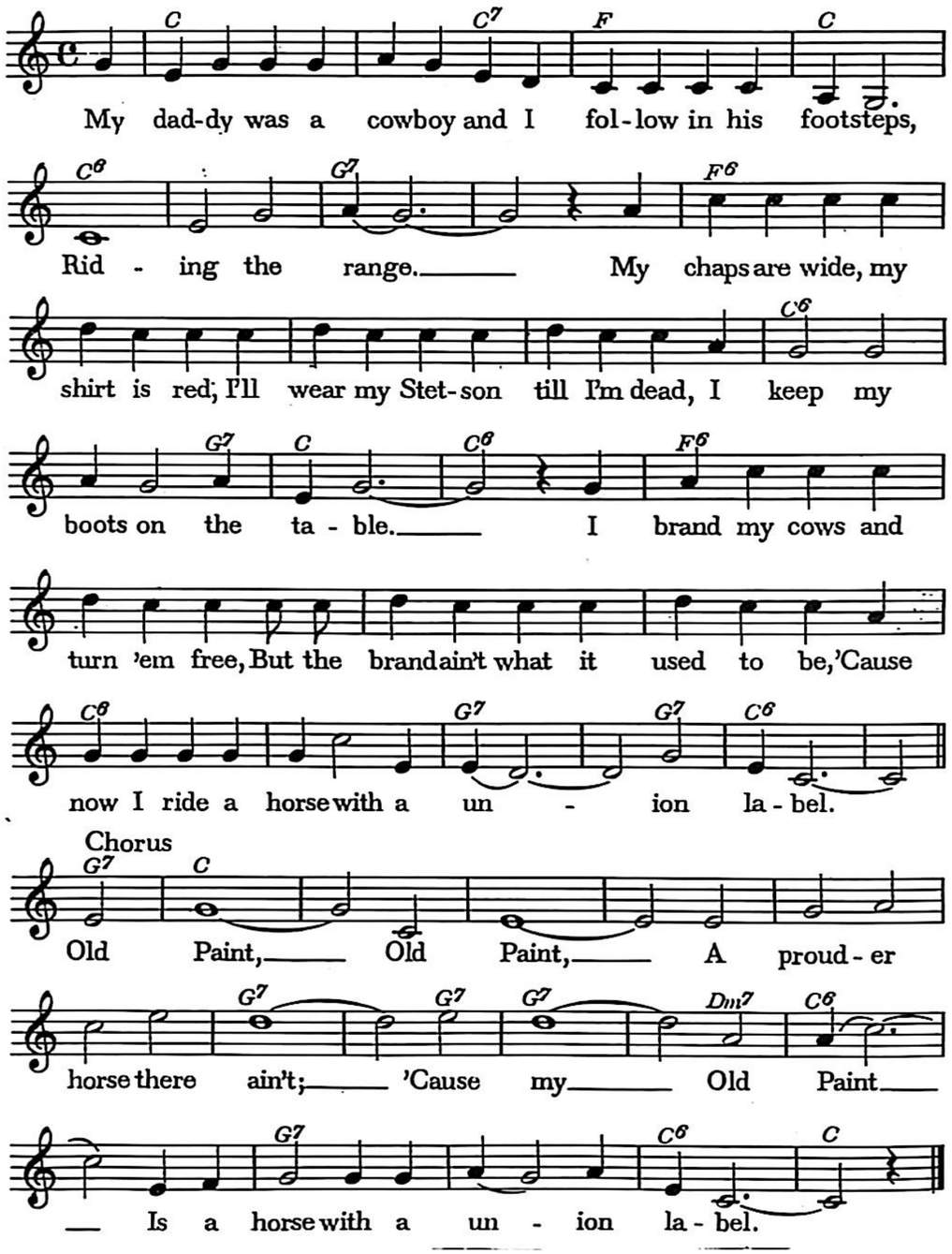
One day he ride around the farm,
The flies so numerous they did swarm.
One chanced to bite him on the thigh;
The devil take the blue-tail fly. (*Chorus*)

The pony run, he jump, he pitch;
He threw my master in the ditch.
He died, and the jury wondered why —
The verdict was the blue-tail fly. (*Chorus*)

They lay him under a 'simmon tree;
His epitaph is there to see:
"Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie,
Victim of the blue-tail fly." (*Chorus*)

THE HORSE WITH A UNION LABEL

Words by Mike Stratton and Saul Aarons — *Music by Saul Aarons*



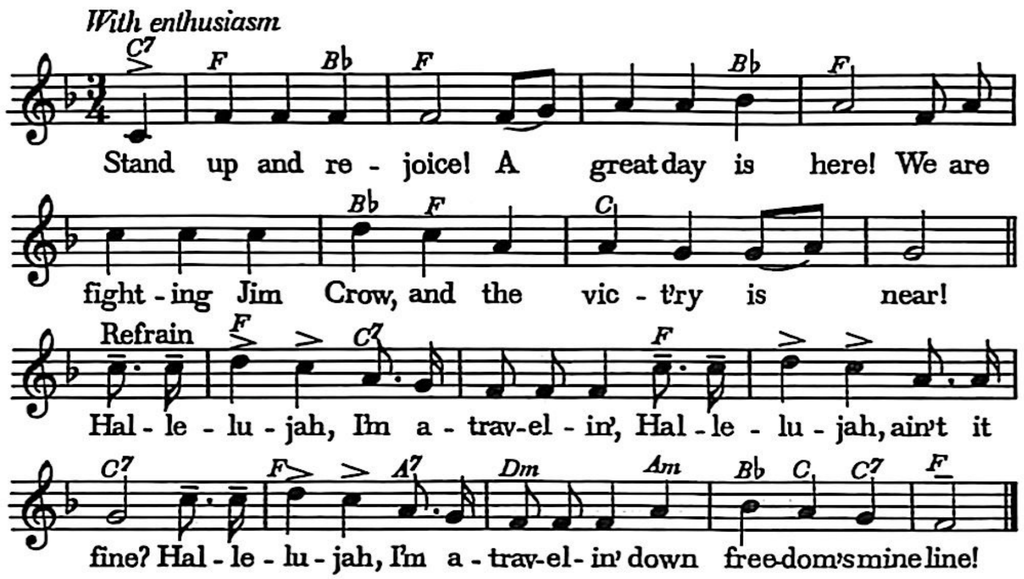
When I was little feller
And I seen a cowboy picture,
My daddy told me:
"A cowboy's life is mighty lean,
When he ain't herding cows on a movie screen,
So here's what your daddy's advising:
When you swing your lariat
You're one of the proletariat,
So find yourself a horse and start —
Or—ganizing." (*Chorus*)

I went down to the old corral
To pick me out a bronco
Like my daddy told me.
I looked 'em over one by one,
And there was a great big stallion,
Like you won't find in no millionaire's stable.
He was wild and proud and free,
And he pawed the sky and looked at me,
And blazing on his side was a
U—union label. (*Chorus*)

The foreman he was standing there,
And said, by God, he'd ride him.
Paint, he just snickered.
'Case the SOB was a company man,
Which is why he landed on his can,
And ran home crying for mother.
But I showed Paint my union card,
And he says to me," Climb right on, pard-ner;
I got plenty of room for a
U—union brother." (*Chorus*)

Now, some day I'll be laid to rest,
But I've got a feelin'
Paint, he'll never die.
He'll thunder on through the wild mesquite,
To be on time to a union meet-ing,
Strong, and fearless and able,
And working people throughout the land
Will know he's a good American
Who rides on the horse with the
U—union label. (*Chorus*)

HALLELUJAH I'M A-TRAVELIN'



I read in the news, the Supreme Court has said,
"Listen here, mister Jim Crow, it's time you was dead . . . "

The judges declared in Washington town,
"You white folks must take that old Jim Crow sign down . . ."

I'm paying my fare on the Greyhound Bus line,
I'm riding the front seat to Nashville this time . . .

Columbia's the gem of the ocean, they say,
We're fighting Jim Crow in Columbia today . . .

I hate Jim Crow and Jim Crow hates me,
And that's why I'm fighting for my liberty . . .

HALLELUJAH I'M A BUM

Rejoice and be gay,
For the springtime has come,
You can lay down your shovels
And go on the bum.

Hallelujah, I'm a bum, bum,
Hallelujah, bum again,
Hallelujah give us a handout
To revive us again.

Oh I love my boss,
He's a good friend of mine,
And that's why I'm starving
Out on the bread line.

The springtime has come,
And I'm just out of jail,
Without any money,
Without any bail.

Oh why can't you work
As the other fellows do?
How the hell can I work
When there's no work to do?

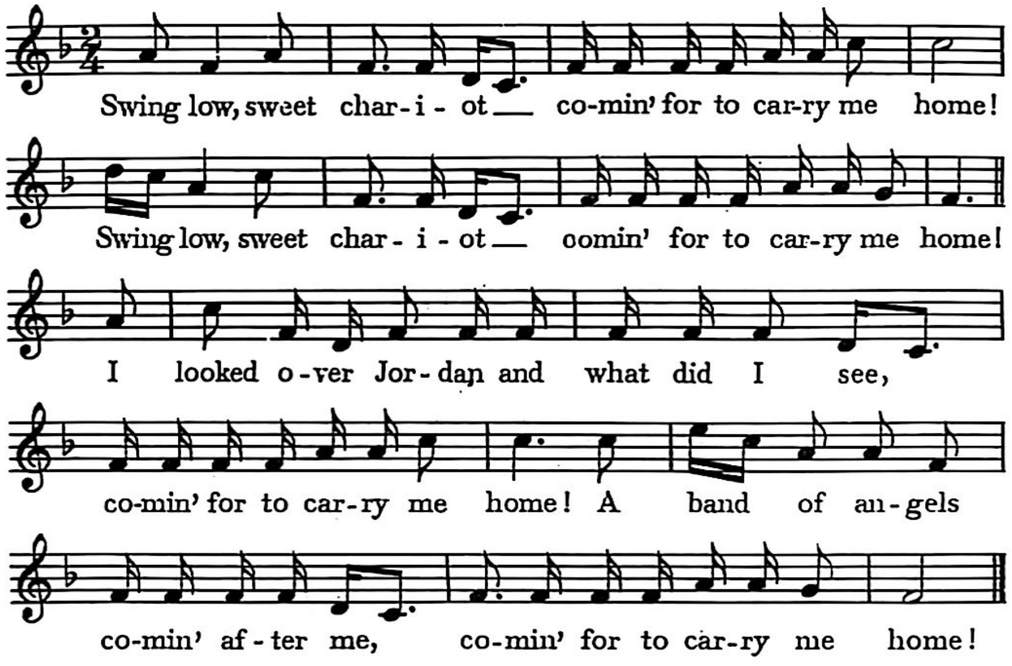
Oh why don't you save
All the money you earn?
Well, if I didn't eat
I'd have money to burn.

I went to a house
And I knocked at the door,
But the lady said, „Bum, Bum,
You've been here before."

I went to a house,
And I asked for some bread,
But the lady said, „Bum, Bum,
The baker is dead."

Whenever I get
All the money I earn,
The boss will be broke,
And to work he must turn.

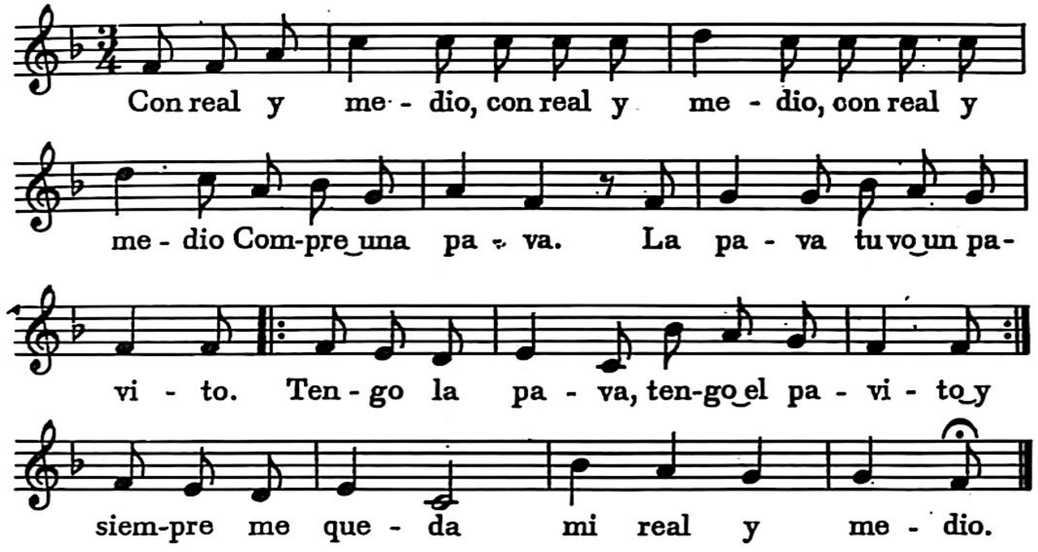
SWING LOW



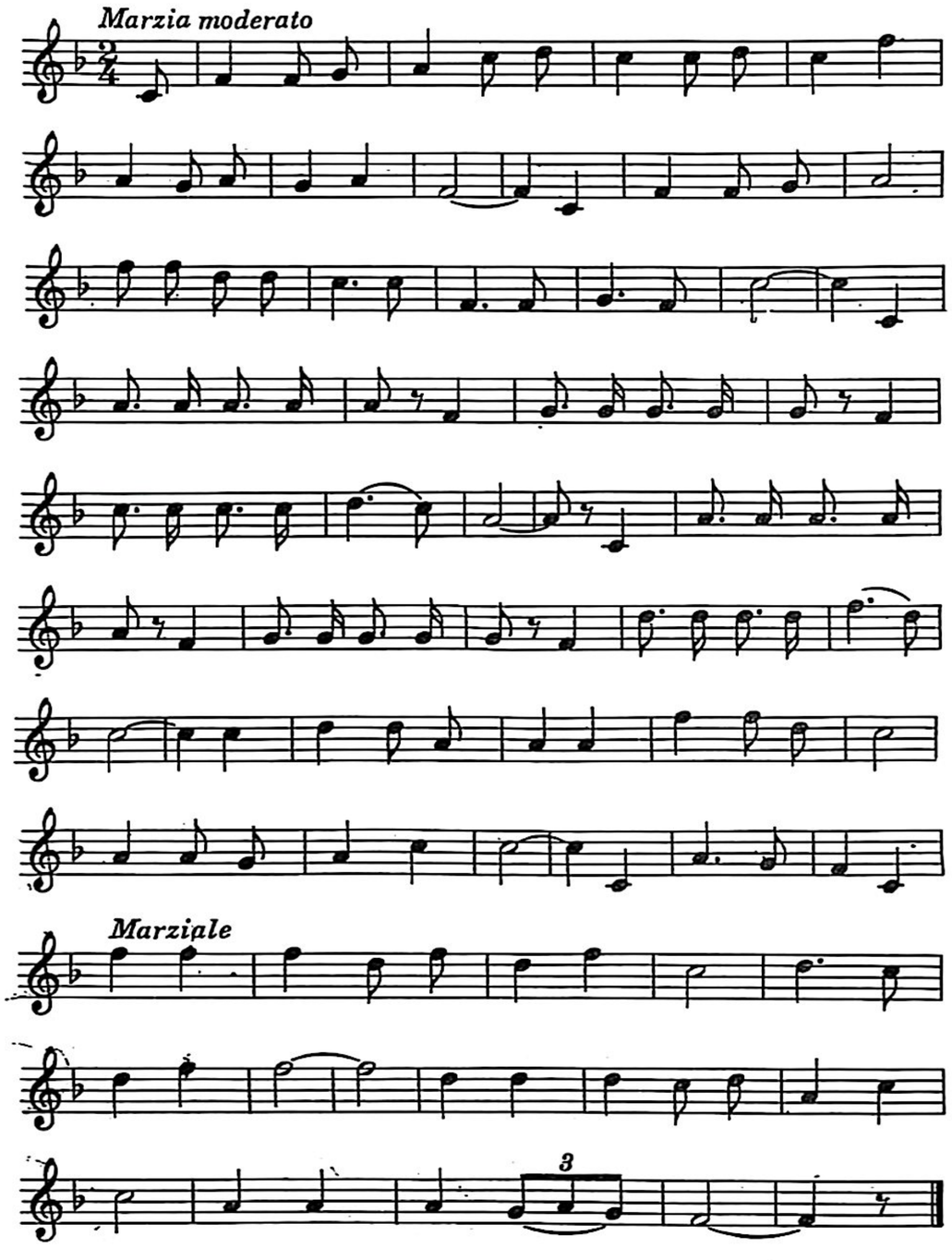
If you get there before I do,
Jess tell my fren's I'm comin' too.

I'm sometimes up an' sometimes down,
But still my soul feels heavenly boun'.

CON REAL Y MEDIO

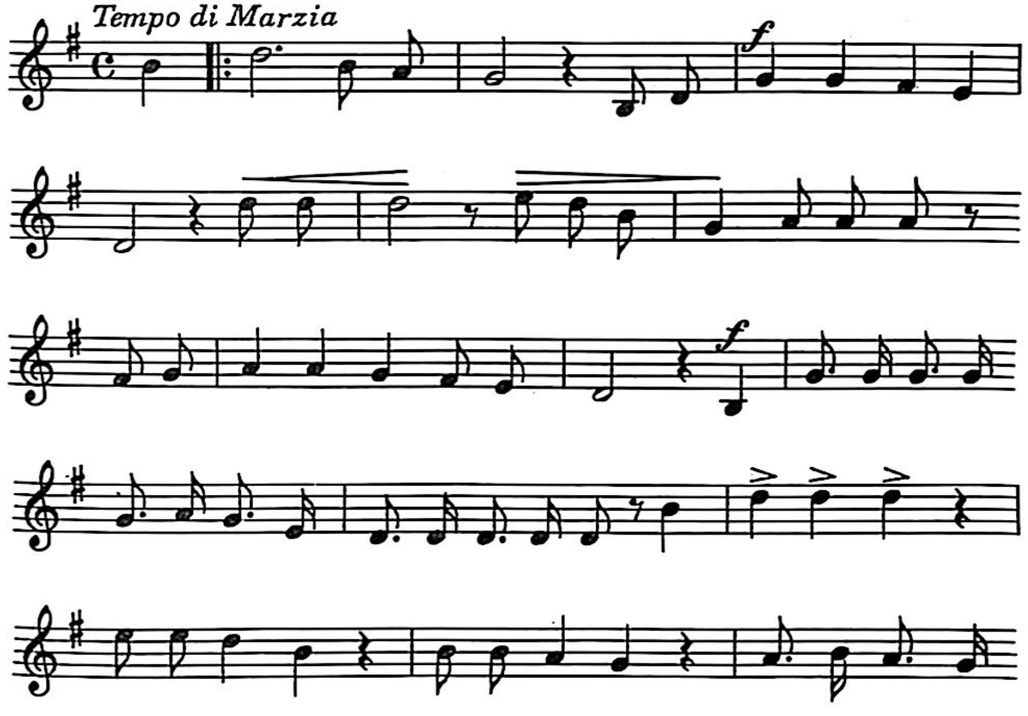


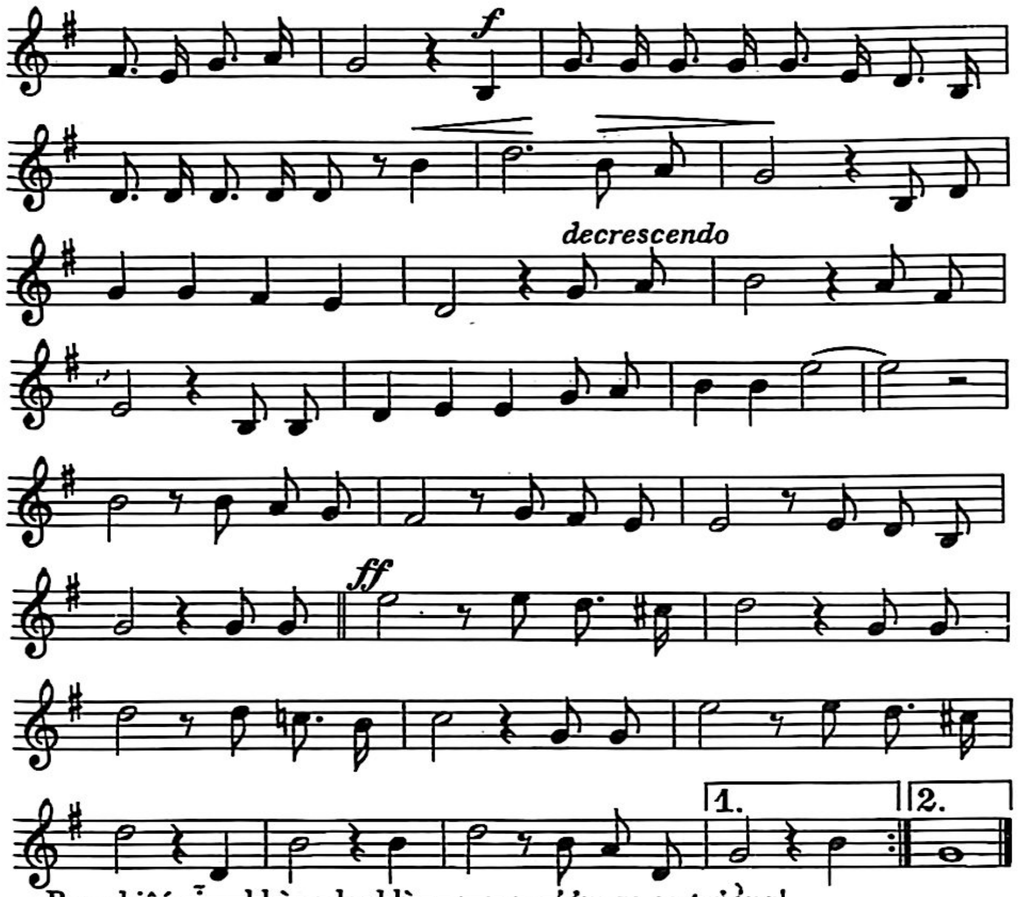
CÔNG NHÂN VIÊT NAM



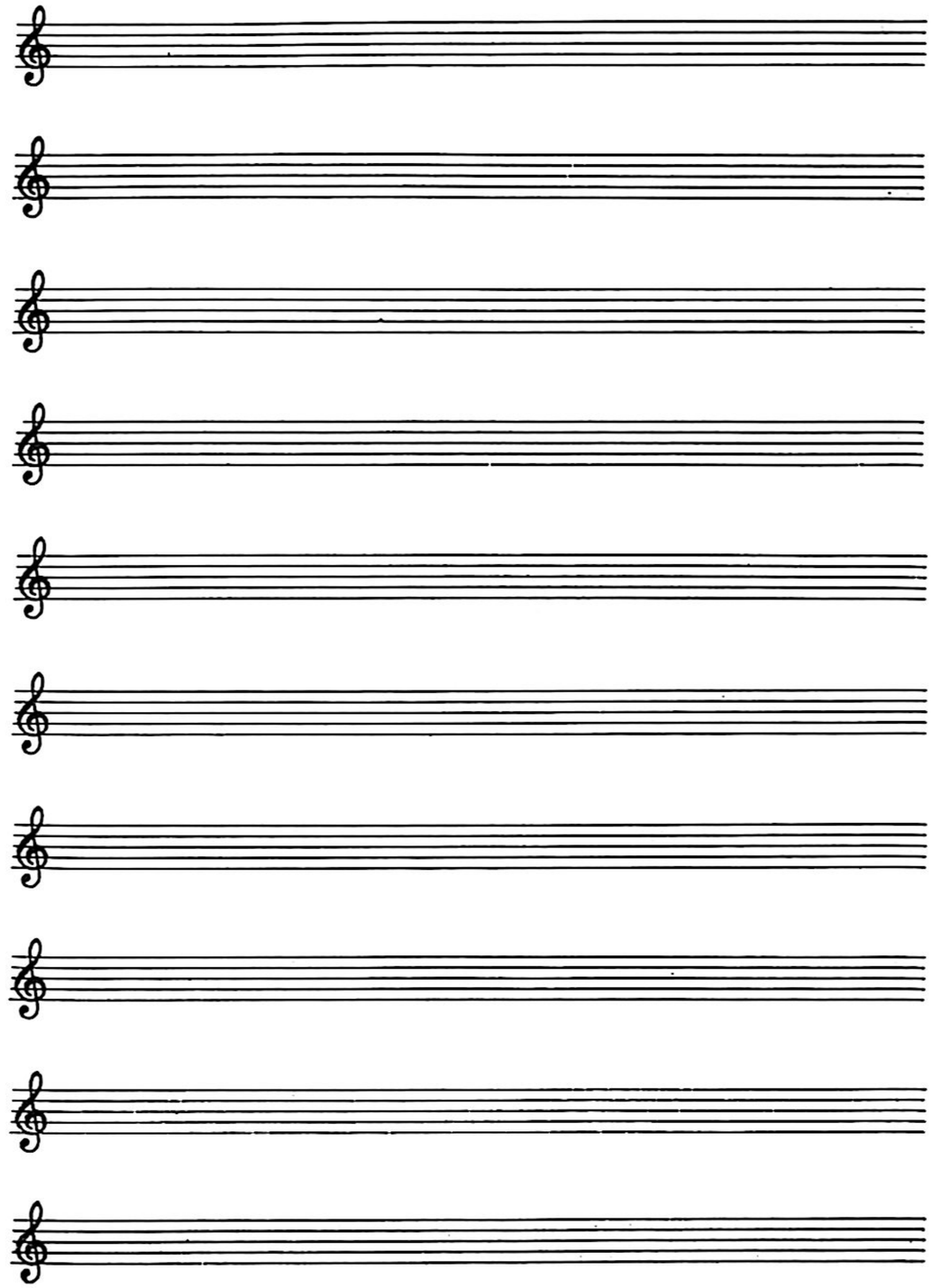
Ngoài kia lởi non nu'ốc dang nhắc ta maunhâć cao giôńg nõi;
yêu mê'n muôn giôńg ngúõi!
Ngoài kia, Công Nhân ói!
Quôćtê' dang gió tay cô vởi bầy con doànkêt!
Tửng nhỏ nhửng phút chiến thắng,
Tiền Phong duatranhbao năm,
Lầm than dau thửóng trong khôń cùng.
Giãi Phóng tiền, tởi thổng nhất.
Mień Nam bao công chen, vai,
Toàn''thêgiởi mởi'' chiêń dâú chung.
Tranhdâú cúôi cùng là dởi sổng mởi dửng xa.
Công Nhân Viêt Nam tiêńtởi'!
cùng sổng tâpdoàn toàń thêgioi côngkhai,
Cùng kiênthiêt xâhôi ngày mai.
Lúc Dê'Quôć dang sắp tan rã dần,
Ta Tiền-Phong chiêńdầu.
Súć chiêńdầu di trửớc miêń Dông Nam, lúc Dê'Quôć dang tán.

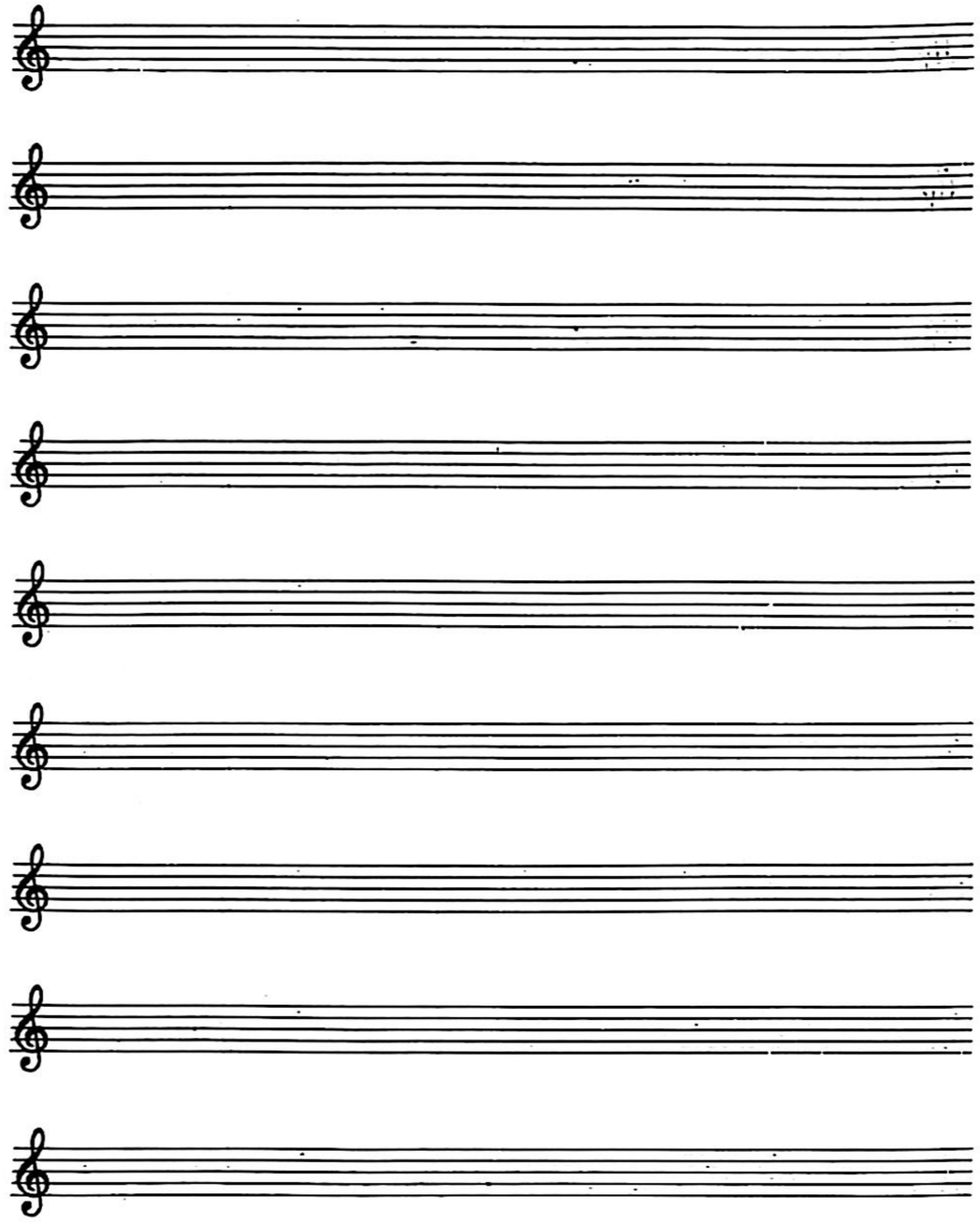
CHIÊN SĨ

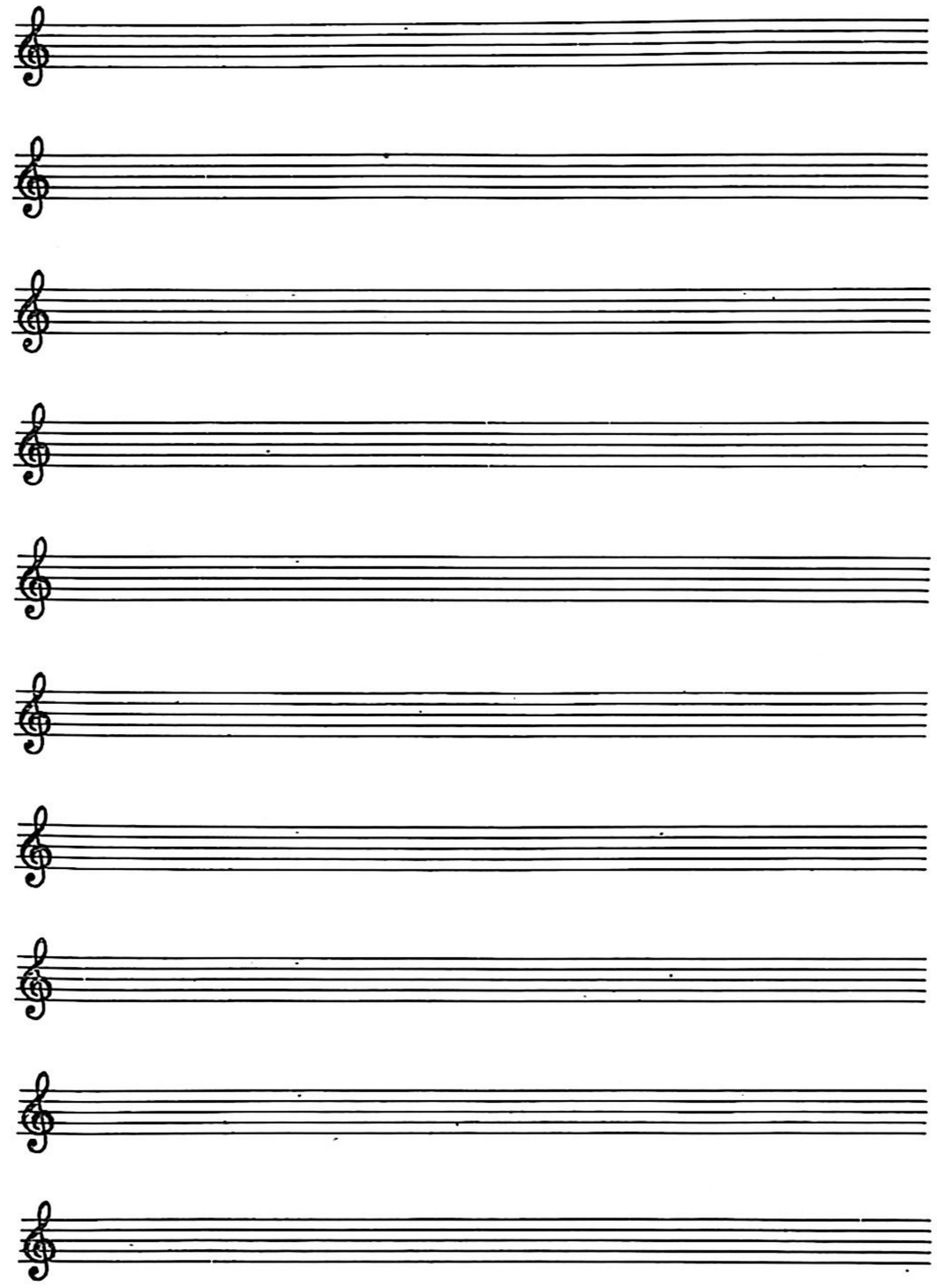




Bao chiến-sĩ anhhùng lạnhlùng vung gươm ra sa trường!
Quân xungphong!
Nước Nam dang chờmong tay người,
Hồn sông núi khí thiêng ghi muôn đời.
Ngựa phi nói xakia nghe súng vang bên trời diêu kèn rôn ràng.
Là trang namnhi quyết chiến satrường!
Sống thắc coi thường,"
Mong xác trong da ngựa boc thânthể trai".
Bỗng nghe du âm mênh mông khúc ANHHÙNG CA reo nói biên cương.
Bao chiến mã lên dường,
Giuc doàn dânquân thi gan trường.
Nguyên tranhdấu cho giống nòi!
Hân thù bao năm, căm lòng dất nước tantác!
Sông máu dang khói ngòi, tiếng than nói nói, tháng năm dẫn trôi . . .
Thểphucquốc! Tiến lên! ViêtN am!
Lâpquyền dân! Tiến lên! Viêt Nam!
Dài HạnhPhúc dấpxây TựDo!
Viêt Nam tranh-dấu, chống quân ngoại xâm!







COLOPHON

This songbook was published in Prague in August 1949 by the International Union of Students for the World Festival of Youth and Students, Budapest 1949. Set in Bodoni Antiqua type and printed by Česká grafická Unie, Praha II, Czechoslovakia.